

THE LETTERS OF
HARRY PEYTON STEGER
1899—1912



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HARRY PEYTON STEGER

1899—1912

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Dawson

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the time he left the University of Texas to
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FOREWORD

Many people who knew Harry Steger intimately while he was a student in the University of Texas regard him as our most gifted graduate. What he accomplished during his short life seems to bear out this generous estimate. He came to the University as a first-honor student, by special permission of the Regents, when he was just past fifteen years of age. He distinguished himself, particularly in Latin and Greek, held many student honors, and was offered many more. He won the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship in competitive examination. After a year in Oxford he was elected president of the Arnold Literary Society, Oxford's largest debating club. He made his own way, a stranger, unrecommended, in cold, critical New York City, from a menial position in a book publishing house to the editorship of *Short Stories* and the position of literary adviser to Doubleday, Page & Company, one of the great American publishing houses. It was not, however, Steger's brilliant mind, but rather the lovable qualities of his nature that won him success. He began making friends the first day he entered the University and he made friends every day that he stayed. At Oxford, also, the men came to love him quickly. One of his intimates was a young Australian, another a Japanese count, both students in the University. On one occasion he fell violently ill. Dr. William Osler,

whom he had known at Johns Hopkins, had him taken to Carlsbad where he stayed for some time recuperating. A wealthy American family came to know him there and later on he was their guest in a special party on a long mountain tour. When Steger entered on his short and successful career in the book publishing business, his value to his employers was increased a thousand fold by his winning personality.

When he died George Ade wired: "I liked him and admired him and I can understand why you have a sense of loss." James Francis Dwyer telegraphed: "I feel as if I had lost a brother and I can well understand what it means to them who have been working with him for years." Dell H. Munger wrote from California: "He had that happy faculty of making an impersonal business correspondence seem like matter of personal friendly interest." Irvin S. Cobb wired: "I want some day soon to see you and to hear from you the details of the death of one of the most lovable men I ever knew." Rev. Charles Graves of Albany said: "It has taken the light out of the sunshine for me to-day." Mrs. Sarah Comstock wrote: "It is impossible to associate the thought of death with a vitality like his—a vitality that reached out so, that had so much to give to every one with whom he came in contact." Miss Mary Austin said in a letter from San Francisco, Cal.: "There was so much in his personality that appealed to me as a Westerner, the vitality, the sense he gave of being at home with life and all its possibilities, the genial humor of his attack on its difficulties." Miss Velma Swanston Howard says: "I shall always remember him as one of the kindest, fair-

est and most helpful souls it has ever been my privilege to know." Walter S. Hiatt adds: "His was a career of unusual promise—one seated in fair dealing and sincerity."

Mrs. Corra Harris wrote at length of him: "He was the best friend I ever had. I always fell back on him in any kind of trouble or discouragement about my work. And he always responded like the whimsical, good spirit he was. He was one of the few men I have known who escaped partisanship in the exercise of his office. His integrity was a kind of gentleness which was no respecter of persons. He had a wit so keen that he could laugh at his own or any other man's little eccentricities, but I believe he had the tenderest, kindest heart to the unhappy and the unfortunate I ever knew. He met all occasions with a twinkling in his eye.

"As for me, I shall never have a better friend, nor one who so constantly commanded the best in me by being the best himself. I do not know what his faults were. But I do know that Steger was the author in his own whimsical life of a righteousness, as light, as elastic, as ready as the sword of M. Beaucaire. It was graceful, not ugly, witty, not heavy, kind, not mean. And it was always gay. The utter unexpectedness of his manliness. . . . I could talk all night about him, and never get into words the thing I want to say—that which he was—too illusive to be put into words."

In a letter to Steger's father, Mr. Booth Tarkington said: "Harry Peyton Steger was the most splendid young man I have ever known. If he had lived he would have become the foremost publisher in America.

He had a great heart,—a *good*, great heart. There was no limit to his kindness, to his generosity, to his charity. An experienced man of the world, he had preserved his gentleness unimpaired. Brilliant, charming, learned, brave, gay and gentle, he brought sunshine with him: high and lowly welcomed him. He was what used to be called ‘a fine gentleman’ in the best meaning of that phrase. My father, a man of eighty, would beam with good cheer when he heard this young friend was coming to see me; the very negro servants in the house showed their pleasure.”

Following Steger’s death, January 4, 1913, Doubleday, Page & Company issued a statement in which they said: “To us who were Harry Steger’s work-fellows it is not yet possible to realize that he is not at work in his corner, energetic, kindly, sympathetic and effective. He was the friend of every one in the shop and his eager and comprehensive mind was always ready to help with any problem, business or personal. At thirty Steger was an able and brilliant business man, editor, friend, a loyal and dependable team-mate, a man ready to lend a hand to any worthy service; a splendid judge of good material, one sure in the long run to have been a foremost figure in the publishing work he liked to do. He will always remain a vital influence in the lives of us who knew him well. Perhaps the part of his work for which Mr. Steger was best known was the position of *Literary Executor* of O. Henry. A friend and adviser to the late Sidney Porter in life, Mr. Steger became administrator of his estate when that short story writer died. Almost the last work he did was the gathering together

and editing of the twelfth and last O. Henry volume, 'Rolling Stones,' which was published only a fortnight before Mr. Steger's death." In a letter to one of the editors Mr. Thomas P. Steger, Harry's father, writes: "On December 23, 1913, Harry sent me 'Rolling Stones,' the last and twelfth volume of O. Henry and wrote upon the fly-leaf, 'Here it is at last, Dad. See what you think of it.' "

The writer once went through the Doubleday-Page manufacturing plant with Steger and he could not fail but notice the friendly greetings that came to Steger from the employes, all the way from the scrub-women to the heads of the different departments. So genial, generous, manly, kindly, tender a soul could not fail to evoke the affection of all with whom he came in contact. All of these qualities and more he has revealed in his letters to his friends. Of these letters a friend who has known Steger intimately for the past fifteen years, writes:

"And so you are going to publish dear old Harry's letters! It is a dangerous undertaking—this putting of such an intimate human record into cold type. It will be difficult, I fear, for readers of *The Alcalde* * to get them in proper perspective. It will be hard for them to imagine back of those early letters, so mature in spots, a bubbling, precocious boy barely out of his teens, with a wit like a knife, which he used with naïve flourish, as some youngster with a new Barlow whittling the furniture merely to show his admiring playmates how his weapon will cut, and with no animus

* Many of these letters have been published in *The Alcalde*, the official publication of the Ex-Students' Association of the University of Texas.

whatever toward the chairs and wardrobes sacrificed in the demonstration.

“Do not, I beg you, edit them severely. Trust the readers of *The Alcalde* to understand, perhaps, more than you think they will. The sprees, for instance, that he boasts so wittily about, were really very innocent affairs after all—and they flavored a naturally exuberant life, much as wine saturates the verses of Omar—incidental, certainly, to both lives, but very vital to Omar’s and Harry’s literary estimate of themselves. Boys with the ginger and go to them, usually boast themselves much more hell-roaring and reckless than they really are. To give you an example:

“I was with four or five boys in Harry’s room one day during his sophomore year when the mail was brought in. He received a letter from home, and tore it open with, ‘Wonder if I’ve got a check?’ There was none and he cast it crumpled into the wastebasket without reading a line, as much as to say ‘money’s all I want—I have no weak sentiments about home.’ The company gasped. That’s just what Harry wanted them to do—gasp. He enjoyed intensely making people gasp. I scented his trick, and when we all left his room, I lingered watching him through the crack of the door. He dived into that wastebasket, fished out the letter from home, read it carefully two or three times, and, as he was smoothing out its wrinkles caressingly, I made my escape. So in his letters, he frequently attitudinized simply from an irresistible desire to make you gasp.

“I wish more letters were published. I like to read what any interesting character writes with no thought

of publication. Some trivial observation of such a record frequently contains a self-revelation that is not to be found in the writer's complete published works of twenty volumes. Whether Harry's subject is the Polish Jew who 'scratched himself' or a humorously itemized account of expenditures, or a tennis game with Booth Tarkington, he is never dull. He couldn't be dull no matter how deliberately he tried—he couldn't bore you, not even with a diamond drill.

"And so I am rather fearful and certainly glad, that you are going to treat the readers of *The Alcalde* to an intimate and unconscious record of the most whimsical, witty, loving and lovable boy that I ever knew."

Sincere friends of Harry Steger have criticised the editors for making public these personal letters. It is true that what he wrote was intended only for the eye of the person to whom he wrote, and it may seem a violation of confidence to print for public reading what was intended to be an intimate personal disclosure. Those who feel thus must remember that it is planned to circulate this volume only among friends who knew and loved Harry Steger; that Harry's father and mother and sister have coöperated with the editors with full knowledge of what was being done; that the letters printed in *The Alcalde* have given many people pleasure; and that there has been a demand for putting them into this permanent form. The editors desire to share this pleasure with other friends. And so we send them forth, despite some protest, with a feeling of confidence that their reading will bring its reward and that the book will be treasured. Harry's

was an illusive character, but his letters reveal it more fully than could the pen of any man, however gifted.

As for the facts of his life let him set them down in his own way:

“Born March 2, 1883, in Moscow, Tenn., near Memphis. Moved to Memphis and there fed squirrels in Court Square for seven years; then moved to Bonham, Tex. Private school for a year; then public schools of Bonham until graduation in 1897. Delivered a High School address entitled ‘Character vs. Reputation,’ cribbed from various sources. Entered University of Texas in September, 1897, having donned long trousers especially for the event. President of sophomore class, business manager *University Magazine*, chairman final ball, an editor on the staff of the University newspaper; editor-in-chief of *The Cactus*, the University annual; key orator; member Phi Beta Kappa; Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, Theta Nu Epsilon; Goo Roos (local but interesting), fellow in Greek and Latin; took M.A. degree for metrical translation of Aristophanes’ Greek comedy, ‘The Wasps’; played tennis and scrub football (being squashed out flat by a Mexican half-back on the dummy team); at times thought myself a sad, sad dog.

“Taught Greek and Latin in the Mineola (Tex.) High School one year; taught Latin in the Bonham school one year; went to Johns Hopkins University and studied Sanscrit. Went thence to Germany. Had previously passed the qualifying examination for the Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford, but was not given the appointment because I had been a naughty boy. Later received the appointment, went to Balliol Col-

lege, Oxford, became president of the Arnold Literary Society there; contributed to the Oxford periodicals; traveled on the European continent; worked on a German newspaper in Cologne, Germany; went to Monte Carlo for the London *Express*; arrested by the Italian army (most of it) for constructing a wind-whistle on a rock in the Mediterranean; returned to London, free lanced, wrote series of stories on fat men; went to Carlsbad for my health and found it; went to Germany and lectured in German on 'Niggers and Cotton'; walked from Queensboro to London, taking sixteen days, begging my way and sleeping out of doors or in municipal lodging-houses; wrote series of articles describing this tramp; came to Glasgow (forget how I managed it), sailed steerage for Quebec; scrambled on to New York. Shaved at once. Am now literary adviser to Doubleday, Page & Co.; edit *Short Stories* magazine and am generally active in the publishing business. Go back to Texas for a visit every chance I get. Literary executor for O. Henry."

WILL C. HOGG,

FRITZ G. LANHAM,

EDWARD CRANE,

EDGAR E. WITT,

EUGENE C. BARKER,

ROY BEDICHEK,

E. T. MILLER,

JOHN A. LOMAX,

Editors.



INTRODUCTION

One of the phrases that are stored in the barrel of every journalist's fountain-pen is "undying fame." I have seen it so often in the newspapers, that I have come to believe in the opposite, or *dying* fame, which only during the lifetime of a man's friends persists in anecdote and reminiscence that evoke smiles and a warm feeling around the heart.

In my own circle our minds are filled with so many amusing stories of which Harry Peyton Steger is the hero, that it costs us an effort to recall the earnest side of his life—his profound scholarship, his wisdom—and his really important service to American letters as the adviser of many writers—notably the late Sidney Porter.

His wide acquaintance with American writers grew of course out of his occupation as representative of a large publishing firm, but there was nothing of the publisher's tout about Harry. It is even conceivable that he made many unprofitable contracts for his principals, since his sympathies were always with the author.

In my own experience with Harry, I suppose that as a representative of my publisher, he must have had business dealings with me, but I do not now recall them; for contracts were signed as mere incidents of jolly luncheons and dinners, all the details having been arranged in advance at fishing parties and week-end visits to Harry's bungalow in Freeport. There I have met every con-

dition of author,—authors for whom the American publishers were fighting like terriers over a choice bone, authors whose youth and inexperience never found their way past the outer office-boy of a magazine or publisher's office,—fiction writers, poets, historians and scientists and all of them unaffectedly enjoying themselves. There was something about Harry's mere presence that banished affectation and made even the writers of best sellers unbend and become as human beings. Nor did any one talk shop at these gatherings.

"The real danger of sitting down thirteen at table," Harry said one Sunday, "is that somebody's bound to break a glass over just how much a word Robert W. Chambers gets for his stuff."

There was, however, little chance of thirteen at Harry's table. The number was more often twenty and over, with Harry at the head seated in an arm-chair—a black cat and a white cat on either arm.

"I love the young of all species," he said to me once, "particularly cats and authors."

Thus his household milk bills were enormous, for these two privileged animals were always midway in the simultaneous raising of large families of kittens, not one of which was ever drowned. Indeed, he could hardly bear to pass a stray kitten in the street without lugging it home with him. One night after the theatre, we were walking by the Verdi monument at Broadway and Seventy-first Street, when Harry heard the mewling of a kitten. He climbed the railings around the monument and reappeared with a little black fellow in his pocket.

"And now," he said, "to find a dairy!"

But in New York at midnight of the stores that cater to innocent domesticity, there remain open only a few delicatessen establishments, and these are not to be found in a neighborhood of fashionable hotels, such as Broadway and Seventy-third Street. With the kitten squirming in Harry's pocket, we walked ten blocks before we discovered one.

"What is good for a hungry kitten that we just found over here on Broadway?" Harry asked, as he placed the kitten on the floor.

Without a moment's hesitation, the proprietor said: "Smoked sturgeon."

"Give me ten cents' worth," Harry said.

"From smoked sturgeon, we don't sell no ten cents' worth," the proprietor replied. "I could give you for twenty-five cents a quarter of a pound."

"Let her shoot!" Harry said, and we fed the sturgeon to the kitten, who bolted it with apparently beneficial results to its appetite, for it continued to howl after the entire quarter of a pound had been consumed. Accordingly, we fed it an additional quarter of a pound and it was just about concluding its meal when a customer entered the store.

"Gimme a bottle of milk, Mr. Schultz," the customer said, and after he had departed with his purchase, Harry turned to the proprietor:

"Do you honestly think that smoked sturgeon is better for a kitten than milk?" he asked.

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders. "I ain't no cat-doctor," he said; "I'm running a delicatessen store."

As Harry paid over the fifty cents, the proprietor smiled cynically.

"You're lucky it ain't a dawg you found," he said. "I might have stuck a mark like you with a Westphalia ham for five dollars!"

It was that night that Harry told me of his business experience as a lodging-house proprietor. It seems that after he left Oxford, he went up to London and sought a position with a publishing firm, and to eke out expenses, he rented two rooms in Bloomsbury, which he furnished with second-hand armchairs and a sofa or two. These Harry invited Oxford undergraduates to occupy for the night whenever they had overstayed the last train and the tariff was six-pence for an armchair and a shilling for a sofa. A saucepan of porridge always simmered on the hob of the fireplace and a liberal helping was included in the charge for a night's lodging. The door was never locked and that the lodgers should come in and go out quietly and should leave the six-pence or shilling on the furniture occupied, were the only two rules, neither of which seems to have been strictly enforced; for at the end of a month, when Harry was dispossessed, because of the nightly riots on his premises, three shillings and sixpence had been collected as against ten shillings' worth of porridge consumed.

Lest any one think these anecdotes trivial, let me say that they are related to illustrate the simplicity and the unaffected goodness of a man who in culture and real ability stood head and shoulders above the stilted, self-conscious little writing world of New York, where even professional humorists and illustrators for comic papers wear horn spectacles and the unbending expression of a hanging judge. I remember Harry at the

public dinners and the other revels of our efficiently organized New York Bohemia. There he sat while the craftsmen of the graphic and literary arts advertised themselves with speech, stunt and story—a twinkle in his boyish eye, his hair rumpled up, his shirt-front bulging, like an indulgent grandfather at a children's birthday party.

He was in fact, the foster-father of these spoiled literary children. He fought their battles with magazine editors and foreign publishers,—a voluntary literary agent without the ten per cent. commission; he gave them sound and usually unadopted advice, such as not to write testimonials for Tuxedo tobacco; he loaned them money when they needed it and to insure prompt financial assistance he even arranged telegraphic code words for out-of-town authors. Mine was *Kartoffel*.

Some of his friends treated him as a sort of literary *accoucheur*, and depended upon him to ease the births of their brain children, for they wrote and even wired him whenever they reached an awkward spot in the composition of a story. I remember once that in response to a telegram he journeyed as far South as Georgia to comfort a perplexed writer who was badly quagmired in the middle of a *Saturday Evening Post* serial. Another time he went to a western city and for several days sat outside the closed door of a writer's study to make sure that no intoxicants entered until the work in hand was finished.

Of course it may be said that he did all this as part of his duty toward his employers. No doubt he received an adequate salary, but no doubt also he spent the whole of it and more, in the service of his writing

friends. Moreover, it is impossible to think of Harry as performing the duties of an employment; rather was he an enthusiastic sportsman, taking part in some absorbing game and no matter in which phase of his manifold occupations he was exercising his talents,—whether as editor of *Short Stories*, or scouting for a new name to add to Doubleday, Page's list,—he was always thoroughly enjoying himself.

I once accompanied Harry to the New York office of a London publisher and witnessed the negotiations with the publisher's representative, Mr. Smith, for the American rights of a popular English novel.

"Observe the behavior of Smith," Harry said before we entered. "In about ten minutes, he will touch a hand-bell on his desk after the fashion of the *attaché* in the third act of Sardou's 'Diplomacy,' and he will ask for the last London mail. The intention is to put the matter at once on so high a plane, that I ought to be ashamed to dicker about a difference of a few dollars."

We were hardly seated before Mr. Smith rang the bell.

"Bring me the last London mail," he said, and the stenographer handed him a pile of letters. He carefully selected one of them and throughout the negotiations, he referred to it at intervals by way of refreshing his memory. Moreover, he quoted from it long sentences, tending to prove that both his principles and his principals forbade the acceptance of less than one and a half times the amount of Harry's offer.

Even when he was not reading from it, he held it in his hand and it continued to be a splendid source of corroborative evidence until the stenographer entered

and told him that a lady in the outer office wanted to speak to him. When he left the room, he omitted to take the letter with him and Harry pounced on it immediately.

It read:

“WE STORE YOUR FURS
WHERE MOTHS CAN’T REACH THEM
for 2% of their value.
Write us a postcard today and our
representative will call tomorrow.”

I mentioned that Harry acted as editor of the magazine *Short Stories*.

“And I do it with my left hind foot,” he said to me, “before breakfast in the morning.”

As little importance as he attached to this part of his work, he nevertheless made it enure to the benefit of his friends. *Short Stories* was the ship’s graveyard of many a derelict manuscript—my own among the others, nor do I with due modesty believe it was the worse on that account, for many of these stories had been rejected by editor after editor only upon the ground that they might offend advertisers. And at that time *Short Stories* carried no advertising.

His acceptance of stories ran something like this:

“*My dear Mont:*

“I have concluded to bury ‘Mr. Lomedico’ in the columns of *Short Stories*, and a check for it will be mailed you just when your patience is about to become exhausted.

“Yours sincerely,
“H. P. S.”

I might go on indefinitely and tell many other trivial, yet illuminative anecdotes of **Harry**,—of the walking-stick I gave him and which he lost the very next day, and how in order that I should not find him out he constantly purchased duplicate walking-sticks and promptly left them behind him in street-cars and restaurants. I might tell of his devotion to his little stepson, **Teddy**, and of his mongrel dog, **Mohá**, who ran after the trolley-car that bore his master away and was crushed under its wheels. **Harry** could not go to business that day.

It remained for **Mrs. Corra Harris** to sum up **Harry's** character in one phrase:

“He had a sweet soul,” she wrote me.

And I can say no more than that.

MONTAGUE GLASS.

May 15, 1915

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CHAPTER I

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS DAVIS

For the most part Youth is given to us in literature at second-hand. Some novelist of expanding girth and shrinking thighs adjusts his spectacles, and under the stimulus of coffee or brandy writes of youth, as one might dig a description of a Japanese flower festival out of an encyclopedia. And he does excellent work—considering. So are Longfellow's nature-poems excellent, but they are not "collops cut raw from the rump of Nature" such as Whitman feeds our souls with.

A writer doesn't describe a toothache during an acute attack of this excruciating malady, and no more does Youth express itself with the full fever of that delightful period throbbing in its veins. Its life is long, computed in joy and gloom; its annals are short. Youth lives; Age, in dim reminiscence and warmed-over enthusiasms, describes and interprets Youth's life.

Perhaps the chief value, then, from a literary standpoint, of the Steger letters lies in the fact that they were written in his late 'teens and early twenties. In these letters that rare thing happens: Youth becomes

articulate. The voice is from Youth's inmost sanctuary. The letters reveal Youth's mingled scorn and respect for elders; Youth's ambitions, glow, weariness, vision, joy, gloom, sentiment, humor, and Youth's innocent wickedness, sincerity and evasion. Molehills are mountains, mountains, molehills; tender in trifles, ruthless in profounder matters; dreams are realities, realities phantasmagoric, the world is an oyster or a malignant juggernaut according to the mood; age-old cynicisms are warmly welcomed, eternal verities dismissed with a futile pun. Herein we have the reactions of Steger's brilliant, cultured mind in this delightful topsy-turvy land.

Unfortunately no letters have been found that deal with Steger's first two years in the University of Texas or with his year of teaching at Mineola, Texas, where he went when he had completed the junior work for his Bachelor's degree.

All of the letters, of course, were written, with no thought of publication, to his parents and his sister, to dear friends and college mates, to whom he spoke his mind and heart with entire frankness. To those who knew him best, none of his criticisms, even though directed at us personally, carry a sting with them. A victim of moods he certainly was, but his pessimism and heart-burnings were short-lived. At heart he loved all mankind, and, while his devotion to his friends was often restrained, it was nevertheless strong and constant.

BONHAM, TEXAS, July 21, 1899.*

NORMAN R. CROZIER,

Palestine, Texas.

Gentlemen:

Allow me to call your attention to the splendid advertising facilities offered by the University of Texas *Magazine*, which has a subscription list of ten thousand. O pshaw! I have been writing so many business letters that I am rattled. I received your highly interesting and very valuable letter (it contained my forty-five cents) three days ago, but have been unable to answer it, because the house is full of young babies visiting us from the four parts of the globe. You know how fond I am of babies. Well, I have been having all the fun a person could have playing with them, and my tears drop with a dull sickening thud when I think of them leaving us. When they are gone "life is nothing but an empty dream," but O how I would like to dream some!!! Papa next week goes to Temple to the Knights of Honor Convention, as he is presiding officer. My sister leaves the next day for the West, to spend a couple of months recreation, visiting an old school friend of hers out on a western ranch. That leaves of our immense family only my mother and myself. Then "a lodge in a vast wilderness" "far from the madding crowd" won't be in it for solitude, quiet, repose, and ease.

I received a letter from Lomax yesterday which stated that he and Bedichek had been re-elected for next year—"simply this and nothing more" for as you

* At this time Steger was seventeen years of age.

say he is "the soul of wit" when it comes to letter writing. Perhaps you have discovered before coming this far into my "slough" of ink that my purpose in this letter is to keep you from understanding me, unless you are one of Emerson's mystics or a clerk in the dead letter office.

.

Do you ever see Mr. Brown, your fellow teacher? You never say anything of him. I want to return him a book I have of his, "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," but don't know whether he is off for his summer vacation or not.

What are you going to teach next year? I have written Felix on the strength of your saying that he was fellow for next year. Where do you direct his letter to?

Professor Simkins of Dallas is our law professor, elected several days ago. Rhodes Baker is chairman of the committee on University of Texas day at the next State Fair. But maybe you did not know that the fair management had given us the twenty-first of October and on that day has agreed to turn over the grounds to us.

I am about fagged out, so will quit for the present. Don't be slow about answering me, for I get so impatient for your letters.

You since your awakening have proved yourself a fine correspondent.

Yours in the Bond,

HARRY P. STEGER.

This is my tenth letter this evening.

BONHAM, TEXAS, July 31, 1899.

My dear Crozier:

Your exhaustive treatise and critique on woman as you have found her I read with much enjoyment on yesterday, Sunday. You have met the enemy and you are "ther'n." I knew it was coming but my diagnosis of your case would have kept you hibernating all year, and brought you out to bask in smiles and dimples of the pretty fair ones only after you had played the pedagogue for one entire session. However, I am correct in principle, even if I did go astray in my reckoning of time for development. Shakespere says "Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible," but your experience would make one think that sometimes they were all-absorbing, unrelenting, possessing a hypnotic power over young Americans indulging in their puppy loves. But then the world has changed somewhat since the venerable old codger I have quoted flourished. Perhaps this accounts for your seemingly being at a difference with one whom the world takes for highest authority on every subject he has chanced to hit upon in the works he had stolen from so many people. Now old man, be mushy and lushy, springtimey in the summer, absorbed and abstracted, mashy and sickening, love-lorn and love-shorn, sentimental and poetical—but as you value the ties existing betwixt us DON'T tell ME about it. You can interest me so much more in such an easier manner. You have proven yourself faithless, as well as soft and downy by your remark about Miss Wood, even conceding that other pieces of femininity possessed charms superior to hers. Two months ago

that would have been to me inconceivable, your making such a statement.

Well, old boy I am VERY much obliged to you for those pictures. They are splendidly "done," looking exactly like my work. You were wise to take my suggestion about remitting your love to Miss Baker, for I am sure she appreciated it. She is such an appreciative personage anyhow. I am not very much aroused "as to my curiosity" (in terms the jack would use to translate an accusative of specification) in regard to what the young lady just mentioned sent you. Also I am just enough to think that if a person on the scene of action cannot do more and get better results than a foreigner, the former deserves no reward at all.

I am in the paternal chair this week, for my father is gegangen to Temple, there to attend a session of the grand lodge of the Knights of Honor, being a member thereof. Miller wrote me that he too occupied that position in Weatherford, his father being absent in Mineral Wells. Lomax writes me that he suspicions Professor Houston* will at least be temporary president of the Varsity next year. Witt wrote informing me that I had failed to settle for my frat. pin, so I have just remitted him the value. The—he-Cleopatra is trying to make arrangements with Smith and myself both to room with him. I found it out from Felix by accident.

Old Pard, I got a twenty-five dollar advertisement yesterday. This machine is about banged out of this world, and will soon only be fit for the scrap iron man

* Now Secretary of Agriculture of the United States.

to take charge of. It is no good to use in my business any longer.

I believe you have a little defense for your complete revolution. I am in Bonham, where the girls are only passably good looking. None are intoxicating, fascinating, or calculated like the lotus to make a fellow forget his way home or anywhere else. No sylphs or nymphs among them, all mere ice cream and cold drink fiends.

I have been sitting up with a chum of mine who was burned very seriously Friday night by a lamp exploding in his room. His presence of mind as shown by the way he shucked off his garments is all that saved his life. After getting rid of his clothes he saved the house from burning up, not seeming to feel the pain. But when the excitement and nervous strain was all over, he came near dying with pain from burns extending from his lips to his knees. He will pull through all right, the doctors say, provided no complications set in. I intend bringing him back to Varsity with me and making us a Phi out of him.

Keep the pot "a boilin' " and answer this letter soon. I would write you longer letters, but I am kept pounding at this machine all day with my correspondence and frequently with my father's dictated to me.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours fraternally in the Bond,

HARRY P. STEGER.

P. S.—Colville wrote me a few days ago that he was studying in Rhodes Baker's office, what I don't know, but I suspect "it is law."

BONHAM, TEXAS, August 31, 1899.

TO NORMAN R. CROZIER.

My dear Old Unprincipled Reprobate:

At last you have found your conscience and decided to atone for your short way of treating me. I took the initiative in this correspondence anyway and I had decided that I would be darned if I made any advance at all.

Well, on the same mail with your letter came a letter from Patrick Henry Winston saying that he had to attend University of North Carolina next year, but there was a chapter of Phis there.

So ——— is not a jackass by nature, only acquired the art! That is indeed gladsome news. I will take more stock in this seeming fable when I hear from you that he has remitted the amount of his "shortage," for I know how credulous Lomax is. Bedichek wrote me a splendid letter last week in which he said that he was at present doing the administrative for the University.

That was really a fortunate visitation of yours when you caused your nasal to bleed, for bear in mind that such ailments are healthful. So do not grumble at all your family as I am positive you are doing. "Get away" this and that, "leave me alone" and all the words in the grumpish dictionary. I'll wager that it is almost impossible to live in the house with you. I do intend to give Miss Lomax one of my photos, but owing to my lack of funds I have not been able to pay out of the photographers' the half dozen from which hers was to come. Please advise the young lady of this and also apprise her that I was very much flattered to

hear that she had not forgotten my willingness to offer her my likeness.

Although I will probably miss a great deal in forbidding you to write me of your amours, nevertheless I shall remain obdurate.

Well, I am conceding enough in writing even this short a letter, so I close notifying you that I will not expect any more news of you until I go to Austin. But be sure and let me hear from you then. It is my intention to stay at the old Evans' place.

By the way, I went up into the privacy of my "office" the other day and all alone by myself, with no companions, had a meeting of all the ex-students in the county and wrote it up and sent it to the *Dallas News* for publication. It appeared in the following issue!

So long,

HARRY P. STEGER.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, November 20, 1899.

My dear Folkses:

As I have about twenty minutes before dinner in which I can do no studying, I will once more apprise you of my existence. For the last two weeks I have been very busy getting out the second number of the *Magazine*, and the proof reading in the dark proof room has necessitated my taking a few days off, in which to recuperate my eyesight. At present, though, my eyes are in the best of condition, and hurt me only after a long vigil of night studying. Do not be alarmed, for I realize how all important it is for me to retain my good eyesight, and never tax them overmuch.

The November number of the *Magazine* will be an

improvement over its predecessor. I am deriving a great deal of benefit from this venture of mine, and some very timely and opportune remuneration.

I have received the *History of the United States*, and the two-dollar money order as well. Mr. Evans is not pushing me at all, but has told me that my board will be as good one time as another. I pay him \$1.00 in the Austin papers, which I receive in exchange. He previously took them both, and when I made arrangements to exchange for them, of course he was perfectly willing to do it, as there was the same expenditure at his hands, and some help to me.

Let's not despond, but keep a pushin' and a shovin', till the clouds roll by.

I am doing some very good work in Greek this year, and am coaching two delinquent freshies, which occupation affords me the enormous and magnificent income of four dollars per month, two per pupil; this will continue for two months. In addition to this, the *Calendar* is contemplating having a special editor for locals and personals. Should they decide that their way is clear to pay one wages, I can get the position. It will only pay me five dollars per month, but it will help considerably. Don't know whether they will carry out this project.

Well, there goes the dinner bell, so I will postpone my economic and social discussions of wealth and capital, industry and organization, until some more propitious time.

Let me hear from you when you have the leisure, and be easy on me, about chasing so many butterflies.

Yours lovingly, HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, August 19, 1900.

MR. JNO. LOMAX,

Austin, Texas.

My dear Mr. Lomax:

Would you kindly send me my report or if it is not ready, as many of my grades as have been handed in. I think you must have overlooked me, for several of the boys whom I have seen have already received theirs.

I have just returned from a visit to Dallas. I had a fine time with Hunt and Cole. Spent about ten days with them, and they were excellent entertainers. Witt was with me. The milk-cooler business having been proved a gigantic fraud, and it having been made evident that there was no money in it save what Witt and I put in it—we decided to fail and like a pair of “busted” Hebrews, fail with money in our pockets.

Well, my father wishes to use the machine, so I’ll “perorate” without delay.

Yours fraternally,

HARRY P. STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS, August 6, 1901.

MR. ROY BEDICHEK,

Austin, Texas.

My darling Little One:

Were you ever told to “Back up and Fade Away and Do a Disappearing Specialty?” I thought that possibly I had better run a certain flourmill this summer, but the boss viewed me with no *enthusiasm*, and thought some very scathing thinks, and thunk some of them audibly. Said that Latin, and Greek, were not

considered essential to the administration of such an institution. *Repulsed again!!!* But this rebuff is discounted by my success in the metropolis of Mineoleomargerines.* I sent them in a resignation, couched in the most flattering terms—both to them and myself—and explained what a loss they would incur by losing me, and how sorry I was, but that it was inevitable, that their loss was somebody else's gain. But, horrible *et mirabile dictu* (ask Hargrove about this) there has ensued a most embarrassing silence—the silence well nigh deafening in its intensity, a silence like that of the tomb. I am at a loss to tell accurately whether the dread tidings of my cruel intentions not to be with them has thrown the entire populace into a weeping and wailing and picking of teeth or whether I missed my graft, and there is to be heard the joyous tinkling of the glad-some cymbals, blending with the blithesome shouts of happiness, emanating from the Adam's-apple regions of the inhabitants of the sandy dump of Wood county. (Don't spend too much time in unraveling that sentence. Just take my word for it that it is classic.)

I am not living the strenuous life. There seems to be a universal sort of indifferent, don't-give-a-dam sort of attitude toward this young prodigal-prodigious. Don't that sentence contain an assortment of sorts? At present my paternal ancestor on my papa's side is in Fort Worth, and I am dispensing legal advice at so much per dispense. Confidentially, though, I didn't think there is any use in my keeping the shop open. I have only done one serviceable thing during my ad-

* Steger had taught Greek and Latin in Mineola, Texas, the previous year.

ministration. Yesterday I went out into the country and got a fair maid of Ethiopian persuasion to sign a petition for divorce, her husband wanting it (the divorce). At first the damsel hung coyly back and refused to comply with my wishes. Then, in my characteristically stern manner, I told her that I would depart, but that I merely departed to send the sheriff out. Then a sudden revulsion of feeling seemed to sweep over her frame and she forthwith attached her chirography by means of a fragment of a saw-buck, and I returned post-haste to town. Now, the only troublesome thing about it is that she did not have to sign, unless so prompted by her own sweet will, and, therefore, I do not believe that my methods in prevailing upon her were entirely legitimate. You need not give your opinion about it, however. I am just writing for the sake of the practice I get. Wrote to Witt for the same reason.

I wanted to live the life of a big bloated warty toad frog this summer, but desired to be a frog undisturbed. Lo and behold, they prodded me out of cover, and I must go to a social function to-morrow night. I feel like carrying out consistently the manners of the frog. . . .

The inhabitants of this burgh seemed to have realized that I was marooned here for at least a month, for they have been persecuting me systematically. As I go down the street, it's "Why, you are larger than your father!" "Will you be back at Mineola next year?" "Why?" "What did you do down there, that you can't go back?" "Are you studyin' law down there at Austin?" "Are you goin' to teach in Austin College?"

"Does your papa know you smoke?" Oh, ye gods and diminutive specimens of the piscatorial tribe, how I want to be back in Austin, where I can lapse into innocuous desuetude.

Do you feel bloated after eating? Do your ankles swell up? Are you breathless after climbing stairs? Are you embarrassed in the presence of females? Is your memory poor? Do you suffer from hypochondriasis? Do you frequently give up in despair? Are you "nervous, apoplectic, and anemic and dyspeptic?" Do you have fits? . . . Do you frequently feel that you could throw your best friend in the fire, watch him burn, and put on oil with pleasure? Are you impotent? Debilitated? Is your back weak? Have a dry hacking cough? Is your gait wavering and undecided? Do you feel occasional twinges of pain, with a noticeable irregularity in the heartbeats? A tightness about the chest? Pain and soreness over the kidneys? Oh, Beddy, if you have these symptoms you have been to a Bonham social function, and nothing will do you any good, or make you respectable again.

Down beneath our office is a hash-house and the odors ascending therefrom make it well-nigh unendurable up here, and I will be compelled to discontinue. Let me hear from you sometime soon. I will try to do better next time.

With regards to the kittens and the rest of the fellows, I am,

Yours very truly,

"NON COMPOS MENTIS."

P. S.—You see this is a pseudonym that nobody will ever guess as being mine. I am fearful lest the

letters I write will get into the hands of some unscrupulous publisher who will bring them out after my death. Therefore, this anonymous character. The inimitable style, will, I am apprehensive, reveal me as their author.

AUSTIN, TEXAS,

(Undated, summer of 1901).

(Probably written, but never sent, to Mr. E. E. Witt, Waco.)

Dear Edgar:

The antique maidens and stoop-shouldered gentlemen of the summer session have abated their endless questions for a short spell, and I have had time to see how solitary the corridors are. Thence my thoughts have reverted to many things, finally to center upon you and halt. Of course this is exceedingly informal, my writing you, but you were never a stickler for such things; and, to quote Miss Rocks, "formality sits upon me like a silk hat on a gamin." I know that page 23 of the "Young Man's Own Hand-Book on Etiquette" forbids that "a young gentleman should take the initiative in corresponding with a young lady of his acquaintance." But the same authority, if my memory does not play me false, says that "no gentleman will eat pie with a spoon." Therefore, I cannot consider its mandates infallible; for I have this very week witnessed the latter feat performed by the *creme de la creme* of the rustic pedagogues of Texas.

On Friday nights we have public lectures, with lantern slides, on the "Empididyncta of Katzenellenbogen," or "The Beautiful Scenery around Nishnynovgorod" (spelled phonetically). When Saturday morn-

ing comes, we cannot but feel consoled over "le Mort d' Arthur"; for then there takes place what is termed an "Educational Round Table Discussion," wherein such questions are debated as "Shall we have corporal or capital punishment in our schools?" or, "How shall we inspire our boys to study?" On Saturday night—nothing less than a dance on the fourth floor of University Hall will give the esthetic tinge and coat of culture paint desired. So a dance is given; the music comes, on the installment plan, from a flute—somewhat troubled with asthma—and a guitar, exemplifying the disasters coming from "the lost chord." This revelry is indulged in until the unearthly hour of eleven p. m., and then "all is quiet along the Potomac."

Sunday is occupied in campus strolling. But on Monday morning, the staunch disciples of education once more don their fire-proof gloves and heroically grapple with the burning problems of the day.

I know you are very much surprised to receive this, but the feeling of good-fellowship which I have flattered myself existed between us prompted me to write. I dread absolutely to cut off from the associations of University life which were so pleasant. Please be indulgent, and do not try to account for this letter on any other grounds save that I "felt like writin'" and I dun it. I could have kept from being so spectacular, but it is done now.

HARRY STEGER.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, January 29, 1902.

My dear Crozier:

You see I do sometimes remember to keep my promises. Enclosed you will, or at least ought to, find a



Kindergarten days

statement of the grades of your "protégés and protégées." I suppose you recall the value of the different letters used in grading. However, for fear that you do not after these many years, I have put in a report blank, which tells (even as it used to, in the days of '97, '98, '99) what is the significance of each of those mysterious letters, A, B, C, D, E, F. Where I have put the subject twice, I have meant to indicate to you that the student was carrying more than one course in this subject. All Latin a's are reading courses, all b's are prose composition.

Well, old boy, I am just submerged in work. I can't see how on earth I am coming out of this din and toil alive, but if I do, I will then know enough to stay out of such a bonanza (?) again.

If there is anything about the enclosed paper that you do not understand, or anything additional that you wish, just call on me for it.

Yours in the Bond,

HARRY.

PALESTINE HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS

* * * * * Ain't worth powder and shot to blow him up or down either!

* * * * * Has a beautiful complexion. Ah! those heavenly eyes of languor!

* * * * * St. Vitus' dance personified. She amuses me, and promises to become a fine student.

* * * * * Not very diligent as a student, very popular.

* * * * * She gets along all right—above the average, and has a good time.

* * * * * Bloody and desperate, but lovable. Mighty bad boy! Tells us some wonderful stories of his prowess. Too pugnacious (mentally).

* * * * * George Price has excellent taste.

* * * * * This youngster has the best disposition I ever saw a boy have and struts like a “banty rooster.”

* * * * * Giddy! No friend of Phis. You think a lot of him, I know, but *I*.

* * * * * Says he’s a great chum of yours. Peculiar fellow, and I believe wonderfully sensitive.

* * * * * About as quick in mind as a kid could be. Rather frivolous, eh? Reminds me of a young William Goat frisking about.

My remarks marginal are for your further guidance and for my own satisfaction. I would like to know if I have sized them up as you would.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 24, 1902.

MR. NORMAN R. CROZIER,
Palestine, Texas.

My dear Crozier:

Lend me your ears a minute, for I come begging. Of course it will be news for you to hear that we have the chapter house fever this year, but you doubtless will be surprised to learn that the agitation has gone so far that it seems very much in the range of possibility that we will get the house.

The Chapter here has subscribed \$1300.00. Of this \$700.00 is cash. The rest is in the shape of notes to be paid in five years. We expect to make a payment on the house and lot, after we have gotten together \$2500.00. This amount it is expected to obtain from the alumni here in Austin and the fratres in Facultate enough to make \$1000.00 in all cash, including the subscriptions of the members of the Chapter. This leaves \$1500.00 to be secured before we can begin. Professor Houston met with the Chapter last Friday night, and outlined for us a plan which will make the house more than self-sustaining. He is of the opinion that our plan is very feasible. With the purpose of finding out more definitely what we can do, we have decided to write to a few, about fifteen, of the more recent and enthusiastic alumni, and ascertain what they feel able to subscribe. Theoretically you buy stock, as the Chapter House organization is to be incorporated. Suppose you think the matter over, decide to what extent you can help the cause, and write me within a week. As soon as the few alumni to whom we have written respond, then we, if the circumstances warrant, will proceed to a systematic canvass of all that body. Just bear in mind that the thing is no longer a chimera, but is being developed along absolutely practicable, business-like lines, and has the energetic wire-puller, E. E. Witt, at the helm. That figure is slightly mixed. Of course, if you want the plans more definitely laid before you, I shall be glad to go more into detail. The house is to be two-story, to accommodate sixteen men, to have a large hall for initiations, meetings, receptions, etc.

I must say that I would never have expected a party of students on expenses at the University could sub*cribe (there is an "s" to go in that word. Put it in) \$700.00 cash, but one or two more than ordinarily blessed with this world's goods, contributed \$100.00. Then Lomax subscribed \$100.00. The rest of us gave notes for \$25.00 and paid \$25.00 cash, that is, the most of us. To be sure, we have an unusually large chapter, 22 men.

Well, old man, I am not importunate, but I believe this will not be a bad investment. Revolve it in your cerebellum, and let me hear from you.

Yours in the Bond,

H. P. STEGER,

President Texas Beta.

We intend to borrow money on our lot, and devote all contributions not used for paying interest, to a sinking fund to scale the principal down.

April 14, 1902.

NORMAN R. CROZIER, Esq.,

Palestine, Texas.

My dear Norman:

I am going to write you a hasty note, to ease my conscience. When I wrote you with reference to the chapter house project, I was merely fulfilling the duty imposed upon me by the members of the Fraternity. I knew that you were not reclining on a delicious bed of roses. We who have ceased to employ our fathers to put us through college know that one hundred dollars may very appreciably increase in value between

the time a man leaves college and at the end of two or three years of more than self-maintenance. I trust that you realize my only aim to have been to write the letters to the Phis allotted to me by the Chapter House Committee. There my duty stopped. Now, I may tell you that I think it would be an absolute crime for you to strain yourself for this project, which at best, in my opinion, can do else but make clannish crowds; and it is very probable that a chapter house may result in positive harm. We have not the crowd that we used to have. These are seditious remarks, and might cost me my prestige with the fanatic Phis who think it nothing difficult to arise and construct a four thousand dollar house before breakfast, just for the sake of exercise. But, of course, to keep from causing dissension, I have not mentioned my objections to the measure, except in a few mild remarks questioning its feasibility. But when I was at once accused of throwing cold water on the rabid enthusiasm of the boys, I desisted, and have thenceforth kept my heretic views to my own sweet self.

I hope that you are having a pleasant time of it. For my part, I am really eager to start out anew in some good position, teaching Greek and Latin. I had only a short spell of "disinterest," and am now just as zealous as I could want to be. In fact, I believe that I bid fair to become a crank. A few unpleasant tangles, or the misfortune of getting into a community not congenial, may cure me.

Of course, you can well imagine how the University world is stirred up over the election of Professor Houston to the office of President of the A. and M. College. The sentiment is unanimous. I do not believe that

there is a single other man in the faculty whose loss would be so keenly felt, nor to whom would this feeling be so manifestly shown. To be sure, we all congratulate him, for it is an excellent reward. I predict that he will make A. and M. one of the best schools of its kind in the United States.

Well, my hasty note has developed into somewhat of an epistle. I intended writing until some bothersome information-seeker interrupted me from the window. Strange to say, I have as yet had no callers this morning.

Write me when you have the leisure. I hope to see you this summer, when we can gossip and "dwell on memories of long ago" to our hearts' content. You would be sorely disappointed at the appearance of the campus. The blue bonnets have struggled, but the showing they make is rather bedraggled and patchy.

Yours as ever,

HARRY P. STEGER.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, April 15, 1902.

JUDGE R. M. LUSK,

Bonham, Texas.

Dear Sir:

I understand from my father that there is some probability that the position of teacher of Latin and Greek in the Bonham high school may be vacant next year. In view of this, I take the liberty of asking your opinion as to the advisability of my applying; provided that I can offer sufficient credentials testifying to my ability to teach these branches, and bearing witness to

my competency in general for such work. For this latter, I would have to depend on such statements as the school board of Mineola might make. Last year I was principal of the high school at that place. Besides my duties as principal, I also had charge of all classes in Latin and Greek. Jurisdiction, to a large extent, in affairs of discipline also fell upon me. This, however, I do not relish, and you can readily understand my reluctance to attempt the rôle of disciplinarian among people with whom I have been reared.

I shall appreciate very much any information or suggestions you may see fit to give me. I am anxious to remain next year at home. I shall await your reply, before I send any letters or "testimonials."

Trusting that you will pardon me, Judge Lusk, for coming to you in such fashion, I am

Yours sincerely,

HARRY P. STEGER.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, April 23, 1902.

THOS. P. STEGER, ESQ.,

Bonham, Texas.

My dear Dad:

I went to Dr. Battle yesterday for a letter of recommendation to the school board at home, and he told me that he had intended having me appointed fellow in Greek for next year, but that he thought it would be very good training for me to teach one more year, that it would mature me and my method of thought. He told me that I could easily make my way at Harvard after my first year there; that if I kept up the quality

of work I had been doing under him, I was sure to get a fellowship there. He thinks, however, that I had best delay going there for two years, for at present I would be handicapped by being younger than most of the students there. He will write me a good letter, I am sure. If I fail at Bonham, still I shall be able to return here and take my master's degree.

This morning Professor Sutton told me he would give me a fellowship in Pedagogy, and asked me to think it over and give him my answer this evening. I shall tell him that I have decided to get the place at Bonham if possible. With so much to rely on, I can well afford, I believe, to be cheerful and not worry about the future.

Professor Houston has written me a fine letter. Suppose you ask Mr. Duncan to let you see it. Professor Houston is a man that means every word he says, and recommends very few people. I can say, however, that I have always tried to serve him faithfully, in return for the kind and considerate way in which he has treated me. You see, a large number of my duties here cause me to work with him in his capacity as Dean. He has always been thoughtful, has not forced work on me when he saw I was crowded, and has given me excellent advice on many occasions. I shall always remember my acquaintance with him as the "golden age" in my university career. He is my ideal of a man; scholarly, friendly, polite, courteous, firm, a fine specimen physically.

I had an offer to return to Mineola at about sixty-five dollars per month last month. The letter offering me this I have also sent to Mr. Duncan.



The high school boy

Don't worry about me. I can return to the University, if I desire it. I have plenty of time. In fact, all the professors whom I have consulted tell me that a fellow makes a mistake in completing his college education too soon; that the older he gets the more he gets out of his work; that twenty-seven is young for a man to leave college for good.

Well, I know that you, mama, and sister like to hear about what I am doing, and that is why I write you this. Then, again, if you do not know something about my plans, you may worry about me. Give Uncle Johnny my love.

Sister, I suppose is now free. Tell mama that she has not written me for an age. I suppose she knows it, but I want to put in formal complaint against such treatment.

Yours affectionately,

HARRY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, April 24, 1902.

THOS. P. STEGER, ESQ.,
Bonham, Texas.

My dear Dad:

Will you please look over Nunn & Jones' stock of Stein-Bloch clothing, and tell me what you think of it, and get the boys to quote me some prices? I will be willing to leave, to a great extent, the matter of selection to their taste. I intend to buy me a new suit soon, as my winter weights are becoming rather uncomfortable, besides not giving me that business-like appearance I studiously seek to put on in my present "situa-

tion," and I am of the opinion that I can select the same suit at Bonham for a few dollars less than it would cost me here, besides patronizing friends. I haven't worn any of the fine socks you and sister sent me. I am waiting to burst forth all at once in ALL my glory.

By the way, Mr. Lomax has written me a letter to Mr. Duncan, but refuses to let me see it, saying that he fears for the size of my head. I have a curiosity to know what is in it.

Yours affectionately,

HARRY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, May, 1902.

THOS. P. STEGER, Esq.,
Bonham, Texas.

My dear Dad:

I hasten to write you concerning my summer equipment. It is not a matter that can be postponed for any length of time, I blush to confess. Moreover, I do not wish any expensive suit. I cannot afford it. I should have been perfectly willing to submit to your taste, re-enforced by the opinion of one of Kahn's clerks. However, it is really not a matter of life and death. I wear a number seven shoe on a C last, and I want anything in the way of a patent oxford, tie, that will be a nice exhibiting ground for those socks. Don't bother about my hat, I am going to get me a Panama in one of the crush shapes, if my pocket can stand the expense. As to commencement, let me assure you that I will never in my life, or at least I hope so, be as busy

as I will during commencement week. Moreover, the fact I shall wear a cap and gown will render an expensive black suit unnecessary. In a letter of a few days since, I gave you my dimensions. I wear pants almost thirty-three inches long (33 far better than 32); a coat size thirty-seven; pants are thirty-four and a fraction in the waist (34 better than 35). Your graphic description of your own personal appearance revived a desire in me to be dressed tastily. I have spells when I won't dress up, even when I have the clothes.

As to the fellowship, it will in all probability be given, and I have found out since writing you, that it will still be open to me, if I should fail in the application at home. I wish to go ahead, then, under the circumstances, and get the Bonham place, if I can, for the money will mean a great deal to me, when I go to Harvard. Furthermore, as you yourself suggested, I can take my choice, even if I am elected at home. Then, with this arrangement decided upon, let us cease to worry ourselves, and determine to go ahead and get 'em both if possible and tackle anything else that crosses our path. But seriously, what do you think of letting the matter rest here? Get the place at home, get the fellowship. By being on the "inside," as politicians say, I have discovered that in Dr. Battle's report to the President he has recommended that "Mr. Harry P. Steger be appointed fellow in Greek. Mr. Steger is a young man of unusual attainments in the classics and of greater promise." Then he continues: "If Mr. Steger should be unable to accept this appointment, I suggest that the position be made student-assistantship and Mr. Wm. Longino be appointed to fill it." So

you see I have the refusal of the place, and final action will not be taken until commencement. I am glad I got a sight of Dr. Battle's report. Of course, I knew that he was going to recommend me, but the report to the President is never published until commencement, and I would have been unable to discover my status before that time, without seeming excessively importunate to Dr. B.

I hope that your Groesbeck trip was delightful.

Glad Sis is done. Wish she would never tackle it again. Tell mama that I want all the jobs I can get, whether they are at home or abroad, especially if there is not much chance of getting them.

Yours affectionately,

HARRY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 20, 1902.

MR. THOS. P. STEGER,

Bonham, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Well, let it go at "Dear Sir"; I have written so many letters that I can't keep that phrase out. To continue, the enclosed letter is self-explanatory. I refused to apply for the place named therein because there was no opportunity to teach Greek. Please either return the letter to me or else file it away where it will be safe. I like to save such documents. Matthews is an old college chum of mine.

Suppose you let the board notify me, if they elect me teacher of Greek and Latin. I imagine that they will inform me if they should take such action; and would,

also, I believe, tell me the salary that goes with the position. If it is low, I'll return "hither."

The busy season antecedent to commencement has just set in, and I am on the go all the time. Yesterday I was almost rushed to death. Lomax was called out of town. The mails were enormous, and at least fifty people came in to be tended to in some particular. Never got a breathing spell until six o'clock. Was so busy that I did not even have time to go to dinner, but was forced to satisfy myself with a cup of coffee and a sandwich at a restaurant across from the University. But that sheep-skin sho is mine!! With love to Mama and Sis,

Affectionately,

HARRY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, August 22, 1902.

Bedi:

Have you yet determined whether you will be able to make the trip to the coast, at Harris Duncan's expense, praise the Lord! He has written again, and is anxious concerning your decision. He thought that I would surely be able to persuade you while we were at Milford together. I thought so too. I didn't know that you would not only commit yourself to nothing, but would dampen my ardor as well. Lomax, plague take him, did the same. If I go now, my conscience is so entirely interpreted by others, that I will feel as if I were a robber, or at least a swindler, which, on second thought, is a really honorable profession. Edgar Witt is going, if he has to make the trip alone. I will not leave before the 29th, if I go. The Duncans, Harris

and Vance, with Edgar and Felix Smith will come up to Bay City from the coast and transport us to the camp. "Us" means you and me. They expect to leave here about the 25th, and I have decided that I ought not to quit my job before time's up or almost up. The truth of the matter is that I do not care a continental and can't see what difference it makes. I am in a delicious state of dontcareadamdom. Haven't a cent, owe board, owe everybody, no way to get out of town, can't have my books packed, can't have any laundry done, not even any shoestrings. But I'll guarantee to make the raise for that coast trip. Creditors never frequent those parts. What is the fare from Eddy to Bay City? It's about eight dollars, I imagine, from here there. This is the best I can do in the way of a letter. I am tired well-nigh unto distraction, anyhow. Went to a party at Miss Waggener's last night. Spasms, convulsions, silly vacuities, retirement.

HARRY.

P. S.—Miss Frances Waggener is about the most entertaining individual I have encountered in a tea-table fight. She's bright as she can be, and a most scientific punster. Going back, if I can borrow again Edgar's cuffs, Davis's buttons, Lomax's collar and tie, Hatchitt's handkerchief, Sisk's shoestrings, and stand my coat buttoned up tight over a dingy shirt once spotless. No sleep since the *fight* at Milford. No drafts as yet from Bob * but expected *secondly*.

* R. P. Lomax, now of Denton.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, August 26, 1902.

Bedi:

Yours rec'd. Explanation satisfactory. Busted? Mutual, I assure you. Won't go, if Edgar Witt gets out of Austin soon, unless a miracle happens, for Lomax fadeth away and soon no longer will be tangible.

I feared that you would cuss Edgar out of his wits over the phone, but he said your voice was that of the resigned. I am going to resign myself soon. Felix hath progeny, appellated Maude, of few hours as yet in this pail of beers. Sunday, I gave myself up to a questionable Sabbatical pastime. I care not to speak of it thusly.

Alex* wrote me a very interesting adjectival epistle. He proffered future financial aid, dimly in the future, mind you, and soared aloft on eloquent attributive solecisms to tell me of the delight in store "for he & thee" when ensconced together next year. Room with him. He'll never forgive you, if you refuse.

I write this as I stand at the tall table. I grow fatigued. The 5 o'clock gong strikes the Nellie (I say this endearingly for I am fond of the Nell of parting day). My regards to all your folks.

HARRY P. STEGER.

COULTERVILLE, TEXAS,

Sept. 6, 1902.

My dear Lomax:

I suppose that ere this you have received my epistolary attempt concocted on the Gulf. We left there

* Alex Pope of Dallas.

yesterday, on account of the weather. Every night dark clouds would come up; and we were so camped, with a trackless prairie between us and civilization, that it would have been well nigh impossible for us to escape a storm. The rain has been terrific.

The trip has been the greatest of my life. And now the pleasure still is; for we are in the midst of old Southern plantations, whose owners have never "reconstructed" their attitude toward strangers and visitors. Dunk's two uncles have entertained us royally. Such cordiality and hospitality I have read of, but never before experienced.

I caught more fish and larger fish than any member of the party. One cut my hand as I struggled to land him. We never failed to have more fish than we could make away with, and this diet was varied by crabs and oysters.

Please don't forward any more mail to Coulterville. Let it go to Bonham hereafter. I shall be there by Wednesday of next week.

We leave this A. M., for Egypt, which I understand has, besides its flesh pots, a tonsorial parlor. My face boasts now a two weeks' growth, irrigated with sea water, and is actually bristly.

You did me an injustice in your blue pencil note. I'd have written you at length, but I mailed my "prepared letter" from the wagon.

My pass will doubtless make a tour of this part of the State. It will probably not reach me before the tenth, for mails here go but once a day, and the matter of forwarding does not much worry a rural P. M. This delay in securing transportation, supplemented—

EXHIBIT A

7500 1st June 1901
 Henry P. Steger
 Directly from
 Pauline Steger
 June 6 1901
 + + Bonham
 Harry P. Steger

ITS B+C

Halsell & Caldwell Furniture, Carpets and Coffins.	Bonham, Texas, 1901
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Eight copies of
 An account of
 Steger's "Dead Soldiers"

Steger's "Dead Soldiers"

as you of course know—by the low ebb of my finance, will keep me in Egypt so long that it will be impossible for me to stop over with Bedi. I hate to relinquish this, and can only hope that you will not be disappointed.

I fear my “forgettery” will make several days of preparation necessary before I can read Vergil or Cicero, with anything approaching ease.

Dunk * sends his best, and Edgar †.

Yrs,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, NOV. 23, 1902.

My dear Bedi:

Your insinuating epistle has brought on an attack of sarc-asthma. Crozier wrote me such a genuine, sincere invitation to participate in the celebration of his knupshuals that for a while it seemed irresistible, until Exhibit A settled the question for me.

Then my thoughts turned to you as of yore. Exhibits B and C forbade further cogitation. The rest of the alphabet are scheduled for dates in the near future. Verily, I am a man of letters.

I cannot go to Alabama, on account of money considerations. The folks have time and time again insisted that I write you to come here Xmas; but I refused, for fear that you would come—no matter what your circumstances—and sprain something. Lomax has not told me positively, yet, whether he is coming

* H. B. Duncan, now of Burnet.

† E. E. Witt, Waco.

back from Alabama via Bonham. In fact, he does not yet know that I have finally determined not to accompany him and Crozier. You can come here Xmas week. Your finances are in such a shape that a trip like this would create only a ripple. "Papa" has started to write you a half dozen times lately. See if you can't make the raise. Trouble Lomax for mileage.

I have been contributing what little I could toward the \$2,000.00 spent on the house and water-works recently, and it keeps me strapped. My actual expenses, however, are *nil*.

I had figured on visiting you at Eddy, but you never told me that my Tragedy of Tommy Hawk and Sally Mander was fine, or that it was the very thing needed to impart *esprit* and dash to the *Cactus* for this year. Please return the manuscript, together with all other work of mine now in your possession. I am now on the editorial staff of the great *Daily Bazoo*, and "matter" is scarce.

I suppose that you and Joe B.* are now estranged. Him as an end on the team I cannot think of. And scheduled for next year's business manager of the "same"! Surely he is ere now invested with a Phi Gam gum drop; or a Tri Phi copy of Webster's Dictionary in miniature.

Notice how most of my paragraphs begin. Truly, I am an egotist.

This letter is composed amid the interruptions of the school-room; it will probably make you mad as Hades.

Yours just the same,

HARRY.

* Joe B. Hatchitt, Lockhart, Texas.

TO ROY BEDICHEK,
University Station,
Austin, Texas,

P. S.—I made out the exhibits last night.

EXHIBIT

By cash October 10, for services in public school
(inestimable, but for convenience valued at) . \$65.00

October 11—

To Nunn & Jones for shirts, shoes, and hat . . . 10.00

To Dr. S. S. Shackelford, balance on acct. for
dental work 5.00

To Eugene C. Barker for one gilt edge, edition
de luxe, archetype share in the Phi Delta
Theta House corporation 10.00

To Smith & Wilcox, on acct. for clothes pur-
chased via Lomax, J. A., ad usum Lomax,
R. P., hymen, hymenæa, oh * 8.00

To George Clarke of New York on acct. for
the *Century* Dictionary (so named because
of the duration of time necessary for the
liquidation of the obligation) 3.00

To J. E. Williams for cleaning, mending and
disguising last winter's caparison 2.75

To candy, gum, veal loaf and cheese for sister
(and ME)50

To steak for dinner (papa out of town)30

To tablet10

* Steger was an attendant at the wedding of R. P. Lomax in Milford, Texas.

To bottle of ink (red)10
To blue pencil10
To tobacco10
To my highly esteemed, immensely wealthy, immediate avuncular ancestor, balance on ancient document (called in legal parlance, a note)	20.00

To what purpose shall the remaining \$5.05 be devoted? In all sincerity, the above is absolutely truthful. Surely I ought to contribute something to charity, out of that \$5.05. I'll come out all right next month, for then I am going to economize on gum and ink; in fact, I hope to eliminate both of these as items of expense. I enclose you a choice assortment of dead soldiers * which O'Haven † will appreciate.

Just think of working another year to make the money I spent last year, while I was spending the money I made then to pay back the money I spent year before last, when I was spending the money I never had had at all! But, lest you worry, I hasten to assure you that rumors are that both ink and tablets will go down soon. I had thought of buying a balloon, but they're up. By the way, carpets for my apartments cost me fifty dollars. That's on my hands, on my floor, on my mind. I have also determined to purchase a paper of pins.

If you and Lomax are gloomy when this reaches you, count me a member of the triad, and I present these as my credentials.

* Receipts.

† James P. Haven, Dallas.

I have just read in the *Dallas News*—with great joy—of the victory over Sewanee. It was all very delightful, until I read the telegram sent by the *Texan*: “*Texan* sends heartiest congratulations; Varsity gone wild to-night.” Then I could see that green-eyed, yellow-skinned, cadaverous, long-fingered, lop-eared, fish-mouthed Uriah Heep of a — posing as a representative of the student body, spewing from his filthy maw, amid stench and fumes, those inane, sissified, words of congratulation. To be sure, it is possible that their author was the polished orator, accomplished society leader, student politician, and Adonis of University mythology—George Wright. That message spoiled the victory for me. “Varsity gone wild to-night.” I hope you are missing none of these sneers.

Had two parlor scrambles here in the house Friday (yesterday); a domino fight in the morning, and a euchre spasm in the afternoon. I had to stay away from home all day, and live on peanut sandwiches. They, with Welsh rarebit, constituted the refreshments delivered to the inmates.

Mayor Bradley—who is now county judge—makes me take care of his horse. I drive him every day or so, and feed him likewise; curry him, never.

The acerbity of this document is due entirely to a huge, pestiferous, adamantine lump situated just at the end of my sarcophagus.

“It is now eleven o’clock and I must quit. Write soon, for I like to hear from you so much. Your letters always do me, OH, so much good” gracious alive. I have existed Euliless for many a week now; and, as

yet, have not contemplated self-destruction—i. e., not with that as a provocation. Go to the devil,

HARRY.

P. S.—I'll seal this and put it in Dad's coat; else I'll back out to-morrow and decide not to mail it.

BONHAM, TEXAS,
(About November, 1902).

Bedi:

As soon as you get this letter, rush immediately to Corner & Fontaine's, enquire of them whether they have those little leather footballs which used to retail at 10 or 15c. each. If they have, get Fontaine to send me a dozen at once, provided they do not cost over 15c. each. *I want them by Friday, if possible.* I suppose Fontaine will send them C. O. D., for of course you won't have \$1.50.

Cuss and fume; but, nathless, act. Why don't you write a letter couched in English which I can show somebody? I guard your epistles so jealously that the folks suspect you and me of some infamous conspiracy; or, at least, of reprehensible secretiveness. More anon,
G. m. l. t. Lomax.

HARRY.

P. S.—Sister is to fete the Bonham feet-ball team with me.

BONHAM, TEXAS,
[Undated; during session
of 1902-1903.]

My Dear Bedi:

I am glad that you like my tragedy.* If you use

* A contribution for the *Cactus* of which Bedichek was editor-in-chief.

it, I believe that I would like to have it put over my signature; I also would prefer to have my fable and the poem of Tommy Hawk and Sally Mander likewise signed in full. This is enough; however, I don't want my name to anything else. I fear that even those three signed will cause everyone to realize that it is the bias of friendship on your part which has secured their places. Your idea of preparing a letter of transmissal for the tragedy is good. Some dunderheads might overlook all, otherwise.

The enclosed I primarily intended to work into a farce—mock heroic-sylvan-idyll—not for publication, but for practice. I intend to make it quite lengthy. Its development so far has proven sluggish. You might—by dint of indulgence—be inveigled to accept it yet as serious. The plot I shall not yet reveal to you.

The undergarments which you claim to have sent me have not arrived. I hold overcoat as hostage.

Yours,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, December 13, 1902.

MR. ROY BEDICHEK,

University Station, Austin, Texas.

My Dear Bedi:

Your father has just written me a cordial invitation to spend the holidays at Eddy; and, this, together with your gratifying appreciation of your habitat's mart, has led me to decide that it would be best to secure

this "change of scenery" during my vacation from my vocation. Do I mean yes or no?

Furthermore, Eula waxeth Yellerwheelerwilcoxey—even as Woolie as of old—

With smile seraphic—
Phrases graphic—
I dubbed her dovey love.

With vaporings vapid—
Oglings rapid—
I dubbed her lovey dove.

And, in return, she visited upon me a capacious tome of perfumery, adulation, and romantic adoration—all written on mother-of-pearl stationery—bias (i. e., write a page and skip a page).

With snarls bituminous—
Oaths voluminous—
I consigned it to the flames.

With sickened taste—
Feverish haste—
I vowed, "No more of dames."

For this is the season
When a man's reason
Tells him to let 'em alone.

For now comes Christmas;
And of course this must
Mean money and honey and groan.

Owing to the "storm and stress" in my pocket book—how trite—I shall be compelled to journey via sev-



A freshman at the University of Texas

eral permutations of the alphabet—T. & P.; I. & G. N.; M. K. & T.; G. C. & S. F. I shall in all probability leave here Monday, December the 23rd. On looking at a calendar, I see that Monday is the 22nd; and, by further and closer scrutiny, that the 23rd is Tuesday. So there must be something wrong about my first statement. Which did I mean—Monday or the 23rd? I wot not wot I meant. That's wot.

For a reason which I shall divulge to you when we are seated side by side by the murmuring, gurgling, stuttering, stammering brook, do not tell anyone—as yet—that I am to hibernate with you. To those hordes of ceaseless and tireless—tho' tiresome—inquisitors who seek to ascertain in what locality my recess shall be spent, reply with "*nonchalance*" and *sang froid*.

Be sure and carry home with you all of the contributions which you have so far received from the "Cactus" and—I beseech you—gag ——— until the annual is issued. I have just finished—with well-nigh fatal results—the last issue of the *Magazine*. It delights me, however, to see that Joe B. must needs have sufficient wherewithal to spend many a pleasant hour—unless much of his enormous amount of advertising is "dead-head."

This letter may be all right, but to me—it is punk!

HARRY.

P. S.—The major portion of my time is spent in composing matter similar to the sheet enclosed herewith. I have hideous dreams of Cæsar and legions, of soldiers fighting bravely, of enemies attacking towns.

BONHAM, TEXAS, Dec. 16, 1902.

My dear Bedi:

My plans will have to be altered to fit. This afternoon, at an orgy held by the teachers it was decided to continue our educational plant in full blast until the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a thing stirring, not even a mouse. To paraphrase, my holidays will not begin until the 25th. My previous arrangements were made with the idea that they commenced with Friday preceding Christmas; i. e., the 19th, barring accidents, delays, bad connections, and controversies with officials enroute. How do these latter dates concord with the limit of your vacation? Let me hear from you at once. I am afraid that this will interfere.

"Suppose" that you in your reply to this take occasion to enlighten me anent Halsted's rupture or hernia with the regal Regents. Tell me the straight of it, tho' it be a State secret. I "sincerely hope" that it means Benedict's election to the Chair of Mathematics.

Crosby wrote me recently of having seen Edgar Witt in Cambridge. Pewee,* Reddy, and Captain put a coat of Harvard crimson over the city, I understand. How excruciatingly clevah, how refreshingly fresh was that for a joke. But then the boll weevils have gotten into everything in the country. That reminds me. To-day's *Dallas News* announces that there is soon to be a boll-weevil convention there. Just to think of

* "Pewee," Edgar E. Witt, Waco; "Reddy," E. T. Miller, Austin; "Captain," E. P. R. Duval, Norman, Okla.; "Crosby," Henry Lamar, Crosby, University of Pennsylvania.

the pesky critters possessing enough system and enterprise to have a convention. I wonder if the boll weevil is not a corruption of the bowl evil.

You thought that when you came to this,
That I would get off something good in verse,
But the truth of the matter simply is
That it couldn't scarcely be any worse.

Yours as ever,

With a heart full of Blood!!!

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, December, 1902.

Bedi:

Can't you come? You must, for a while, at any rate. Can't you get a pass and come ahead? There is no use in my writing you at great length. Come. Dad grins at the prospect—Sister plans chafing dish debauches—Mama tells of how you used to assort yourself into a conglomerate heap. Come. I want to see you. My finances forbade to go via Fort Worth on my way from Austin to Bonham. Come. We look for you. Ascertain Lomax's whereabouts and come with him. He has promised. Come along.

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, Jan. 8, 1903.

My dear Bedi:

Your letter reached me at 4 this P. M.; at 5 P. M. I mailed you a hasty attempt at a modern fable, which you may be able to make use of, after you have care-

fully edited it. It will add to its literary value, if I tell you that it is a translation from the gum arabic. The fable was written at first draft as you have it. After finishing, the idea came to me that it might be made to possess more "general interest" if it were remodelled and all characters fitted to collegiate rôles. Send my fable back if you don't want it.

Those who with real pleasure witnessed my unparalleled Public Panorama of Pyrotechnic Puns will not fail to appreciate my forthcoming genuine Juicy Jag and Joke Jaunt, the date for which has been tentatively set for June next. I hope then to be abetted by an accomplice whose criminality and fertility in such pursuits is '*sans reproche*.'

Compose your list of questions, print them, put notice of their purpose, etc., in the *Texan*, if you can—induce the Co-op to handle them for distribution. If this proves impracticable, mail them. Be sure to have ample space between questions for extended comment. I believe that by this means you will get some original ideas, and from those who would never contribute directly. The list I enclose is scarcely serviceable, but it shows my idea. More anon.

Send my Coat,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, 1903.

Bedi:

However much I may admire unselfishness, I cannot bring myself to step aside and make way for Miss Devine. My Fellowship is by no means assured me.

Neither God nor man is held to account for the fantasies, vapourings, and imaginings of a Board of Regents. Should *this* sinecure fail to materialize, I would perforce resort to the bonanza I now "hold and enjoy."

"Contrariwise," if my Fellowship reaches me, I'll be delighted to help Miss Devine in here. Furthermore, I think she will have little trouble. Experience will be the only score. My Supt. has already asked me to name my successor, in case he is not myself.

This surreptitiously in school. More anon.

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, March 20, 1903.

My dear Bedi:

Cease to search for Liddell-Scotts Greek Lexicon. I have at last captured one.

I have another mission in life to offer you. Go to the library, and take out on your own responsibility somebody's translation of Aristophanes—the volumes containing the *Vespæ* or the *Wasps*. I have struck a bunch of snags, which makes it absolutely impossible to proceed, until I have appealed to a higher authority than my own scholarship. Mail this volume to me, and I will investigate the points at issue and return to you at once. I shall see to it that you have no fines to pay.

Soon I shall write you at length. I feel wretched these days—physically. I suffer from my old headaches. Mentally I enjoy great felicity.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, April 25, 1903.

*My dear Reddy and Captain: **

I have put forth much effort to obtain the addresses of you but all in vain. I wrote to Crosby, whose location I secured through accident, and besought him to tell me how a letter would reach you. He replied, but failed to give me any information as to your whereabouts. For sometime I thought of writing to the president of your school, but I was unable to ascertain his name. How do you all like going to school up there? Do you like your teacher? See how provincial I have become? I fossilize rapidly. Already I belong to the palæozoic age. My pedagogical duties have been so engrossing that I have not had time to inoculate myself with any culture-vaccine; and the infection I had is about to become eliminated.

"Out of sight, out of mind" does not hold in the case of my thoughts concerning you two. I have frequently engaged in surmises of what your occupations are now; but even oftener in reminiscences of what they were when I was "among those present." It seems to me that those days were the happiest we will ever know. With you, however, it may be different, because of the new associations which you have both formed, long ere this, in your environment.

Financially, I have been successful here. Strange and impossible as it may seem to you—who have had so much opportunity to know of my abnormal inability along this line—I am at last the proud and prudent possessor of a bank account. With this I hope to re-

* This letter was written jointly to E. R. P. Duval and E. T. Miller, at that time students in Harvard University.

gain the original hue of my eyes, which have faded away to a bloated pink. Should I be successful in obtaining the Greek and Latin fellowship at the University of Texas for the ensuing year, I shall continue my work without interruption. If this does not fall to my lot, I will be bound to drudgery and juvenile criminality for another session. My work here in the high school has, fortunately, consisted almost exclusively of Latin; and has been pleasant—taking into consideration the limitations and prejudices, conditions and demands, of a public school clientele.

Enough of myself. I am interested in knowing of your impressions, your work, your notions about your new surroundings, the opportunities for both work and inspiration. It is barely possible that I may become reckless and borrow enough money to sustain me a year at Harvard. Should I be successful in this—which I shall not attempt if I secure my fellowship—I would cast my lot with you next year. Do you think that a man does justifiable work at Harvard with only a bachelor's degree from Texas? or is it not best for him to get an additional year of training?

I spent Christmas in Austin and at the new Chapter House. This magnificent structure—evolved from the brain which inhabits the scrawny and withered frame of one Edgar Witt—is a credit to the fraternity. Its every detail is a combination of elegance and convenience. I can truthfully say that I have never beheld any building which could be better suited to the purposes of a chapter. All the boys are vain and proud to excess over it; and the care with which it is managed is startling in a chapter of such personnel. Even the

dining room is preeminently a success. The chapter seems to be in fine condition. There have been several additions which are of the old-time quality; and the expense of the house has not been the barrier in selecting new men that we all supposed it would come to be.

In the matter of honors, it seems to have held its own. Bedi is editor-in-chief of the *Cactus*, and tutor in Ethics. At present—so a letter of a few days since informs me—he is delivering a course of lectures to a class composed of juniors and seniors on subjects in which his knowledge cannot be disputed even by those who know him with little intimacy. Promiscuity, Henry Georgeism and Temperance are the titles of his talks for the current month. ——— is still an excellent boy and an insufferable egotist—the only such combination I have ever met; he has been prominent. From what I could gather, the chapter as a whole has organized into a heart-snatching trust, with Dick Kimball Grand High Poo-Poo and Official Lacerator of Cardiac Tissue.

You have, of course, heard of Penn Hargrove's death. "The Lord loves a shining mark" and likes to have the jackasses flourish. ——— still waxes lusty and grows amain in all that is intolerable.

Verily I have degenerated into leader of the anvil-chorus. I will not knock anybody else. My troubles here at home, domestic and pedagogic, have made my bile increase its flow; but I shall quell it. We have had fifteen cooks during the past winter and spring—and the African question is still unsolved. In deed and in truth, I might say that myself and family are now suffering under the influence of an Ethi-Opiate.

I suggest that you two spend some of your leisure—when next it comes—and write me a long newsy letter about yourselves. I have long wanted to hear from you. You know that. The only news that I have been able to receive was through Edgar and Lomax. Edgar was so full of you that he would hardly tell of anything else.

Yours always,

HARRY P. STEGER.

P. S.—To be a successful high school teacher, a man should be the happy combination of billy goat and mule—so that he can butt with one end and kick with the other. Eh, Reddy?

H. P. S.

BONHAM, TEXAS.

[Some time during 1902
or 1903.]

Dear Bedi:

The last little note I wrote to you was written in order to keep you from feeling that I was letting the girl make me forget you. Ain't that nice?

At the risk of appearing trite, lushy, and redundant, I'm going to say that I thought that, when everything and everybody gets irksome to us both, you and I can do as we have been threatening to do for so long. Let's keep up the brave talk. There's nothing like "auto-hypnotism." Seriously, we are sure to globe-trot together ere many moons. Think how eternally "merged and harmonious" we would be after two or three years' tramping abroad. (Whenever I coin a combination

that smacks a bit o' the bizarre, I put quotation marks around it.)

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, April, 1903.

Dear Bedi:

I return herewith the sacred papyrus; and great is my surprise that the Muso-Bacchio reveller does not know how to spell. Furthermore, you yourself persist in using the malformed "secrete." However, let me make enquiry as to Mr. Trippett. Has he proven himself to be of the cult; or has he miserably fallen outside of the pale; or, more probably, into the pail?

Your last epistle was a provoker of wrath. On many different scores you made my rage to seethe and boil. To begin with, I shall recommend Miss Devine. I would be glad to do so even now; but I have not enough confidence in the large-heartedness of the august (or July) Regents.

Secondly, you hit me in a vulnerable spot; and, at the same time, you resort to abominable logic. "If your faith in me were not a part of you, it would be shaken by my continued silence." If it is so integral a member of your make-up, it should not need prosaic evidence in black and white; and, moreover, you should realize that an epistolary person like myself would rather remain epistolarily inactive than to produce only mediocre efforts. This letter is being ground out under pressure at its present stage; I trust to warm up and then to contribute more of my charming spontaneity.

For a tedious fortnight, I have been rolling and tossing in a bed of aunts. Two of my mother's sisters-in-law are with us.

Big McDaniel, erstwhile football hero, is now president of the Young Men's Commercial Club and Captain of the Fannin (Black-) Guards, a military company organized for protection against the enemy. I understand from him that all their new guns have breeches which can be removed, and hastily put on when visitors appear. (A sort of grim humor pervades the above remarks.)

I have just had a thrilling experience with an antiquated carbuncle, the bleak and barren exterior of whose head was equaled only by its bald and resounding interior. He thought that I had been crude in my physical treatment of his offspring. He said—with tears in his eyes, as he swallowed a large lump of imaginary something—that he wanted to see me personally. I told him that I was glad of it; that if he had asked to see me in any other way, I would scarcely have known how to arrange it. He then said that he thought it rather contrary to good usage to write one's monogram on a victim's cuticle in characters that could not be erased. I replied, slapping him cordially on the back with a baseball bat which I chanced to have in my hand, that characters of this sort were the only ones which either he or his offshoot could ever expect to possess. He seemed struck with my retort; and for a time was speechless. Our conversation has never been terminated. I have several choice and stunning remarks in store.

One of Bonham's society women has recently met

with a great loss. She was so injudicious as to put fifty dollars in greenbacks into her drop-stitch stocking for safe-keeping; and the entire amount worked out through the meshes.

About a year ago Miss ——, a prominent belle of Bonham, was so unfortunate as to stick a needle into her side. Physicians were unable to remove it. A few days since a needle worked out of the arm of Mr. Charles Lansey. Mr. Lansey has been assiduous in his attentions to Miss ——.

The best way to get a baby buggy cheap is to leave it at a cheap hotel. (This is a spring pun delayed by the recent frost; it should, therefore, be gently treated.)

Sister has arrived and demanded the ink. With a short peroration, I am,

Yours still,

HARRY.

Your last letter *in re* Hatchitt was a stunner. I sincerely do not want to get into any extravagant company this summer. For three months I have suffered from insomnia. This is the main reason why I have not written. Send me the first *Cactus* you can procure.

BONHAM, TEXAS, May, 1903.

My dear Bedi:

The *Cactus* is far and away superior to anything I have ever seen in the shape of a college annual. It has more originality about it than anything else to commend it; and that is exactly what puts it so far above its precursors.

The enclosed effusion was "dashed off" this morning. It is a feature of Human Life that *Ade* has not touched on in any certain terms. See if you can improve its phraseology in spots. I like the title. Its invention took me longer than the fable itself. The concluding paragraph and the moral are both unsatisfactory to me.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY.

Longino skinned me away and yonder on the Fable Proposition. Did Lomax write the poem, "To F. W."?

AUSTIN, TEXAS, July 30, 1903.

MR. W. H. THOMAS,

Winchester, Texas.

My dear Fritz:

Superintendent Evans of Bonham has just written me that you had been elected at home with a salary of \$75.00 per month. I am sincerely glad to hear of it, for many reasons; one of them being that I worked hard with my Latin classes there last year, and I would take it much to heart for an ignoramus to fall heir to them. Another is, that I think you will have less work and more interesting work at home than you had at Cuero. Don't, O don't refuse to accept the place. I feel sure that you will have a pleasant year.

I hope that I will be at home, when you start in on your year's work, so that I can introduce you to what friends I may have.

Your letter (*Anglice scriptum*) was the source of

much enjoyment to me; and Dr. Fay, whom I permitted to read it, was delighted with the purity of your diction. He failed, however, to see why your version of my name was "Capillatus." Upon my explanation he laughed a loud and long series of guffaws and heehees.

Yours ad infinitum,

HARRY P. STEGER.

(No ink handy.)

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Oct. 26, 1903.

My dear Bedi:

This is the first leisure I have had for many moons, and I had to husband my time for three long days before even this short space was mine.

Of course you know that I am to edit this year's *Cactus*, thanks to old Joe B., Adrian,* and their menial minions. Of course you know too, that you are really going to do the work. I am determined to complete my Faculty farce this year; and you must help me. What's more, you must send me any puns, skits, squibs, seditious bombs, limericks, anti-Prexy sentiments, ideas for drawings, poems serious and gay, that you think of. Sure enough, Bedi, this is a cry of distress. I don't know what in the devil I am going to do. I want to get the darn thing out by next Sunday. Now, don't be lazy, Bedi. I am so serious about this that I can't write you the sort of letter I want to. Anything brightly Stegerian that comes to me I jot down in Sal's

* Joe B. Hatchitt, Lockhart, and Adrian Pool, El Paso.

successor; and hope and hope that you will prod yourself into activity. Give me some of those short stories you concocted lately during your period of confinement at Eddy. Help me, for God's sake!!! Work up all the ideas that were last year too long in gestation. Try that Uncle Remus animal scheme you mentioned to me last session. All of the stuff you had and didn't use and think may suit me send to me. Write to your people and tell them to send you that stuff of *mine* that is in your trunk. On second thought, you doubtless have it with you.

How much of a "say so" did you give your board as to what should go in and what not? How did you get specimen annuals elsewhere? Can't you write to Doughty for me and have him shoot me two or three lush-red poems? Why not have him write a University song, which I can run—words and music too? Keep this letter as a manual of instructions to which supplements will be added from time to time.

I wish I didn't have to succeed you. It looks to me as if you did it all. I want a leather back on mine, but that would make a "copy-cat." I want something unique. How would it do to have the book printed in such shape that it could be contained in a paper sack? That would skin yours way yonder.

My cardiac distemper, for sometime past, has been nothing but pleasurable, but it has kept me unduly decent and sober, a state of mind which militates much against brilliancy—as yourself can testify.

I am working day and night—far more than I ever worked here before. I feel absolutely unequal to the

task of getting out an annual; and my only consolation is that my election will help me in my struggle for the Rhodian Scholarship—to which is added the further consolation that this appointment comes off long before the *Cactus* can appear.

So soon as you answer this letter, I'll send you a few things I have worked up, together with raw material for your own laboratory. I think it a shame that you and I could not have been in college together for the last year and this one.

I hope that you'll never find anybody who can take my place with you. The more I stay here among these fellows, every one of whom is more than friendly to me, the more do I realize that nobody but you can really hold me and my affection. Now, that is proved by the one fact that I have never yet seen you do anything that I didn't approve of—and you have done many questionable things. Furthermore, Edgar and Lomax like me—love me—when I am staid, in their own ruts of sobriety and well-doing; while you are always with me in the ditch or on the heights. The mediocre elevation never enters with you and me. This may be raw and rotten as I tell it; but I *do* know that every day I *yearn* for you. That's the word—I *yearn*. I crave your presence. I am selfish in it. I have received several overwhelming onslaughts of flattery and praise from different sources—but the sensation produced has been satiety. Why? Because I cannot tell them to anybody. If you were here, I could say, "Bedi, Dr. Fay told me yesterday that he wanted me to go to Johns Hopkins, so that I could remind his former associates of what *he* was capable"; or, "Bedi,

Dr. Penick says that my translations of Aristophanes are as rich as old Dr. Gildersleeve's"—etc., etc. You know what I mean.

Now, Bedi, old boy, take care of yourself. If you are in Texas during Christmas, we'll see each other. *Don't* get the dumps. I haven't had an attack for four months. Don't get independent of me either.

HARRY.

Edgar and Gywynne still dote.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, November, 1903.

Bedi:

You are a bigger fool than I ever reckoned for. When you say that you think I say that I miss you just because I say to myself that you will like it, you are either an idiot or a liar. There is absolutely nobody whom I can talk to about myself and my glorious superiority over other people. You know that my conceit is not of the sort which I like to spread abroad, even as far as the winds of the earth carry, but is rather the sort which a fellow bottles up within himself; and, when the vessel gets to bulging, he goes and relieves himself in some friendly hole. You are the hole. But with us it was nip and tuck. I played hole a while, and then we changed rôles. Why in the devil don't you take me for what I say, if you know me so well? There is never a day passes but what I think of how absolutely one we were. O, dear!! There was never but one thing upon which I was secretive with you, and that was the frequency of my slumming.

"Now," thinks I to myself. "That is what Bedi

wants and craves. I don't feel a bit of it, but I've got to stand it, willy-nilly." As to your "stuff," I want to use just as much as you will send. Part of it I am going to run over your signature; some numbers I am going to reprint and contribute as miscellaneous stuff, so that the fastidious maw of an Epicurean Board, possessed of the idea that variety of authors and not of sentiments is the thing, will not cause me trouble. This I have resolved in a recent meeting attended by the editor-in-chief. If anything which I deem worthy is turned down, it'll go in. I realize my inferiority in matters literary to Mr. Clyde Hill, Miss Brown, et al.—this in all sincerity—but I do think that I can detect froth and bubble and foam sooner than they. Do you see how that lagerish simile was fathered? Pardon me. It is a metaphor. When you say that a man is like a lion, that is a simile; but, when, on the other hand, you say that he *is* a lion in the fight, *that* is a metaphor.

Jumped again. This time to Dr. Fay, who is undoubtedly the most accommodating and gracious fellow I have seen since Dr. Battle. He is absolutely a treasure to me now-a-days. I have been working about eight hours a day at study, translating some of my delightfully obscene friend Harry Stophanes; and, on yesterday, my eyes gave out completely. The oculist, or optician, or ophthalmologist, or eye-doctor, told me in accents humid with tears that I would have to quit my work. Of course that is all rot; but I will have to calm down a little. I have been working twice as much as ever I did in my life. Well, to return to Dr. Fay, I told him in part of my trouble; and he at once

relieved me of no little work. Again, when I took hold of the *Cactus*, I feared his attitude in the matter. But, lo and behold, he was exceeding anxious for me to take it, and did not conceal his enthusiasm over the task, when I discussed it with him. I tell you all this because of the erroneous ideas you and I uniformly and persistently held of him. He is a little cranky, and that is all that makes people misunderstand him so grossly.

Enough of him. To something else. What shall it be? SWENSON.* If you could see that sagacious Swede's face light up, when I tell him that you have sent your regards or when I show him your opinion of him, you would feel—how do you feel, now that you have heard it from me? That is just about the way you would feel if you could see him. I have been delayed here for fifteen minutes trying to think of some way to show you how you would feel. The important matter is that he is going to work me to death. He and Miss Bess Brown † are not going to let me rest until the *Cactus* is out and over.

Tell me something of your procedure as an author. Did you compose on the machine by ear? Or did you use blue pencil and rough paper? Did you have ideas, and then go work them out, or did you work and then have ideas? I have conscientiously betaken myself away from the fellows, and, with fountain pen well filled, attempted something clever. But alas!! I can't make it.

The boys have great fun with me. When I run,

* Professor J. R. Swenson, Denton, Texas.

† Now Mrs. John A. Lomax, Austin.

they say "Bedi." When I go over to the University, they say "Bedi." When I go off to myself for a walk, they shout "Bedi." Imagine how my dander is kept erect by such a treatment. In reality, however, I have just about squelched it by a system of cold indifference.

Alex Pope is somewhere in East Texas celebrating his twentieth birthday. He is also to follow the hounds for several miles in a sandy swamp after an emaciated polecat. He will, of course, come back primed with remarkable stories, the narration of which will add much to his already elastic facial expressions.

Turner is a gem. I think more of him than I do of any fellow in the house, I believe. He warms up these days; and, at times, becomes what you might by slight exaggeration term communicative. In passing, I might say for your edification that he is an ardent champion of you. He considers you a most pleasant co-boozier.

Miss Stedman is all that you say of her. There is, however, a young syringe here, a squirtlet of small bore, who hails from Missouri. His name is ———. He wears droop-tail trousers, and on his noggin there is eternally perched a little baby-blue hat about the size of a postage stamp. He is familiarly known as "nuts." He walks like he had a waste-basket in his panties—one of those careful, apprehensive strides of great length in which the head anticipates the belly. Well, after carefully estimating the tootikin, I pronounce him punk. The Kappas had a four o'clock fight some few weeks since, and this fellow was the only masculine

gender in the receiving line. At times, when the congestion of guests reached its climax, he would sit down abruptly in the line, and shake his fist gleefully at those who passed by him. When this method of entertainment cloyed, he would rise on his knees, spit on his hand—pretend to, to give him dues—and then attempt to shake with some newly arrived guest. I saw it all happen; and, when I started to leave, he insisted on telling me good-bye and inviting me back again. This was his joke. And, to cap the whole thing, Miss Stedman asked me “If I didn’t think that he was cute?” If you could behold the little squirt, and observe some of his parlor stunts, I fear me that guts would give and stomach revolt. *Later.* A few days ago, I was on the second floor. I heard a shrill voice shriek out the name “Mary” in tones loud enough to be heard a hundred yards. And it was our old friend Pecans hailing Miss Stedman. Now, mind you that I too, am an ardent admirer of the ladies. From all that I have narrated to you, I only draw the conclusion that woman is hell on judgment.

I am still involved. I hope to continue that way. I only wish that you could behold me. That is about the fiftieth thing I have wanted you to behold. I really want you to behold this last thing very much. I repeat it. I wish that you could behold it. This seems an excellent place to stop. The page is about filled up. There seems just about enough room to put in an affectionate farewell. But, as usual, I am thoughtless about such matters. The end approaches, and still I have not told you good-bye. Will I, I won-

der or will I procrastinate until space forbids? I hardly know. I hope not.

Good-bye,

HARRY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Dec. 1, 1903.

Bedi:

Do you need the copy of your "Tale with a Moral" for Titus,* or have you sent him another draft of it? I hope that you have already written to him about doing me some work of a general sort, for I certainly need him.

Are you coming home for Christmas? I mean to Bonham town. You can, if you will; and then we could discuss a thousand and one things that I want to talk to you about. Furthermore, we could go over to Whitewright, and, by calling on Miss Lillian Greer,† have a meeting of the firm.

Lomax was here recently. Thanksgiving, it was. I proceeded to get on my first whizz of the year; and he went away with the impression that I had been drunk for three months. But, Bedi, the remarkable thing about this whizz is that I was affording so much pleasure to a crowd of some twenty followers. I would not have gotten on this toot, had I not promised it to Curly Duncan, who was here in all his glory.

Be sure to come and see the "folks." You can, if you will.

HARRY.

* A. B. Titus, New York City.

† Now Mrs. R. Bedichek, Austin, Texas.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,
AUSTIN, Jan. 21, 1904.

My dear Bedi:

If you look for letters from me and really feel miffed when they don't come, you are an idiot. I'm not in the bed of roses which you seem to think I am—judging from your letters. I'm rushed to death—*Cactus*, master's degree, eyes weak, money short, sojourn at B. Hall (room and eats, too) all keep me busy. I *could* find time to write you, but my energy is always these days at a low state. Where you fail to realize *my* disposition (and you always boast that you know me so well) is when you think my epistolary silence is cardiac as well.

But perhaps I imagine all this. If you still love me, dearest, as I love you, we'll raise disturbances this summer.

Write me what became of Maxey's job. I would have sent that telegram prepaid save for two reasons—I never had any money, and I couldn't get the Western Union to charge it.

I enclose a part of a Faculty Farce. The plot is still to be conceived. Think me up one. Suggest. Now, don't fail me here. Don't!!! Suggest, and send this part back to me.

Your stories are dandy. Send some more. I chucked the rot about the winds, but Miss Bess Brown says 'tis fine. Of course, as you seem to think yourself, I know nothing about serious verse or ambitious poetry.

I want a department consisting of interviews with

characters about the University. I'm going to have them under the caption of "Great Men I Have Known." Can't you fix up one or two for me in reportorial style—ludicrous and stinging, of course?

I have a University Museum consisting of drawings of the Masherina, the Pokerina, the Athleticum, the Fraterniticulosus, the Barbarianus, the Grindoctopus—all being beasts drawn by a fellow who seems to have the artist in him that a careless God gave to him instead of to you and me.

Connor is sitting down on me. I'm going to get *something* from him; but not much.

No more fables. I've started a school of 'em here. Alex. is now pastmaster in the art? Limericks galore, when they're clever. Is this fitten?

Austin is a pretty place,
It gives us all a smile—ah
Its hills are always fresh and green,
And so is Wallace Tyler.

I hope you don't think that I am not appreciating your stuff. You know damn well that I don't have to write you every day in order to remember that you are alive and that—O jump to the next paragraph, which begins this way: In spite of Connor's meagre contributions, there'll be plenty of drawings, I think, a great many will be of the quasi-humorous style.

I have a Prexian speech beginning, "Ho, ye vassals and vaselines!"

The photographer comes, and I must go with him to the Kappa House to take interior views—of the house, etc.



A senior at the University of Texas

Write. Don't get miffed at me. I'm not having any more fun than you are. HARRY.

Notice the enclosure of stamps. That's to send back my farce. I put a surplus in, which is to bring your letter of suggestions and general news about yourself, to say nothing of flashes interspersed.

H. P. S.

EPIGRAMMATA STEGERINA

(Written in Latin office, 11:30 P. M., by Harry Peyton Steger to the Occupant of the choicest spot in his lot of life—hard by the “springs of youth” and easy of access to the recently bored “wells of truth.” Written, I say, by Harry Peyton Steger after hearing—in the Phi Delta Theta Music Hall—the following conversation):

A Kappa: “My, but I have an awful cold. I've had it ever since Sunday.”

A Philette: “Why, I caught cold last Sunday, myself!”

The Kappa: “Well, I'll declare, I wonder if you did. I guess that's a coincidence, ain't it?”

HARMONY

When a Kappa catches cold,
Phis' pink noses start to flowing;
Snouts of Phidom 'gin their blowing—
What a blending we behold!!
Kappa's cold and Phidom's wheezing,
Phidom's cold and Kappa's sneezing.

(The reader should further know that all recent initiates of Phi Delta Theta were passed on by the

Kappas, and that some six Kappas have Phi pins, and that no social event can come off without their joint efforts.)

CARMINA HELLENICA OR SONGS OF THE GREEKS

Since January 1, the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity has had seven dances, more than twice as many as all the other frats combined. It seems natural, therefore, to the unastigmatic eye, that the rude and lustful antics of the Fraternity Goat should be tabooed, and some animal adopted in his stead who will embody all of Terpsichore's grace with Bottom's capers. Hence—

“Phi Delta had a William Goat”;
They swapped it for a monkey.
Old Bill could butt around and in,
But his dancing, it was punky.

And so they swapped poor William off—
Disgusted with his prancing;
And got a monkey in his place,
To profit by his dancing.

For dancing was their chief delight,
And monkeys sure can trip it.
From morn till noon, from noon till night,
The monkey he can skip it.

In good old days of stein, the beer,
Old Bocky Bill enhanc-ed;
But Bill was rude and rough, and so
They got the monk who danc-ed.

Written by Harry Peyton Steger just after returning from Phi Delta Theta dance-hall, whither he had

gone for a game of billiards; but where he discovered numerous females and all of his brothers pirouetting in great glee and grins; and whence he left precipitately with this creature in his brain struggling for conception and birth.

Of course you may think that I mean to administer a farcial impetus, but I must say that your recent prohibition tract is far and beyond the finest bit of moralizing I have ever seen from the pen of a leper. I yearn to know the name of the informing female, if there really was one—not from personal reasons, but merely for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not you simply divined the condition of affairs. I managed in distributing, and wisely, I think, between the first of January and the tenth of February, some one hundred and fifty dollars: but since then I have lived within my income and in sobriety. My troubles are far beyond what they ever were before, and I long for you to weep upon and to suggest an egg-and-onion attack on Wun Lung.

I would like to state that eighty-five dollars of that sum went for debts of ancient vintage, and that twenty more were squandered on board. I felt it my duty to startle you, but I also felt that I had better not worry My Dearest too much about his Tootsums.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February, 1904.

Bedi:

No money as yet. Some soon. Just wait in patience.

Never let an opportunity pass to tell Tom Fletcher

that I love him—some day he and you and I will sally forth and battle with the steins.

Keep a place in your life for me.

That's low down.

Work like Hades on farce. Connor has come across with some beautiful drawings.

I have worked nearly every night until one o'clock "since my return." It's about that time now. Work on the farce.

"The Reformation of Marie" is an anticipatory hint of what may happen to Miss Greer when—oh, bosh. You work on that farce. I'm trying it. Write to me.

HARRY.

Hurry up with that farce.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, April, 1904.

Bedi:

I'm not going to write. I'm just going to tell you how much I miss you. You old galoot, it makes me mad to think how easy you got along without me here; for I imagine every day how fine it would be to have you with me and me with you and us together.

Your sister gave me the key to the University.

You have all the time in the world. Write to me. I am carrying a full course in the University, treating a severe cardiac distemper, and teaching afternoons at Ford's Academy—on the go, as you see, from morn till night. I keep up my exercise, and am in fine trim.

Write to Lomax, too. Don't neglect him.

Regards to your father and mother.

HARRY.

(This don't count. I'm going to write you a fine letter soon!)

AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 2, 1904.

MR. E. P. R. DUVAL,

67 Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Captain:

Of course you still love me as of old. You are not grown cold toward me because I have not been a reliable and prompt correspondent. That I never was nor ever will be. Situated as I am now, there is nothing to tell you; and when I get some where there are exciting things to narrate, I shall probably be too excited to narrate them. There's my whole crime analyzed.

I have prodded the *Texan* for you and I have prodded the *Record* for you, and I now prod you, that I may learn whether my numerous prods have been productive. That is the first pun I've gotten off for weeks. I swore off that habit on reading a scathing review, in one of the leading journals, against punning and after reading some dozen copies of the *Harvard Lampoon*. No more puns for me.

We took in enough new boys to be too many; and the old men in the chapter are consequently relegated to the most insignificant seats in the rear. They are a fine lot, however, even if their lungs are overdeveloped and their heads underdone. The only way to cure

things that are raw is to roast 'em; and some of us are trying to reform matters by roasting. It's a hard job, though.

Ed is Ed. He is philosophical at times; but hungry and thirsty at all times. Moreover, he yearns for the flesh pots of Piccadilly Street—to judge from his talk when asleep. He works more than is good for him in this hot climate; but, of late, plenty of good physical exercise has counteracted the effects of his over-application. We play tennis every evening in a most astoundingly proficient manner. His success here with his classes, both as a lecturer and a man, is great; but the poor misguided wretch is disconsolate a large part of the time, and seems to be thoroughly convinced that his work is not meeting with approval. All in all, however, not to give you too gloomy a picture of him, he is enjoying life and the gratification of his appetite.

It brings back sweet old recollections of the good old days of Phidom, when I sit in Ed's room and smoke that long, fig-stemmed, Virginia-vintage clay pipe. The rings I blow are, I firmly believe, the same rings I blew when I smoked your pipe down on 2006 University Avenue. When next you go to Virginia, you could do nothing on earth that would better show your gratification to me for my promptness in answering your letters than to send me one of those pipes.

Lomax is a frequent visitor to Austin. He and Ed and I always get together and talk of old times. Of course you figure prominently. One of our favorite anecdotes is to recount how on numerous occasions you would leave the house along about eight p. m., and

would answer, on being asked where you were going, that "That's some more of your darned business." Dost remember, O Captain?

Bedichek is teaching in the high school at Houston, Texas. His stipend (\$90.00 per *mensem*) will allow him to live comfortably, and as you know, his disposition revolts at the idea of saving any money.

Bates McFarland is doing two things—loving his girl and serving as referee in bankruptcy for the El Paso district. One costs him what money the other brings him.

Felix Smith is superintendent of schools at Victoria, Texas; and is also the proud parent of an imperious infant. He was in Austin last week.

Both of the Duncan boys are on their Burnet ranch. Vance is in very poor health. A dangerous case of varicose veins has made it necessary for him to undergo two serious operations. For months he has been weak and feeble, nothing like the red and ruddy Froggy we used to know. Harris, however, is looking better than I have seen him for years.

Edgar Witt is to be married on the sixth of June. I am to be one of the marauding party that will accompany him over to San Antonio. This will result in a great rest to Edgar. I think that he, of all persons, ought to marry; for his life so far, you know, has been one long sacrifice for the benefit of those who thought less of him for his nobility and generous help. The girl, though it goes without saying that she is not worthy of him, is a very fine woman, and loves him devotedly.

Two of our new Phis, Walter Walne (pronounced

Wawn) and Eugene Locke have gone to Missouri State University to debate. They are both very strong men—one of them, Locke, being similar in many ways to yourself. Make your bow!

Alex is still very fond of—himself. Alex is a fine fellow in a great many respects, but I hardly think he measures up to the standard for which he imagines himself to be the unit. Is that clear logic or good mathematics? For Alex however, I anticipate some trouble on the score of his conceit; and then, when that is rubbed off, success will come his way. He is one of the strongest men in school now.

Dr. Battle is always on the move, if one is to judge from the scattered ports out of which his meagre postcards seem to come. But this little bit of information is in Crosby's budget. I won't repeat.

As I sit up here in the Latin office playing this darned old machine by ear, soft strains of music sail in through the window; for the band is now a most excellent aggregation, and enterprise has gotten for it a commodious stand out on the campus.

Sororities are adding interesting complications here. Cliques are fast and furious. "Girl eat girl" is the motto. There are two of the "gabble and git" organizations here now, and the bills of lading have been received for two more. They manage to keep everything in more or less stir at intervals of a day or so. Their struggles over fluffy freshmanlets last October were killingly funny. My pen, however, or rather my keyboard, is not equal to the task of describing their actions; so your imagination must fill in the details of what would happen when thirty girls, fifteen of each

crowd start in to knock each other and win "pledges."

The University, it seems to me, is in a fine condition. All is smooth. The faculty has been greatly improved of late. There are more teachers and fewer sticks than hitherto. Benedict has been the leaven. That fellow has made things whirl around in these parts until his nose begins to look straight. By the way, I talk to him from time to time, and he always enquires about you. I am naturally constrained to say that you are not very alert about writing to me, but that, from all accounts, you are still Captain.

I only hope that this letter will come to you as a relief from Bolagochewszki's treatise on square meals and trigonal asymmetric funtionagonal pairolellogramipedicular synthetics.

In the future, be more prompt about answering my letters. There is no reason why I should have to wait a year or six months to hear from you. "Please let us hear from you by return mail" as Smith & Wilcox write to me on the first of every month.

*Yours eternally, faithfully and fraternally,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

*P. S.—Just use one of these adjectives and send the other two back to me.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Bedi, Bedi, Bedi!!!

I am mellow with sentiment. Let me slop over on you. I feel exactly like I did on that memorable day æons ago when we really enjoyed life—like I did the day you could stem my tears in no way save by Wun Lung's eggs and onions.

Whenever I get in the dumps, do you know or will you believe that I begin to yearn for you at once? I've tried Ed Miller and I've tried Edgar as receptacles for my woes, but they either leak or have no bottom or are already full of their own lugubriousnesses.

Reckless use of intoxicants has surfeited me. I gave that system up some weeks ago. What I want is *you*. Can't we spend the summer together? Tramp, rough it, or something?

It makes me gloomier still when I think that nobody else can understand me or flatter me the right way, or indulge me and that there is nobody else save you whose freaks and whims I can stand and love.

Now, God being a witness—unless He's too busy at church on Sunday—I'll never get so rotten again; but I'd rather have you than anything on earth. Somehow or other, I've been spending too much time on thoughts of you recently. I guess it's because I've met with some pretty tough rebuffs and slights. Again, I am out of my affair of the heart; but all confidence I ever had in my straightforwardness or bravery is gone. Here is an account, an emotional account of the way and the when.

.

Don't you see, old man, that it was all I could do? I couldn't go ahead deceiving her. Another sort of girl could have taken care of herself.

Go to hell. I'm going to try another tack. What I feel like doing is to pour forth my agony to you; and, provided enough money comes my way by April 20, I'll be with you to spend the 21st—provided, again, that you have a holiday; and, even further provided

that I have enough money to go, stay, and come back on.

My few love affairs have all been productive of the bitterest pain and mental anguish to me. Then, with past lessons, I realize that—thanks to the almond eyes and yellow hair of a seventeen-year-old Spitzdragon—I'm on the brink again. By conscientiously refusing to meet the enchantress, I hope to keep safe.

Lomax has deserted me; but for a time only I add as my hope. He writes short notes uneasy about me—but even they are sporadic.

Don't think that I am growing susceptible. I am merely growing confidential on points which shame and feelings for others used to make me keep concealed.

Don't ask me about the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship. I stood the exams. because a few parties interested in me for some unaccountable reason insisted; and I probably busted, because I was too bull-headed and too harassed to study in preparation; and I'll probably remain indefinitely in this country, because I like to play the dam fool rôle in mine own land.

Do you remember my aunt's enormous Great Dane dogs at Bonham? She has given me one, a pup eight months old that weighs 95 pounds. It is trying to seek its level now in the midst of the coat-hangers over at Phi Doodle Bughouse Temple of Terpsichore. I fear me for his pedigree and noble character.

I mentioned rebuffs and slights on page 2; but I failed to catalogue or explain them.

EXHIBIT A

While playing tennis, I noticed a young lady wave

at—now I thought at me, and so I tipped my hat, but a second look showed me that the objects of her salutations were a pair of goggle-eyed, barrel-panted, yellow-shoed simians. She has seen my mistake and told of it. It reached my ears. Oblivion cost me \$11.25.

EXHIBIT B

I had some *Cactus* proof and offered to show it to Miss Stedman—who is on the board. From a desire to be nice even to Phidom, I asked her in true Phido style if she had an engagement for Saturday night. She replied that she had, and added that I might just bring the proof down and leave it for her to look over at her leisure. . . . This was since some ten days; and still she sitteth moaning for proof.

EXHIBIT C

I have been informed that my carelessness about my dress is the subject of comment. I understand that some of the *Fidos* remark upon it to outsiders.

Now, I'm too much in the hole to buy clothes; and, furthermore, residence at the Hall gets a man acclimated to rags and lice.

(Written from Austin during
the spring of 1904.)

Bedi:

Old boy, you are proving me salvation. Keep it up. Run out some more verses. I'm going to fill twenty-five or thirty pages with them. I myself am evolving a series of Latin limericks written with accentual metre

and incongruous rythm, so as not to overshoot those of no classics. Your verses are rich.

Ed Connor is drawing me fine poster designs of college men, with the letters T-E-X-A-S as the bases of the pictures. Each will occupy a page. Now, if you will, write me five little verses like T is for, etc., which I can use in connection with the posters. You won't have to see the pictures.

Won't we get together Christmas? My home will doubtless be the best place, or else your home. By all means keep up your lick, and send me stuff. Send me ideas, too. You don't know how good and comforting I feel to think that you are away off in Oklahoma where I can't get at you but that you are still working for *Cactus* No. II of the firm.

No business manager as yet. I haven't had a meeting of the board, either. No need, so far. My board is an anomaly. At least seven of them want to work, and do work.

As to my department of grinds, I have two ideas for an introductory cut. (1) An ogre who holds in one hand his victim and in the other a pepper-box with which he sprinkles. (2) A Gatling gun, from the barrel of which pour shootees in all directions. I want something else. What can you suggest, or do you like either of my notions?

The enclosed rot was milled out of me with the notion of publishing one of them, along with the serious literature, over the signature of one David H. Gray or even of Dr. Morgan Callaway, Jr. Read the "quasi" sonnet very carefully, for that is (*really and truly*) the way I prepared it.

HARRY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 24, 1904.

My dear Bedi:

Can't you come on to Austin pretty soon? There will be plenty of things for us to do. At present I am working in the Registrar's office, but on the first of June, I expect to quit. My supply of funds will be splendid. You can come just as soon as your school is out. I have no examinations, and we can spend our time altogether as Epicures. Your expenses will not be anything. Such luxuries as a place to sleep and somewhere to get your meals will be supplied by the Hall and the Chapter House; the necessities of life I myself will provide. Right here let me state that, for six long weeks, I have been in arduous training. Plenty of exercise every day, as you have so long and so persistently prescribed, total abstinence from everything spirituous, and self-banishment from the numerous shrines to which my susceptible heart would pay homage have made me offensively cheerful.

Write right away what your itinerary is. Of course you will come here and make for San Antonio the sixth with the rest of the Austin party; and then comes the immortal Nones (classic for ninth of the month).

Your dear friend, Miss ——— (whom, by the way, I am growing to admire somewhat extravagantly myself), tells me that she has dreamed of your arrival. She described her first sight of you, as you appeared in her vision; and I fear that, if I get at you soon enough, there will be no more truth in her prophetic *somnium* than is usual in such things: all of which cumbrous sentence is meant to convey that you will not be so

normal as one should be when meeting with a fair lady like M. W. S.

The *Cactus*, besides being punk, is swamped en route. We can not find it. I fear, and hope, that it will not come for days yet. I have been struggling manfully for a copy to send you.

—— is quite unholy in his anticipation of Commencement festivities. He expects to swig, swagger, stagger, and swat, within certain limitations. We might admit him into our second or third bout: but the first will be for us, in order that the accumulated slop of us both may spill over.

This letter has been written under the scrutiny of the latest in Registrars.

Yours,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, June 23, 1904.

MR. EDGAR E. WITT,

Austin, Texas.

My dearest Edgar:

My grand trip all over the world is a dream, and a dream of the past at that. In all sincerity, however, I must tell you that on my return home I found my father in wretched health. Never in his life have we ever seen him in such a condition. He denies it, of course, and becomes frantically angry if any of us mention to him that it would doubtless be best for him to go off somewhere. He has stormed so about it that none of us dare suggest. You know him. Well, of course, under these circumstances I could hardly gain

my own consent to leave him. As it is, we ride every evening. The Steger Horse and Mule Syndicate has given me for my own steed a fine four-year old, nine-hundred-dollar black stallion that paces like the wind. Dad has a somewhat more subdued plug of less pretentious gaits. We spend two or three hours a day in the saddle. The rest of my time is taken up with the stenographic work of the several offices.

Gywnnenneyeynnweyienwgnienennn * will doubtless have the proper pity when I tell her that I have found it impossible to talk to Charlie but once since I reached home, last Monday. I have been racking my poor brain for excuses and pretexts and occasions whereby I might see her; but Fate is unkind. Tomorrow night, however, we two will go to see a cantankerous cantata presented by home talent. How thrilling and how romantic! I only wish that I had stayed in Austin. There I knew it was impossible to see her, as long as she was in Bonham; but here I know that she is within eight blocks of me. I call upon Gywnnieywyennie to write me at once; else I shall think that marriage takes the romance and the ingenuity of sentiment out of folks.

I find sister weak and exhausted, but convalescent. O, but I was a selfish youngster to be staying away from home with such conditions existing. What time I have not put in at typewriting and riding with Dad, I have tried to use in consoling and comforting the sick. We almost constitute a hospital now. Dad's condition has made mother and sister both unusually nervous. Mind you, though, if you should chance to write to

* Mrs. Witt.



His home at Bonham, Texas. Steger's room was in the center, up-stairs



Steger's home at Freeport, Long Island

him, that you mention nothing about having heard of his indisposition. Should you speak of it to him, I fear for my physical symmetry and my mental equipoise.

Give Ike* and Billie my love. Take care of Count. Have Guy† write to me. Get Gywnniwyenneiewy to planning for me, for I am in dire distress.

With lots of love to you both, I am,

Faithfully yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS, June 29, 1904.

MR. EDGAR E. WITT,

411 West 23rd Street, Austin, Texas.

My dear Edgar:

Let me hear from you sometime soon.

Tell Barker that as soon as payday comes, I'll send something to stuff down the capacious maw of the CORPORATION, which I am beginning to look on as a fearful monster like the Minotaur or like I used to think the BLIGHT was, when I would hear my mother say the BLIGHT had gotten the flowers.

I have absolutely no troubles in the world, save my father's health and the natural embargo that the inquisitive population of a small but thoroughly alive and interested hamlet puts on my natural inclinations. To cease riddling, I mean that I find it difficult to see as much of Charlie as I would wish.

It grows dark and I must stop. Dad and I are now going to play a choice lot of billiards before bedtime.

* Ike McFarland, now of Houston.

† Dr. Guy F. Witt, now of Waco.

My new boss, Mr. Ed D. Steger, went to St. Louis again to-day; but I felt that it was hardly advisable for me to leave my father just now.

Give my love to Gwynne. I should like to hear from you both.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, about June, 1904.

My dear Lomax:

Whenever the impulse strikes me, I am going to give way to it. I have tried this plan of late, and find I can be honestly free in expressing my feelings.

What I want to say is this. I never was as glad of any good fortune that ever came to you as I am of your marriage with Miss Bess Brown. You know that I love you; at least, I imagine you think I do sometimes—when I am unusually decent. Now if you ever mention this letter to me, I'll never write you another except lies.

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, July 25, 1904.

MR. E. P. R. DUVAL,

Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Cap'n:

Your letter and pipe—and stems later—are all to hand; the letter I have read time and time again, and the pipe I have been smoking industriously. Many thanks for both. Next year I, too, as well as yourself,

can boast of a real, authentic Virginia clay with a toothsome, though primitive, stem.

Ask Crosby what I mean when I say "alea jacta est." I'll tell you that I have finally decided to go to Hopkins next year, if the voracious boll-weevil does not take a tonic in the meantime and satisfy his gluttonous appetite on my prospects. I believe that I can get along there with less expense and that I shall find it easier to obtain some sort of a scholarship wherewith to supplement my funds. Furthermore, I have some reason to think that, with credit granted me for my work in Sanskrit, I shall be able to take my doctorate in two years. Of course, haste in things of this sort is hardly commendable, but, once in a while, even academic ambitions have to be sacrificed on the altar of expediency.

Will you be close enough to Baltimore to make it possible for me to room with you? I hope so, and that you will consent to look after me during all of next session. Perhaps, on second thought, you will be housed in a dormitory at your school. Write me on this point.

Yours as ever,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, July 25, 1904.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,

67 Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Lomax:

Bedichek has, I think, succeeded in working off both his physical ailments and his mental disorders by a long sojourn on Duncan's ranch. Next to his pessi-

mism, you know, he is proudest of his ability to do the real work of a really rough cow-boy; and the necessary solitude, entailed by living with the saturnine Dunk on a Godless, soulless prairie, has aided him in coming back to his senses.

The matter on which you write hit me pretty hard at first, but I got over it finally with little anguish and no damage to my morals. On Wednesday, Commencement Day, when I was castigated sorely by the tongue of . . . I realized that something in the way of a miracle might keep my stock from suffering a slump, but that nothing short thereof could. My first move was to come home to Ma and Pa and attempt to study law. I didn't move very far this time. My next was to quit attempting anything but to sit down right quietly, indulge in a little classic reviling of everything, and get up vastly relieved. Now I play tennis each evening, although, of course, "my fondness for and proficiency in outdoor sports" is no longer as ambitious as hitherto; and I reflect at night on—but enough!*

I go to the Hopkins next session, unless the Guatemalan ant is defeated in his encounter with the cotton-iverous weevil. Harvard is attractive, but the die is cast and I'm going to stick to its decision, even though ten thousand Solons tell me it is unwise. I had rather be my own wrong than somebody's else's right!!! I said that, not because I felt it at all, but because it seemed so epigrammatic. Ain't it a daisy? I wish I believed it, so that I could use it again.

* This paragraph refers to Steger's failure to secure the first Texas Rhodes Scholarship.

I can imagine nothing that would be as genuinely delightful as to be with the crowd you describe. Captain E. P. R. Duval has written me at great length, enthused by his associations with your lady and possibly yourself; while Crosby, though slightly phlegmatic, but none the less sincerely delighted, has given me his own account of the whist and tennis and walks. Miss Bess seems to have found the "open sesame" with Cap'n and Crosby in little time and with no difficulty.

I promise that, henceforth, I shall not be so remiss a correspondent as you charge me with being during the past. Perhaps I shall have news now. Soon I hope to know the why and the wherefore of the primitive, antiglacial freeze-up of the subjunctive and to climb philological trees in Father Gildersleeve's orchard, to shake down the nuts and crack 'em! O joy!

England appealed to me for the classics because somehow I felt that there a fellow could make his studies in Greek and Latin smell more of the violet, while over here it's the odor of the lamp that sticks to you. However, that's ancient history, and I don't give a rip.

Let me hear from you and of Miss Bess from your different stations as you journey along.

Yours always,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS, August 14, 1904.

MR. EDGAR E. WITT,
Austin, Texas.

My dear Edgar:

If you think it worth while to engage me as you suggest, I shall be glad to make any of the towns of my neighborhood of North Texas. My enthusiasm would not have to be feigned, for I am really an ardent admirer of the book. What my success as a spieler of its merits will be remains to be seen. It is, however, a more genteel pursuit than the rushing of milk-coolers.

I think that your circular of endorsements ought to be gotten up in a neater shape (not printed so skimpily) and, by all means, ought you to have some good words from high school principals and public school superintendents. Can you work Cousins for an endorsement?

Send me all the thunder you have. If I don't land every town I make, I'll pay you ten thousand dollars forfeit. I happen to know teachers employed in each of the towns you mention.

That letter of general and companionable information will have to come later. District court is on and I am having to do fifty pages of typewriting per diem.

Will my per diem make it possible for me to stay at the swell hotels and smoke fifteen cent cigars?

I am going to get to see you before I leave in September. At present, I guess that I'll try Johns Hopkins.

Charlie leaves for St. Louis the last of this week, so your proposition comes when it is easy for me to leave home. Remember me to Gwynne. HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, Aug. 17, 1904.

My dear Bedi:

Snort and rear and cuss and sweat and talk some more of "dead and dying friendship." I can't come until later. *I can't.* It is impossible for me to leave home now. If *you* will come here, I can furnish you my pass—the pass that I have had to use to come to you. Can't you come? If you can't, *I'll* come later on.

Yours,

HARRY.

Keats later.

BONHAM, TEXAS, September 2, 1904.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,

67 Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Lomax:

You say "Let it be Johns Hopkins." I say that it is to be nothing, unless I can touch King Midas; for this grab bag out of which I expected to snatch treasures contained only ashes and chaff. In a word, I have no money and no hope—except that Micawberish hope always present in my heart that "something will turn up." The source whence I had thought to get funds for next year has failed me. Nothing remains save to beg from wealthy relatives, a course which would subject me to greatest humiliation and my family to a position of serfdom. . . .

I do not even cry out that the world is cruel and misunderstands me; I do not even claim to be the buffeted plaything of fantastic fortune, by either the aid

or the accident of which I have merely survived, instead of vanquished, my ill luck. What I do think is that either the Lord or the Devil is after me, and that I have done something too good for the latter or too bad for the former.

I am in hell with my winter clothes on; but the heat is not oppressive. I have what I think is a solution. One hundred and seventy-five dollars of mine are languishing in my possession. Unless a benevolent old gentleman adopts me soon or I can sell my air castles, by the nineteenth of September, I shall have purchased passage—steerage—on a Germanward liner, following my nose until my funds hinder by their meagreness. What is the German word for Hash? I must know, for it is my intention, with the aid of my dress suit, to get a position as a slinger of fawncy dishes in a Hamburger Eatery.

I would send you both my love if it were possible, but right now I don't love nobody.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS, September 10, 1904.

MR. DEXTER HAMILTON,

Corsicana, Texas.

My dearest Damnibidexterous Deck:

I have neither deceived nor neglected you, for I have thought time and time again that I would write you. My reputation epistolary, however, is so high that I hesitated to let you hear from me save when I was in a mood to give you one of my double-reversible-finely-

woven-premium-A-No.-1 letters. That mood has not struck me this summer, but, inasmuch as I leave this hamlet (were large towns in olden times called hams?) for the effete East, and since the date of my departure is Friday the sixteenth inst., and since I wish to receive your high voltage communications during next year, I have determined to write, even at the cost of falling below my record for spicy epistles.

First, let me plunge in "*medias res*," as old wine-biber Horace said, and as I might have said, if he hadn't said it first, and inform you that at last there is no longer any doubt in my mind about my future conduct. I will be frank with you, for if a fellow can't be frank with his friends, he is sure to fester with the rottenness that he thus keeps penned up inside of him. I have found "The One Woman," and, as long as my suit prospers, my ambition will know no bounds and I shall lead a life "*sans reproche*." This is in all seriousness. If, however, the well-nigh inevitable should happen, I doubt my ability to keep from returning to the old life with renewed energy and thirst. By the way, Deck, if you value your reputation with "My Lady Fair," you should always send her your regards when you write to me, for she always asks about you when I say that I have heard from you, and I always tell her that you have asked to be remembered to her. Again, if you are at Varsity when the session begins, be sure to show her some attention.

I go to Johns Hopkins University next year to prosecute my studies in dead and dying languages. I shall remain there one year and then go to Harvard for the remainder of my doctorate. This is of course condi-

tional on what the future brings forth. If things go awry, I shall register for some graduate work in Sheol or Gehenna.

Old boy, you and I are sympathetic devils for we are both never quite so happy as when we are miserable, but I am beginning to find out what a mistake it is. All of us fellows last year used to be uneasy about your future happiness. With the ability you have and the ease with which you make and keep friends, you ought to keep cheerful. Why in the thunder will a fellow like you or like myself or like Ed Crane, allow himself to form the habit of being despondent? Then, again, if you will stop and think, you will recall that we were never wretched over anything that amounted to a pinch of salt in mid-ocean. We always picked out trifles to roll our dose of gloom and let the important matters slide by with a sneer. Roy Sewell is a roaring type of the happy man.

Next year, Father Gildersleeve, he of the canary-birdcolorededged Latin grammar, will take me on his antique knees and pat my head for my unseemly familiarity with the Latin verb and my affable comradeship with the musings of Catullus or of Horace. Father Gildersleeve is now seventy-three years of age.

Don't, when the University opens, get into a state of morbid don'tgiveadamnedness.

I have given My Lady my Goo-Roo pin to keep next year for me. I suggest that you write to Mitch, and urge on him the advisability of keeping the order in a flourishing condition. I shall do so myself.

As soon as I get settled in Baltimore, I shall write you again and send you my address. Please be sure

to keep up a correspondence with me. If I ever lose the sincere friends whom I made at college, I shall curse the day that ever saw me there; but, if I keep them through life, I shall never regret the experience.

Yours as ever and always,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.



CHAPTER II

AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

The letters of this chapter were all written from Baltimore, a year of loneliness and therefore of letters prolific. His preceding year at the University of Texas appears already in his youthful imagination eons away, and he longs for the "old times," the said old times being full six months ago. To his father's law-partner, a very cultured gentleman, he writes learnedly of philology, and also, be it said to his credit, of vast ambitions, stern well-kept resolutions, of accomplishments, of things worth while in the world, and, running the last sheet of this letter out of his typewriter, he commences pounding away on one to Ed. Miller in which he refers lightly to "pottering around with the dead and dying languages" and regrets whimsically in a letter to Ed. Crane that he was not born with two heads or thirteen toes on one foot so that he might escape dull care and exhibit himself for a consideration in side-shows, concluding with a classic figure from a well-known American diversion: "I'm high sometimes, oftentimes I'm low, I'm always Jack, but seldom game."

In the same letter he says:

"Friends are about the only things in the world that I have and that I treasure. I have always tried to save my friendship for a few, for to me it has always seemed that, if a man had a purse he wanted to divide among

fifty people, he would find that by dividing it among ten, he could give each individual a larger amount. That may be a silly figure, but that is exactly the way I have always felt about friends. What I am getting at is that I hope, in the rush of making new friends, you will not push me aside, for that would hurt me. I only wish that our college associations had extended over a longer period than one year: for then I would feel safer about our friendship. It is hard to keep from drifting apart, when interests are diverse, but it is not impossible.

"I have written you like a schoolgirl. I am not in a mood that is either sad or jolly. I am merely a little oppressed by the thought of hitting the grit once more. I feel, too, that this time there is to be no frolic with the work, for now I am entering on the really professional training that I must get. You just oughter see that patent, double reversible, back action, tin-lined, high voltage, mortgage I have put on my future to make the continuation of my studies possible."*

1206 McCULLOCH ST.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[Undated; probably early
in October, 1904.]

DR. E. T. MILLER,

Austin.

My dear Ed:

You're several days' marches off the night track, I believe, about those silver dollars. Might it not be,

*Extract from letter Steger wrote to Edward Crane just prior to leaving home for Johns Hopkins University.

because the South and West, being nearer the supply of silver, possess the greatest mint output? O, how I yearn for a silver dollar! If you will only send me one, then—I'll owe you twenty-one dollars instead of twenty. You see, heretofore when I had a roll of green-backs, I always thought my finances were florescent (don't give a whoop whether that word is a natural or a legitimate offspring). Only yesterday, because the fog and the chill and the stench of Baltimore had refrigerated my classic toes, I went to buy an oil-stove; for I find that boarding-house furnaces are hot only in the summer time. The stove cost me a dollar. I gave the clerkine my last spud—a twenty-dollar bill. After taking my name, the number of teeth I had had filled, looking at my tongue and inquiring into my forbears, she put my bill into a rubber hose; and, some hours later, my balance came back to me—in the shape of nineteen one-dollar bills! I wrapped the dear little stove up in part of them and crammed the rest into my breeches. A big roll of greenbacks, and only nineteen dollars.

Is Hill, your roommate, a Hopkins product? You see, according to all good rhetorics, you have to have a transition sentence in order to get from one paragraph to the next; and I wanted to tell you of Hopkins, so that's the way I managed it. This is, in all seriousness, a wonderful place. Bloomfield, Gildersleeve and Smith are all good men. I have seen all three of them, and two of them have seen me. Father Gildersleeve—little knowing that he would some day (in some other world, though, for he is old now and I am young) have proud flesh all over him at recollecting his honor

in instructing me, looked over, but not at, me. He is, in truth, head and shoulders above every other Grecian in America. Had it not been for him, Harvard would have undoubtedly been the theatre of my struggles. Next year, or, rather my next year of college work, will be spent at Harvard; for I am wedded to Dr. Battle's idea that it is well to know many men. Bloomfield, the Sanskrit shark, is a delightfully courteous old gentleman who is both benign and charming without arousing in you any desire to, or notion that you can, work him. His phraseology in lectures is quaint, without affectation. Smith, the Latin man, though undoubtedly a scholar and one of life and heart, strikes me so far as a blatant, fulsome creature. Sometimes he raises such a wind that he blows out his own and everybody else's lights on "the subject at hand."

You were good to write me: for I have been lonely. Your letter was at the right time and tinged my blues with ruddy tints. Duval's work and mine have diabolically conspired, and it is well-nigh impossible for us to meet oftener than once a week. We are of necessity two miles apart. This hurts me, for I am selfish and realize what a pillar (pillow, too,) he would be for my weakness, were he easier available.

You are so close to me and I count on your friendship to such an extent that I shall confide in you now to an alarming degree—even further than I ever could in a vis-à-vis-what you call it? — — —, who is and has been for a long, long time, my Heaven and Earth and Flower Garden and New Suit of Clothes and My Cheese Sandwich and all of those highly symbolical things, has written me of her delight over your

speaking to and talking with her. Were it not for your feelings—I know I could make you uncomfortable—I should tell you seriously how dear she is to me; but I spare you and have written in a vein that some might think disrespectful. You understand me, however, and know my intentions. Many a time last year when I came suddenly into your room and administered unto you a dose of my choicest gloom, she was it. Show her that you are my friend. I would even ask more. Go to see her. Take her out occasionally. “There,” you say, “is another ‘Lomaxy’ being thrust upon me.” Well, Rufus Barbarossa Capillary-Minus, you don’t know yourself any better than I know you, and, if you do none of the things I have asked of you, I’ll not have, nor feel, any bitter reproaches for you; but a sinner of your dye should do penance, and what can I suggest more “inquisitional” and torturing than what I have suggested? This summer I was in hell with my overcoat on. My trouble was real—not cardiac, not imaginary. I have fought away from it; but it still returns. These are dark hints, but I’m no Turrible Ted of Deadeye Gulch. I’m merely a poor coon whom the Pugilistic Fates have dealt the hell of a swat!

Do you remember the aroma that greeted us in New Orleans around the sugar refineries? That was attar of roses compared to the highly blended fragrance that hits the Baltimorean nostril with the circumflex accent, when you wander along the streets. Sherlock Holmes would have a cinch, for I, an amateur sleuth, can tell, by watching and smelling the waters that flow in picturesque sewers, whether the inhabitants are washing

their dishes or their clothes or themselves or their floors, or whether they are—

Pause, gentle reader, and then go on.

When you write to me next, and let it be soon, you need not even mention my request of two or three pages back. It is more of a suggestion than an entreaty; for last year we suffered together over communications and letters of instruction and importunity from College Station. Your attitude is well known to me, and you need not indulge in any of your epistolary giggles. You need not even squirm.

I have the initial *Texan* before me. It says: "Harry Steger is attending Johns Hopkins this year." This alone is Fame, I know: but where are my dreams and my ambitions? Why don't they publish them, too? Is it that they fail to realize they destroy my to-come sovereignty over the dead and dying languages?

Is Hill related in any way to an infamous brutal wretch of the same name who, to furnish Hamberlin with an instrument of most exquisite torture, was guilty of a little folio on punctuation? If he is, tell him to go to—Hamberlin. Poor Hamberlin is dead. I never hear the name of Hill without going back eight years to that freshman work in punctuation. My poor head rocked and rolled over those rules; I crammed and memorized and applied those unswerving rules which, directly in the face of a proverb, refused to work but one way. The very atmosphere I breathed became peopled with little commas squirming around; and, when, in my talk, I reached the end of a sentence, I always felt unfinished—like a serial story, until I had

mentally snatched a period—always hovering near me—and jabbed it at the end like a thumb-tack. Then, if your Hill is not guilty, take him to Jacoby's Garden of the Gods.

This letter is insane. I won't read it over; for if I did, I wouldn't mail it. Please write to me; and "tell me all"—do it copiously, like Arabella shed tears on page 109.

Yours till death, dissolution or delirium,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

I am offensively and disgustingly cheerful to-night; hence my idiocy.

H. P. S.

If you'll send these pages back, together with 2 cts. in postage, they will be refilled. If you are interested in higher education, send address, and I will mail you a sample in plain, sealed package.

BALTIMORE, MD., October 17, 1904.

MR. P. C. THURMOND,

Bonham, Texas.

My dear Mr. Thurmond:

Now that I am well in harness and the welcome routine has set in, I have more confidence in the accuracy of my impressions about Baltimore and the Hopkins. Therefore I write you.

I find the University all that and more than I expected. The work is, without exception, delightful, profitable and genuinely of interest. I am in the Departmental Division of the Classics, with the triad of Latin, Greek and Sanskrit as my subjects. Dr. Fay,

whose name is a veritable "open sesame here," has been of great service to me. Professor Bloomfield, the greatest Sanskritist in the world and the man under whom Fay did his graduate work, has accepted at par all of the work I did at the University of Texas in his line, which, by a little extra endeavor, will enable me to complete this year at least a session and a half of work; i. e., I shall complete by June the requirements for the first minor toward my doctorate.

Professor Gildersleeve, in spite of his seventy-four years, is a charming lecturer. He conducts the Greek Seminary. All told, I have eight hours a week with him. The plan here in all the graduate schools of the Hopkins is to organize seminaries in which students and professors alike take active and co-ordinate parts. This, you see, teaches a fellow some independence of thought and action; and his very blunders are, though summarily corrected, not made to make for his embarrassment. Gildersleeve's mind is in its prime; and his vast scholarship impresses me and stupefies me much as my first sight of the State Capitol did, when I compared it with the Fannin County Courthouse. The old gentleman, as you doubtless know, was an officer in the Confederate forces, and the limp which he acquired then is still the pride of his life. The work this year in Greek consists of a study of the Ten Attic Orators, with collateral reading in the Greek rhetoricians—all looking toward an estimate of the influence exerted by the schools of rhetoric on the schools of oratory.

The Latin Seminary is presided over by Professor Kirby Flower Smith, a youngish man, but nevertheless

a scholar and a live and hearty one. The work here is centred on the Roman Historians, based largely on Suetonius, Livius and Tacitus, with supplemental reading in the Roman rhetoricians; as it is apparent, after only a superficial view, that the historians were rhetoricians at heart, more given to the study of knack of expression than the chronicling of accurate facts.

The work in Sanskrit, under Professor Bloomfield, is, in real truth, work in Comparative Philology, a subject that has had, ever since Dr. Fay introduced me to it two years since, a strong fascination in it for me. Bloomfield is a wonderful lecturer. I should unhesitatingly study Hottentot or Zuzu or Whatnot under such a man. His is the most wonderful English I have ever heard or read. We are, too, in this school, in addition to the work of strictly comparative aspect, reading some of the old Indic and Hindu religious works, notably the Veda. If I glean any additional facts which might aid you in your efforts to attain Nirvana, I shall surely pass them on to you.

Baltimore, in its general aspect, does not strike me favorably. The burnt district, though partially rebuilt, is pathetic in its ruins. It seems hardly probable that the city will ever rise from its ashes; but this is treason in Baltimore. Eutaw Street and Eutaw Place, Broadway Street and parts of Monument are beautiful. All the other thoroughfares are, as doubtless you and Mrs. Thurmond recall, painfully narrow and bordered on either side by flats as much like each other as brick to brick. Druid Hill Park fully merits, in my mind, the encomium you gave it. It is the only public park I have ever visited where the artificial

nature of it did not oppress you. It looks exactly like a beautiful stretch of woods. At this time of the year, when the trees are changing, it is doubly beautiful.

I am of necessity alone here most of the time. The atmosphere is rarefied, socially. Nobody ever slaps anybody on the back or gives a bone-crackling handshake. My Southern nature has gone into cold storage where it will remain until I return to warmer and more genial climes. The refrigerated courtesies here might nip it. Perhaps my feelings are only those of any rooster whom the spirit of discovery has led from his native barnyard; but I must say that I do miss very much the ways of the South. I had always thought of Baltimore as more Southern than Northern, but, unless my impressions are in error, the opposite is true. For instance, in the Classical Library, where I spend most of my time, there are some forty graduate students. No one man there knows over a half dozen others. For exactly nine days I have not spoken to nor been addressed by a soul, save in the course of studies and business. This lends, however, the compensating atmosphere for study; and everything at, in, around and about the Hopkins spells STUDY!

Duval, a man of thirty odd with whom I was thrown in close contact for two years at Austin and who is a fraternity brother of mine, teaches mathematics in a school some two miles in the country; and hither I wend my way about once in every two weeks. This affords me recreation.

Charlie writes me that you are thinking of sending Joe to Bell-Buckle.* That school, under the tyranny

of "old man Webb," or Bingham, or Virginia Military Institute, is the place, beyond a doubt. V. M. I. is more in the nature of a college; but its training and discipline are both strict and thorough. By the remark of Charlie's letter, I gathered that Joe is not in school this term. I have just read, however, of a football game between the Bonham High School and Wall School; and his name appears in the list. He ought to be here and play la crosse, the only sort of sport in which the Hopkins exerts itself. Here, however, she does well. There is more skill necessary in la crosse than in football, baseball and tennis combined, and athletic prowess enters into it as well. You ought to use the athletic propensities with which Joe is possessed to get him into college. Then he is sure to make the "rep." so dear to him and one that I myself do not think is to be despised.

I don't know what sort of a thread I am weaving for myself here, but I am "toiling at the loom" with all of my ability and physical power. If there is anything at all in me, and if I have any prospects, worthy of improving, in the scholar's life, my year here should reveal them to me. To speak frankly and with heartfelt lack of confidence, which has come from comparison of myself with others now seen on my new horizon, though I know of the trite remark that there is plenty of room at the top in everything, I fear that even to approximate the midway station is a task hard and sometimes hopeless. There is at least the consoling consideration that I am now doing those things in which I take the greatest and sincerest pleasure.

Give my sincerest wishes to Mrs. Thurmond. I

have written to you because I wished to tell you something of myself here, and because I felt that, when you asked me to let you hear from me occasionally, you were in earnest.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

* Is that the way to spell it?

1206 McCULLOCH ST.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[Undated; probably early
in October.]

My dear Bedi:

At last I am permanent—that is, I have money enough to keep me here at the master's buniony feet for four months and to keep me busy in paying it back for two years. Really, though, I am not permanent, for nothing is permanent but hell and expenses.

My impressions of Baltimore are confined to the facts that it stinks miserably and that there are three cops in town.

I am not happy here. Of course, even if I had sufficient reason to be, I couldn't. I'm not built that way. As it is, every letter that I receive from —— is a potential bombshell. I don't know when a tragedy will come. This apprehension is added to by my conscience which sometimes tells me I should never have left. In truth, however, my power to do good there was gone; and the girl—of course there's a girl. I wish to God you knew some Latin, for I could quote such a telling stanza! The girl is really responsible for my

coming; but she is a sad mixture of seriousness and frivolity that keeps me either heaven-high or hell-deep on the seesaw. You see, once before I thought that the only woman in the world for me had come to me, but I was mistaken, and I even fear now for myself. For a year I have been of the same mind toward her. Should she find herself in the mental state I found myself once, the blow will be too much. I'll go right to hell. That's all fixed, and here is where *you* come in. The thought of *you* has kept me up. I have always felt that, whatever come up, I'd have you. Now, if there is anything horrible happens to me from either of the possible sources, I want to know that *you* will go with me, even to hell. Write and tell me that you will. In calmer vein, though, we might go lots of other places first. Write me at once.

HARRY.

P. S.—Baltimore is a station for German-ward steamers. I have to keep away from the wharves, for it is all I can do to keep off them. You see, if I *knew* that my year was to be quiet and uneventful, I should turn in and work like maggots; for, really and truly, I *have* ambition and love for the classics, and this is the greatest graduate school in the world. These academicians are not shell-covered, but all alive and full of heart. If it were not for the thought that I could count on you, I would be oodles more completely steeped in misery; but I've banked on you for a year, and I'm going to forever. Write at once.

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

[Undated; probably early
in October, 1904.]

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,
College Station, Texas.

My dear Lomax:

It has occurred to me that you may as yet, owing to the contradictory bulletins with which I supplied you during last summer, be at sea as to my whereabouts. Inasmuch as I have already written several letters, which were perfunctory, I shall not in this one, which is not perfunctory, say "I am now in Baltimore, enjoying the delightful instruction of intellectual giants among men and gratifying the longings my ambitious soul has harbored for æon after æon," *et cetera ad nauseam*.

Here goes! But there are not going to be any "impression of Baltimore and the Hopkins"; that is, I shall not make a psychological jackass out of myself and tell you how certain notions obtaining here affect my catholic intelligence.

Gildersleeve, in spite of his seventy-four years, is still ripe and not yet rotten. He is, of course, the eminent Hellenist of America, possibly of the world; and his scholarship, besides having kidney and liver and all of the grosser anatomy, possesses heart and life. Further, his style in the lecture room is sententious without affectation; and you know what skill in epigrams this requires. Witness the following: In Greek authors, you will notice that the set order of words, in what Gildersleeve aptly calls "frozen

phrases," is invariable and often at variance with that of English. The Greek always says "children and wife," while English order demands "wife and children." "Mr. Steger," the old patriarch bellowed at me yesterday in his full, rich voice, "can you explain why this order is thus?" On my modestly replying that I could not, he exclaimed: "Neither can I, any more than I can tell you why we always say 'ham and eggs' instead of 'eggs and ham.' " Now, to my mind, nothing could be more epigrammatic, succinct and intelligible than that. There was nothing of the spectacular charlatan in his utterance. I shall never hereafter be at a loss for a means of illustrating how arbitrary many differences in language are.

Bloomfield, who, since the death of Whitney (he of the English Grammar as well as of the standard treatises on the Sanskrit Language and Literature), has come to be recognized as the chief Indic and philological authority in America, and, with some pretzel-smacking savant of Tuebingen, of the educated world, is, strange to say, a man of delightful personality. He is easily accessible, sympathetic without smearing it on like molasses candy, and generally charming both in and out of the lecture room. His English is (and I do not exaggerate, I hope), the purest and most beautiful that I have ever heard or read. He is never at a loss for the only word that is flawless, and you lose sight of the subject in your admiration of the man. He is an ardent admirer of Fay's scholarship; and so, I find, is everybody here. Fay's championship of me, which was no half-way sort, has done much in securing my speedy *orientation*. That's a word old Grand-

Daddy Garrison used to me four years ago, and I always spout it whenever there is the least excuse for its use. That is all I ever got from his course in American History, which, as you may recall, is still to my "dis"-credit on the Registrar's books at Austin.

Smith, the man in Latin, seems a scholar, but blatant and fulsome. He is much younger than either of the other men whom I have mentioned; and is much given to anecdotes and attempts to be humorous. It is base and ungrateful for me to speak thus of him; for he and his wife, by taking me for an afternoon at the Country Club, have given me the only recreation my duties or opportunities have allowed me thus far. I am consoled, however, by the reflection that no remarks of mine are likely to bring tears on his pillow.

I work literally from sunrise until sunset and, after partaking of a sumptuous meal, on toward midnight. There is no doubt in my mind that the Hopkins *does* require more *work* for its Ph.D. than any other institution. This I have ascertained to be a fact by discussion with the redoubtable Captain. It may not require as much cerebellum, as some of its products would seem to indicate, but it surely demands that a candidate's time be thoroughly used.

Duval is two miles from me; and, consequently, we hold reunions only at intervals of two weeks. He is, of course, a great pleasure and comfort to me; and I must say that, beside the sincere interest which I feel in my work, my anticipation of his company is my chief delight. It has pained me, though, to learn from him some of his pathetic ideas about his own lack of ability. Perhaps he may have talked to you and Miss

Bess along these lines last summer. I have of late refused to listen, for it appears to be verging close to a mania with him. It seems an awful thing to me that a man of his noble character, who means so much to his friends and can get and keep their love as he can, should, at this late day, develop a strain of despondency. Write to him. His conversation is always harking back to his summer with you and Miss Bess, for whom (this is the relative pronoun, objective case SINGULAR number) his admiration is intense.

I am contemplating another attempt to be funny at the expense of Prexy and the Registrar (and not at my own expense, thank Heaven). They are both familiarly known as Willie; at least, it was this system of dual nomenclature which I attempted to establish during my last few weeks in Austin. How would it do to perpetrate a skit entitled: "An Hour with the Willies Which Naturally Led to the Jimmies." Can you not give me some thunder to aid in the celebration of the Willie duumvirate? I had thought of working up a scene, wherein the throes of a Freshman in the Inquisition of Matriculation would be the centre of agony, bringing in, by the way, a tragic account of late methods obtaining in the Registrar's office, a séance with Willie Prexy and the epistles of Lee, with other casual by-prods at those in power. How would it do to begin the scene thus? Student (at Registrar's window): Mr. Willie Registrar, would you please give me a statement of my credits?

Registrar: Ye—Yes, old chap. Lemme see (runs around the office four or five times). What *did* I do

with those things (looks behind the radiator)? O yes, no. (To office boy), Hesiod, what's become of the statement I made for Mr. Squirtski? O yes, now I know! They are in the waste basket. (Dives wildly into the wastebasket), *et cetera ad nauseam* (iterum).

This is, of course, the first attempt I have made at it, and only given to show what I would like to try by the end. My work may push me so that I shall find no time to touch it again.

The absence of dollars is worrying me. "Well," you say, "that's the usual thing with *you*." But this time I refer particularly to the absence of silver dollars. Hitherto, when I had a roll of greenbacks, wealth seemed mine; but now it may be a wad of some six or seven one dollar bills. Ed Miller attempted to explain this peculiar phenomenon of economics; but, confidentially, 'twas unsatisfactory to *me*.

There is a rarefied atmosphere here. Everybody is hard at work. There are magnificent libraries, able men, masterpieces of art, all that is quiet and elegant, but there is *not* the bone-crackling hand-shake nor the cordial welcome to the stranger to which you and I in the South are trained. If somebody would just slap me on the back, I would not feel so blooming homesick. My effusive temperament has gone into cold storage, where it is to remain until I return to the flesh-pots and the cheese-sandwiches and all the highly symbolical things of Austin and vicinity. Perhaps, as it seemed to me once before since my residence here, my feelings are only those of any rooster whom the spirit of discovery has led from his native barn-yard. If you

want to do very much in the crowing line, stay at home. I wonder whether I couldn't get back in time now to make a crop!

I am, to confess the truth, in a very bad shape. In more ways than one this is true; and I save my sanity itself, I believe, by constantly sticking to my books. There is, too, usually in my mind the hope that better days are dawning for me. Of course, I have been responsible for many of my troubles, financial and physical; but there are now others added. Don't smile and pronounce them "cardiac," for this is far from their nature. I'll admit that I am now permanently mortgaged; but I am so disgusted with myself in this line that I shall not, for the second time, burden you with a recital of my condition; which, contrary to the state of affairs when I last made mention in a letter of ——— Gee Whiz! That sentence is running clear away from me, and I'll stop right here. You and Miss Bess have my eternal friendship. I am beginning to get conceited about the way I keep the same friends in my heart from year to year.

My work will doubtless prevent another letter so long for some time. In the meanwhile, try *your* hand.

Yours as ever,

HARRY.

LETTERS FROM JOHNS HOPKINS 111

1206 McCULLOCH ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

October 24, 1904.

MR. EDWARD CRANE,

University Station, Austin, Texas.

My dear Eddard:

I never thought that you "were like the rest of them" at all. I have learned that most people are slow about writing letters and your letter really came before I expected; for it is doubly hard to write when a fellow is just in the midst of Varsity's toil and bustle (male element, toil; female element, what?) and my attitude is such that whenever you write to me, your letter will be in the way of a surprise and therefore all the more welcome.

This place is the most desolate spot in the world. If I quit work an hour, I get the Jimmies and the fidgets and the emphasized Saint Vitus' dance and all of the floor-walking, hair-pulling afflictions of restlessness and nervousness. After a year here, I believe that a lawn party or a Sunday school picnic will be such riotous and wild dissipation that my poor brain will rock and reel under the stress. If I get where excitement is absolutely essential to my existence, I go out and watch the newsboys fight. I saw a cracker jack of a scrap only yesterday between a little black rascal and a blue-eyed Caucasian of the same dimensions—physically and morally. The White race finally won, but he lost most of his papers in the struggle.

I have seen the *Texan* and its account of the week's Reign of Terror. I have had supplementary remarks from Duessen, too, who told me that the shirt-tail

brigade took in the Kappa House. It seems to me that the boys went a "little bit far," when they did that.

So Duessen is to have a Bookeolus? Well, let her go Gallagher! . . .

You know that I am not of a very hopeful disposition. Usually, if things are going too well with me, in order to keep the intoxication of happiness having its direful reaction, I frequently use an antidote against that happiness and tell myself that everything has an end, joys as well as griefs; and I cannot but believe that a fellow's disappointments, damn 'em, last longer than his triumphs. . . .

How is Prexy this beautiful summer morning? . . .

. . . When friendship and fratship come together, I never hesitate about bidding the frat. to go to—wherever it listeth! I must confess, though, that the fact I belong to a fraternity has always been of considerable profit to me and that, from my own fraternity, I have gotten no small number of my real friends.

It is cold as Prexy here. The thermometer for three weeks has been hovering fondly around thirty-six; and my little toseys have been constantly chill. All houses are heated with furnaces; and, when winter comes, they are never in order. During the summer, of course, these people never mend them, because then they have no need for them; and winter always finds them cranky and contrariwise. Therefore, I have been toasting myself at the genial blaze of a huge study-lamp; and with this I still am forced to be content.

Cuss out "The Keeper of the Cobs" for me. You

say that "he cannot afford to indulge." Is it his Position or his finances? If the latter (though, with my brand-new code of morals, I should not like to encourage such habits), I shall be glad to send him a nickel occasionally. Has he yet had printed, a la Cocke, a list of his positions and honors achieved during his university career? If possible secure the insertion therein of a notice that he is a "Log."

Write me some fellows that ought to be shot via the *Cactus*. I'll try to penetrate some of them, just for recreation when I grow tired of playing hide and seek with a Greek preposition or of trying to find out whether Cæsar threw double six or crapped in that memorable crap game prior to his passage of the Rubicon.

What would you think if I should tell you that I am sorely tempted to go into the study of Sanskrit, making my Latin and Greek subordinate instead of primary, as hitherto? Old Indian literature and language study is a great field, and there are only a few workers. I shall not decide definitely until toward the close of this year. At present, I am stressing Greek most, with a secondary accent on Sanskrit and a wee bit of an emphasis on Latin.

Great Shades of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee! The Civil War was almost fought over again in the Hopkins library yesterday. Some black ecrutinted Senegambians, looking for all the world like a big bunch of chocolate éclairs, sidled into the Classical Library at ten A. M. and began to use reference books. Some men got up and left the room. Others remained, seated as they were, regardless of the fact that they

were immediately next the Ethiopian invasion. Out in the corridors, a mob of men from Alabama, Virginia, Mississippi, Tennessee and other States on the *right* side of the Mason and Dixon line was at fever heat. On enquiry it developed that Harvard University, effete old bean-fed, nasal-talking Yankeeish Harvard, had sent these dark-hued envoys into the educational stronghold of the South. A man from Virginia said: "What can we do?" A man from Alabama laughed a sort of a steel click of a laugh and replied: "We lynch 'em in Alabama." A compromise was finally effected by which the Carthaginians retired with their books; and harmony once more reigned. By the way, with the single exception of an anæmic parson from Greenville, or Gainesville, I am Texas' (the State's, I mean) sole representative. If I had appreciated my chances, I should have come here with a six-shooter on and boots jingling with spurs. As it is, I can merely add to the extravagant ideas which already exist concerning Texas' lack of civilization. I tell marvelous yarns. I say that a course of target-practice, in which niggers are the target, is given in the University of Texas; and that, when a nigger gets accidentally killed, we ship him to the Medical Department at Galveston. Owing to the extreme accuracy of most Texans with firearms, however, very few are ever mortally wounded; for most students merely shoot them through the ear. The University of Texas is situated in the midst of an enormous prairie two hundred miles in extent; and professors and students alike ride bronchos. The Co-eds carry beautiful little pearl-handled Smith & Wessons and often at the theatre show their appreciation

of an unusually meritorious piece of acting by shooting the strings off the bass viol in the orchestra, etc., etc., etc. The last copy of the *Texan* has been widely read here; and my yarns are being accredited in the more unsophisticated quarters.

Write to me from time to time,

Yours as ever,

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

November 1, 1904.

My dear Edgar: *

For nearly three years I have been submitting my literary efforts, with a dogged persistence, to every manuscript syndicate whose address I might get. What is herewith enclosed represents the first that I have ever sold. I got two dollars and seventy-five cents for it. Ain't literature profitable? What is strange to me is that the thing which was finally disposed of seems to me to be the most rotten of the many rotten things I have hurled. It suddenly occurred to me that you were the particular type of my friend who would find pleasure in this little triumph; and therefore I have impulsively written you and just as unaccountably enclosed the original draft of my still-born success. I've spent a whole darned sight more than any two dollars and seventy-five cents in postage for carrying my blooming stunts from one ocean to the other. I'm going to keep the check for a while to

* E. E. Witt, Waco.

gloat over it. Can't you see me shedding gloats all over the room?

It has just come to my mind that I must be truthful and tell you that I did sell a ten-page article for a dollar to the Chicago Manuscript and Story Syndicate; but I never could find out where the darned thing was printed. I've always imagined that the purchasers backed out of their contract and finally fed it to the wastebasket.

Understand me when I say that you must tell no one about this; for I am painfully aware that my own exultation is both foolish and childish, but life here is unspeakably lonesome, and I resort to any source of exhilaration—legitimate—which will keep off the sadness which is so insidious here.

HARRY.

TO HELL AND BACK AND BACK TO HELL AGAIN

I

Dan was drunk. It was Saturday night, you know; and, ever since his Sophomore year, Dan had been drunk on Saturday night. He didn't love the taste of liquor; it was loathsome to him: but the freedom of mind which came with intoxication was a precious thing; and Dan, being an enterprising young man, never allowed his opportunities to go by him. Of course, the physical exhaustion which came as the inevitable aftermath brought a reaction that was far from pleasant; but even this had its advantages. Sunday morning always found Dan resolved to "keep straight"

and, during the week that followed, his attention to work and regular attendance on University engagements augured well; but the monotony! A rut-travelling soul who curls the lip of scorn at his "weak" brother doesn't realize that it is his very crudeness that makes him safe, and that he owes more to his self-complacency, and the rhinoceros hide which results from self-complacency, than he does to his strength of morals. Suffice it, then, to say that Dan was drunk. All the professional loafers of the city knew him for his sharp tongue, his pungent witticisms and his generous ways. The bartender always stopped wiping up and exchanged a few remarks, for he appreciated the glint of Dan's intelligence; and this is supreme testimony, for no poor soul in this vale of bum jokes has to stand so much wear and tear on his sense of humour. Yes, Dan was drunk, gloriously drunk; and he seemed proud of it.

II

She came. She was tall. Her features were cameo-carved. Dan met her. Dan had an artistic sense about him that no amount of spirituous moisture had dampened. She was classic. He met her this Saturday evening as he was moodily making his way to the Crystal; he passed her by, lifting his hat, then paused, looking after her, turned grimly on his heel and—made for his room, sobered.

III

When he reached his room, he found that the weekly poker séance was in session. Dan never gambled. "No gentleman did," he thought to himself. He took

a seat nearby and watched the players. Practice is great; and some university students come to be adept in the noble art of earning money via the card route. As time went on, in the interval between the raking in of a pot and the dealing of a new hand, one or two of those at the table looked up surprisedly at Dan and asked him "why he wasn't out on his weekly tout." Dan grunted "Go to hell"; and few men cared to press him when he grunted. His grunt was final. It was an atmospheric period, which he stuck into place like a thumb-tack; and then all conversation with him was at an end. He got up and strolled out toward the campus.

IV

"Look here, Dan. I've been wanting to talk to you a little." A man whom he had befriended in his early years at college had fallen into step with him and was talking. "Why don't you cut out this boozing? It's going to do you up sooner or later." "Well," came the astonishing reply, "that's exactly what I've decided to do. I determined on that this evening." "That's fine news, old fellow; and now I'll tell you something that, although it may hurt you, it may be well for you to know. Miss Adams (I have just left her) told me that you passed her early this evening and that you were drunk as usual. 'You know,' she said to me, 'this is his day; I understand that he gets drunk every Saturday night.' " "The hell you say!" jerked out Dan. He was sober now, disgustingly sober. Without a word more, he left his companion and walked rapidly toward the car line.

v

Yes, Dan was drunk. He was drunker; and, early Sunday morning, as he wearily plodded his sinuous way to his room, tears came into his burning, drunken eyes; but all he said was "God damn women!"

OLIVER SUDDINT.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
November 14, 1904.

MR. EDGAR E. WITT,

Comptroller's Office, Austin, Texas.

My dear Pewee:

Now, I started that nomenclature; and so I take especial pleasure in using it.

You can never tell the true state of affairs by appearances. Paradoxical though it may seem, the fact that I wrote to so many other people in Austin before I did to you is a splendid proof of my own selfishness (and conceit), but primarily a proof of my feelings toward you. Of course, to a man who is as close to me as you are, it is absolutely without reticence when I say that ——— is the very centre of all of my interest in Austin. In order to keep some of the boys reminded of my existence, thinking with Machiavellian astuteness that this epistolary conspiracy of mine might lead to her being more with people with whom I was thrown while in college, I have been an assiduous correspondent with many whom I should not have burdened with my letters had it not been for her presence in the University. Of you, however, I felt surer.

You have been too indulgent with me in the past. I have abused your friendship on many an occasion; but this fact alone shows how much confidence I have in it. Don't you ever imagine that you are going to lose my friendship? You and I have often been "hurt" at each other; but what else could we expect, when we stop a brief moment to consider what sort of mad hatters we are?

Now, you have made me blush like a school-boy. If I put any autobiography into that skit I sent you, it was unconscious; but, now that I have thought the matter over again, I believe that you are right. However, I insist that its insertion was sub-conscious and had no self-complacency about it.

Of the many phases which my thoughts of —— assume, the most gratifying to me is the realization that she has taken from me every desire to be the reckless idiot I once was. You have known me a long time; but, in all that time, you have never seen me so long and so uniformly self-controlled as I have been since some eight months ago. Why were you such a fool last year that you didn't know what was the matter with me? I tell you these things because I wish to be confidential with someone; and confidences are dangerous. A fellow ought always to select his confidantes with more discrimination than he does his clothes, even. Hem! Don't that sound as if I was going regularly to a tailor's instead of making combinations of the wardrobe of bygone glory and grandeur? Another consideration: I have not had any too much provocation to be a cheerful little song-bird of late; but —— has kept me at it, kept me ambitious, in-

dustrious and, above all, clean. This is all in answer to your question as to which way I was drifting from the impulses of my "affair."

When I visit Austin in June, as I shall do if there is enough left of me to ship (and I anticipate that I shall still assume considerable physical proportions), I shall prove to you and to Gwynne that your marriage has in no way affected my relations toward you. Once I thought they would. Once I thought they had. All of this I am frank in confessing; for my feelings are different now and I have seen the error of my way. You can easily guess who has shown me that I am wrong. My own impulses, however, told me the same thing that ——— did. She and I have discussed the matter, and she, as she always does and as I always want her to, won. I have held for years that a friend's marriage takes him far away from the haunts of his single friends and that they are gradually separated forever. You must rest assured that this theory has not given me any consolation; and it now remains for you and for me to disprove it.

It is a long call to hark back to those fearful times of financial panic when you got me a hundred and fifty dollars; but the day is still vivid in my mind. You took fifty of the sum; I kept a hundred. Mine was in twenty dollar gold certificates, mostly, yellow, crisp and fascinating. What a delightful sensation I experienced when I began to dole this out to those who had a right to it. And then the interim, as the bank-note took on the dim shades of a spectre in the distance, shifting his haunt from Austin to Bartlett, getting nearer, nearer, until one day in Mineola he

came to my very threshold; I heard him clank his chains and groan. I groaned too; but, *mirabile dictu*, his visit was interrupted; and Sir Bank-Note, the ghost of those departed twenty dollar certificates, returned to Austin, and, six months later, his restless bones were properly interred with rites of sepulture. The ghost no longer walks. His place has been taken by others; some of them his little brothers, wee chaps, some of them in no way connected with vulgar money, some of them rattling skeletons of my own vivid imagination, others the real remains of substantial causes. Recently, when I hied me away to these classic halls to mouse around in the linguistic herbarium, I brought me a regular prince of ghosts, who is now squatted grimly on my future. He is a large mortgage, nice and comfortably housed. He stays with me, and does not allow me to forget that he is here. I think he loves me. He is undoubtedly helping me toward my doctorate. He belongs to a usurer in dear old, nasty old Bonham.

All of which is silly, mixed up and to no point. Please write me as often as you can. For fear that I shall make you feel uncomfortable, I shall refrain from expatiating on the alarming extent of one's solitude here. To go into the harrowing details would bring gloom on myself. Suffice it to say that today is a fair sample; and today I have not exchanged a single word with a living soul. I wish I had a horned frog to talk to! Send me one. It is perhaps foolish for me to say this, but I miss Count more than is sensible for a man to miss a dog; but he means a whole lot to me. I used to take walks with him.

There are several inches of snow on the ground here.

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
November 19, 1904.

MR. P. C. THURMOND,
Bonham, Texas.

My dear Mr. Thurmond:

Your letter came as a surprise to me; for I have heard you say many times that it was seldom you could get yourself to write. You must, therefore, believe me when I say that it has been a genuine pleasure to me; and my pleasure was enhanced by the length of the epistle. So many times, you know, there appears a vast difference between a letter and a note; and the mere acknowledgment of a letter often makes you wonder whether your own effusion was not out of place.

This is a damp, drizzling afternoon. The sun has beaten a hasty retreat and muggy Baltimore weather reigns uninterrupted. It is on days like this that my greatest pleasure comes from staying in my room with a good book. I am glad that you are in sympathy with my tastes and ambitions; for thus I feel sure you will not make tacitly the charge of pedantry against me when I say that this good book has this afternoon been one of Max Mueller's "Chips from a German Work-Shop." Let me assure you that your linguistic training is far more thorough than that needed for an appreciation of his work. You see, he was the pioneer of Indo-European philology and his genius made him

over-zealous in an attempt to initiate the veriest laity into the mysteries of comparative etymology. He, therefore, studiously avoids the purely professional nomenclature and is sensible enough to steer clear of the spectacular, a rock on which too many classicists break. With your knowledge of Latin and Greek, you will be sure to derive from his deductions, sometimes fanciful but always fascinating, no little enjoyment during some of these winter evenings. Comparative philology has about it a romance that charms me. It is not absolutely derived in mathematical accuracy. There is a latitude about it which permits of originality. Its field has not been worked and reworked like that of Greek and Latin as independent branches of research. I read Max Mueller, who represents the school of enthusiasts; and I listen to the lectures of Bloomfield, who leads the conservative faction. Thus I am liable to be neither numb nor crazy. The latest discovery in the philological world, made recently by Bloomfield, in conjunction with the Indic Professor at Goettingen University, is the relation of Lithuanian and Avestan to the original stock. This had long been suspected; but Bloomfield, by actual exploration of the districts, was enabled to present to the world some studies in linguistics that render the matter certain. It is amusing to note that, less than a hundred years ago, a famous Scotch scholar tried to prove, and to many did prove, that the discovery of Sanskrit was a great hoax; that the Hindus had mechanically constructed the language after the pattern of Latin and Greek. This, together with such theories not so far in the past, adds a delightful element

of possibility to the work and makes even a youngster of crude ideas think that something still is to be done. It is a brave man, however, in this day of new Latin and Greek text-editions every fortnight, who ventures into the field and puts before the world a claim to original work in the conventional classics. I have felt, from my own reflections in part and from the suggestions of Dr. Battle, that the scholar of today will have to have heart and soul in him. The day of the musty pedant is gone; the college professor of our time looks more like a successful financier than a piece of parchment. All of this apparently irrelevant discourse is intended to lead up to the announcement that I am devoting a part of my time to the study of Modern Greek. This has been little worked in America, and the sphere is large, as well as attractive. Modern Greek is less different from the diction of standard Attic than English of today is from Chaucer. The exigencies of advancing civilization have of course changed the scope of words and added new ones; but there is apparent, even to the casual eye, a classic substratum that is sure to make the true student's heart happy. It is as if Homer had "continued in his next," to quote from "**Hearth and Home.**"

You see what a deluge your sympathetic letter has brought down on your head. When a fellow's whole time is taken up with a certain line of study, his head is sure to keep full of it; and, whenever he finds somebody who is good enough to listen to the recital of his aspirations, he feels that his desert has another oasis. I had firmly intended to write you from time to time; but, now that your letter has assured me not only of

your interest in me but in my work as well, I shall ruthlessly use you as an outlet.

Your suggestion that I make advances to some of these apparently lizard-hearted embryonic Ph.D.'lets has become a sort of back-action, *ex post facto* prophecy; for I have found a product, who hails from the pie-belt of New England, a warm-hearted, congenial comrade. This is enough. I shall hunt no more—nomine Houghton.

My opportunities are glorious here. It is not an ostentatious exaggeration when I say that my time out of lecture rooms drags and that my time within them flies by. Bloomfield is kaleidoscopic and Gildersleeve is of a pungency and a tang that delights and refreshes. He (G.) never ceases to be a wonder. Of late, he has made remarks in the seminary which are very pathetic. Only yesterday, he said, in speaking of the cycle of his studies: "Young gentlemen, inasmuch as I shall scarcely be granted the opportunity to teach this course again in the Attic Orators, it is my earnest endeavour and desire to give you the best that is in me." You see, he teaches the Orators only once in four years. Yesterday, he surprised us all by bringing into the seminary an account of his own, in most sententious English verse, of the driest of Isaeus' civil cases. The room grew to roar so that he had to discontinue until order could be restored. Is not this better than getting a Sherlock Holmes clue and starting out after a villainous dative which has been flirting with a verb that never before was seen with anything save her dear accusative?

When the year's work is over, I am going to give

you my notes in comparative philology; for Bloomfield gives one a splendid view of the entire subject. I am taking notes carefully in every department, transcribing them on the machine and binding them, so that I shall have a neat lot of volumes for my library. Bloomfield has also been so kind as to invite me to his home and has given me copies of all of his most important papers—reprints from philological and Indic journals.

The university here is the proud possessor of a birchwood manuscript of great age and splendid preservation. It was sent to Bloomfield by a Hindu friend of his in the University of Lahore, and contains several books of the Atharva-Veda in Sanskrit (Devanagari) script. The book, for book it really is, is a fine specimen of typography (though, to be paradoxical, done by hand), and its binding is secure and substantial. The permanence of the Indian civilization is a marvel to me. It is almost stupefying to realize that their sacrifices and their law-books and their branches of knowledge are still couched in the old classic Sanskrit texts, which have, through the sanctity accorded them, been faithfully preserved as a national duty.

You will think by now that I have been copying extracts from note-books; but I haven't. Further, if Bloomfield knew that I was allowing myself to grow so enthusiastic, he would curl his conservative lip and say, as he already has said, to me: "Young man, there is always an *ignis fatuus* for everybody. Don't let Sanskrit bite you so hard that Latin and Greek will leave your side. Take your time in deciding which of the three shall receive your sincerest devotions." It

has been no little satisfaction to me that, of the new men who entered here last September and who attempted to secure, by examination, advanced standing in Sanskrit, I was alone successful. I have been allowed to enter both the second and third year's work; there being no particular fourth-year course. No, I'm not swelled over it. I'm "scared" all the time.

The Seminary plan is calculated to give one much independence. Each member, professors and students alike, are expected in turn to conduct the programme. With this in view, each man is given a passage to work up. I am scheduled to report on the first Monday in January on a complete interpretation of Livy, Book XXII. The idea, you see, is for a man to work up his selection as if he were preparing an edition for the publishers. We "play at" being editors. In Greek, I have been assigned the Orations of Andocides, with special reference to his metrical passages and his laws. He frequently misquotes Attic law, and he almost as often intrudes long metrical passages into his most prosaic legal discussions, exactly where you least expect them.

I feel that I must repeat that it is a comfort to me to realize that I can write you of my work. Don't write me until you feel again in the mood. I wish to hear from you sooner or later; but I also wish you to feel absolutely free. You enjoy your evenings at home too much, I suspect, to spend many of them in writing letters.

Your news of home has made my heart much lighter. It is not always that I feel that I have done my duty in coming here. Frequently the reflection comes that

my place is really at home; or at least that I should be making money instead of spending it: but, and thus I argue it out with myself, such a course would be expedient only and not best in the long-run. (Is long-run a single word, or two? I have been divorced from my Century Dictionary, and am so left without an authority to consult.) To return from this digression: reports from "Sister and Mother and Father" have all been encouraging; but, realizing that they were all three too unselfish in their attitude toward me, I have discounted their accounts. It is natural, therefore, that word coming from you should be accredited rather than theirs. I thank you very much.

Yes, I had heard of Texas' disaster at Chicago. When will orangoutangs learn to stay in their own wilderness? Those Texas boys really thought they were going to win that game. Knowing that you were in St. Louis at the time of the game with Washington, I felt sure that you had seen it.

I trust that Mrs. Thurmond will improve in health. Why doesn't she go and spend a week or so with Charlie in Austin? She would doubtless find things *livelier* there and the change would be sure to prove of benefit.

Remember me to Joe. Always feel sure that I shall welcome a letter from you.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[Undated; probably in
November, 1904.]

MR. ROY BEDICHEK,

Chartres St., Houston, Texas.

My dear Bedi:

Your letter, which came to me in answer to my frenzied appeal, has been much in my thoughts. I have willfully delayed sending you any additional word of me, because you intimated that my strain was due to sudden transplanting and strange environment. You are now proved an unholy liar; for my attitude is constant. My feelings, too, have suffered in the meantime; so I have punished *myself* by not writing you. When I write to Lomax, regard for his feelings makes me say that I am ambitious and fully determined to avail myself of what is here for me. When I write home, I am compelled to feign a cheerfulness in which there is no more sincerity than is contained in your promises to creditors ("yours" and "you," etc., as you would know, had you the linguistic twang about you, would in Latin be correctly construed as indefinites in reference, and thus is my intention here). When I pour out my heart's liquid to my Lesbia (know that this name has the smack of **H**orace in it), 'tis molasses and not wine that issues forth; further, if on her I should visit some of my gloom and hopelessness and all things highly symbolical of youthful despair, she would be frightened; for once I did this very thing, and the panic which she suffered lasted for days. She is afraid of me when I say **H**ell, and doesn't sympathize

with my endeavours to be gentle when I make use of substitutes as Sheol or Gehenna. So, you see, as you are the only person for whom I care who has no ambition for me, it remains that to you and to you alone can I be absolutely sincere. You struck the key-note when you expressed a wish that some day everybody would turn me down. I feel as if I were in the hands of Chance. If only something would happen to take the props out from under me and throw me destitute of resources on the real world, I believe I should be satisfied; but my conscience is always alive. Therefore, in an impersonal sort of a way, I struggle ahead, do the best work that is in me to do, manifest an interest that is actually sincere, and hope and hope that the storm *will* come.

There is absolutely no reason why you and I should not in the near future wander off together and get rid of our soul-weariness in new experiences, sights, countries, sensations. We *MUST* do this. It will mean, I think, the only authentic and reliable seal on our friendship; and I would not lose the opportunity. I can view our associations purely, and easily, from an impersonal point of view and realize that, though we will always have for each other a feeling different from that we have for other people, nevertheless, if we allow too much time and space to continue between our meetings, the warmth and intimacy will give way to intangible recollections. Your suggestion about New York is disgusting. I want to get out of this country. Damn New York! I *would* say that the same amount of money necessary for our Bohemian peregrinations there would take us to Germany or to Italy, were I

not ashamed to mention to you a thing that has always, consistently and constantly, enjoyed our righteous hatred. Money also be damned!

Does my use of a typewriter militate against my chances for Fame? Would my letters to you be prized the same by biographers posthumous when transmitted via the crescendo key-board as they would be when phrased in actual work of hand? What has been your experience and observation along this line?

My wish—which is an ardent one—to travel hellward in another country comes from many cogent considerations. I love my own people, and the farther away I should be from them, the less likely would they be to hear of any whirlwinds which you and I might raise when the air became too still for our excited lungs and the freer I should be to indulge my whims. Lesbia, too (whom I designate again, not from affectation, but in order to obviate a second explanation of reference to you), really has high hopes of me, and, as I have already confided in you, I have been literally a maniac in the intensity of my “attachment” for over a year now. The trouble here is that neither from her nor from myself nor from the knowledge that she cares for me can I get anything but discontent and restlessness and fever. No peace of spirit nor calm of ambition comes to me from this source, as romanticists assert should and does come. This, you see, is another logical argument for a foreign arena on which we may fight out our fits.

All these graduate students here in the classics are soul-killing sticks, who know their Latin and Greek with a disgusting thoroughness when it comes to para-

digms and irregular verbs; but, invariably, they have no more appreciation of the Greek and Roman heart than a tumble-bug has of *pâté de foie gras*. They are all busy cracking stymological nuts, when they might be gathering philosophical (I mean, literary) fruits. Gildersleeve, who on yesterday passed his seventy-fourth milestone, is the sole case of bona fide genius with whom I have met. He is in the prime of mental acumen; and his repartee is epigrammatic and satisfyingly smutty. He has realized what is to me the only goal toward which a student of the classics should look, a thorough reincarnation within himself of the antique heart and soul. He is as much of a Greek as Aristophanes ever was and a damned sight more of one than Plato or Aristotle or the Hellenic dust-sifters. When we come together again, I shall have many of his *bons mots* to retail; for I shall find it the matter of a few minutes to show you that he is a congenial soul toward whom you yourself would feel as we used to feel when we read Heine. By the way, if you want to make a cheap and entirely satisfactory excursion to hell, read the letters of Charles Lamb. I should like very much to go crazy, if you would consent to do so along with me; but, then, neither of us could enjoy the other's lunacy!

There is one alarming plank in the new platform which the recent circumstances of my career have given me. I cannot bring myself to woo Lethe or Nepenthe by the route of the bibulous! It is astonishing. It has been five months since I have had even the desire to obtain oblivion in this way. Have you received from my mental-Marconi any impulses that rendered

you thus helpless also; or have you, like a true Siamese twin, endeavoured to do our dual part alone?

Of course you have enough sense to believe me when I say, that, in all the uneasiness which has harassed me for months, the reflection that when the boiler busts I can fly to you for rivets, and this reflection alone, gives me something in the way of comfort. We are sure to have a change of scene together! Somehow I am always sure of that.

I am writing at random; and you will miss what you used to call the "Stegerianisms" of my letters. They won't come. Somebody has put a fly in my slop. I'll have to get a cockleburr under my tail as compensation.

What do you suppose induced me last night to throw Lesbia's picture on the floor and kick the frame to pieces? It was the self-same picture which I showed you with so much pride that night in my stall last Commencement. If I could only be numb at times, life would be sweeter; but I have to be heaven-high or hell-deep on the seesaw. I guess I must jump off when the seesaw settles itself horizontally. Now, I never had in my heart any but the sincere thoughts I always have of her; but, should she know that I had done this, it would bring on alarum after alarum.

The sooner you write to me, the securer will I feel; but do not, I beg you, write me a page or so. Wait until the mood for the old-timey sort of letter-writing strikes you, and then shed your coat, light your pipe and sow your thoughts for my picking—which is a damned uncouth figure, for it seems to mean that your

thoughts are going to come up and grow and bloom on the blooming prosaic old passenger-train while they are en route to me.

HARRY.

For ten days now I have not spoken to a soul. I am leading the only solitary life I have ever led. This renders introspection and meditation most easy; and may eventually lead to real lunacy, or at least a sort of insane imbecility. I have hopes. This solitude, however, I must tell you is the natural state here; for there are no associations among the men—for which I thank God!

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

December 30, 1904.

My dear Bedi:

If you want to have a night of genuine!! pleasure, get out all of my letters and read them over. That's what I did with yours last night, and now I am sorry I did it, for the pleasure will not have the same pungency and *tang* again for many moons. The setting back of each letter came up in its reading. There were reminiscences of the Barnhardt-Spindler lodge, of the Kornucopia, of the year I spent at Bonham, and you in Austin, of your *Cactus* discussion, of the year you spent in Houston and I in Austin, of your term served in Oklahoma, your journalistic simoon (Diagram: *sigh* phonetically—si—*moon* phonetically approaches—moon: si—moon—simoon), of my trip to

the coast with Dunk and your sojourn on his ranch.

Perhaps, though, you've been deceiving me and have really been brutal enough to destroy my letters.

Don't you dare get jealous of that girl. You've outlived several and "nothing has separated us" ——

This is just a little rumble and does not aspire to be a sonorous thunderstorm. I've been sick (ill, I mean) for ten days.

HARRY.

There was even a letter from you to me at Mineola—a dun-coloured dun; and I laughed as I read, for that was before we both learned to hate money (especially each other's?). Wouldn't it be fun some day for us two to attempt together a mutual budget of the financial past?

I do fear that a fatty degeneration of the brain has been long with me; for, in a letter written after your return to Eddy from Bonham, you spoke of a clash with an Ethiopian assailant and said that you at once "left his assailing" and I never saw the pun until years after—until last night in fact; but my enjoyment was increased by my realizing that it had escaped me for so long.

HARRY.

Write me of your trip to the Lomaxy. The lord of the manor has told me of it. You and he spread it on for my sake in your estimate of "Annotated affection"—I knew you'd say it was good and think so, but I sent it to Lomax because I thought his critical tastes would outweigh his friendship.

LETTERS FROM JOHNS HOPKINS 137

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[Undated; probably written in December, 1904, or January, 1905.]

My dear Lomax:

It seems as if, after I had finally succeeded in waking you up, I went to sleep. The truth of the matter is that I have been hard at work day and night; and the continual grind has kept my energy so sapped that my only move to write has been an occasional sigh and a wish that I could once more be with my dear little typewriter in the Registrar's office. Wouldn't you, just for the sentiment of the thing, like to post a few grades with me tonight? Altho I have sincerely and earnestly found pleasure in this year's work, I have felt dreary and lonely all the while; for there is no one to call me "Harry" (save Cap'n, and I see him but seldom). This is a cold, dull, heartless place.

My letter to you is about to veer off into a wail.

I have just delivered my first seminary paper (student lecture, you know), and it has been spoken well of by the "professor in charge."

Lomax, those old days when you and Bedi discussed poetry to my disgust (because you ignored me, you remember), and when you talked to Bedi about my wild career and to me about Bedi's profanity, and when we all three smoked cigars together. I don't care about finishing that sentence. Call it a case of anacoluthon. Anyhow, I feel, and have felt, that I am fifty years old. I have figured it out that I spend on an average of 20 cts. a week. That's the truth. I'm too tired to be coherent.

I'm night watchman in a laundry. For Heaven's sake, don't tell it! for it's not an aristocratic laundry (even Cap'n is in blissful ignorance of my night-work).

Come to Baltimore to see me. I'll show you through the laundry. Hours from 2 to 7 A. M. Night before last I wrote a poem, "Owed to the Laundryman—a Shirt Tale."

I am scheduled to have another of my hydra-heads chopped off soon; for I am again a Rhodes candidate. Dr. Battle and others seemed to think it advisable for me to try again, and I am really indifferent. My dissertation will be in Aristophanes.

I would give a lot to be with you and Miss Bess tonight. Lomax, I hope you are the happiest man in the world. You ought to be and ought to be.

HARRY.

You needn't answer this. I'll probably write again soon.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

December 30, 1904.

MR. P. C. THURMOND,

Bonham, Texas.

My dear Mr. Thurmond:

I shan't apologize for this paper. Suffice it to say that 'tis the august parchment upon which we embryonic savants are required to write our learned spiels.

To plunge "*in medias res*": in speaking of Modern Greek and its possibilities, I fear that my judgment

and discretion were torn down by my enthusiasm. It was not my intention to expatiate on Modern Greek Literature as an end of itself nor as an independent field for scholarship; for my opinion of the Greek of to-day as a man is no nearer flattery than yours. He has squandered his inheritance of body, mind and soul and debauched the spirit of his ancient forbears. Little good has it done him to be "the heir of all the ages"; and little good does it do any of us, unless we know how to husband our legacy. There is, however, an occasional genius among them whose idealizing of the beautiful harks back to Homer and to Sappho. Prominent on the Hellenistic side of classical scholarship of to-day is Dr. Photiades. He is an able jurist, and a Greek in blood, bone and soul. His work is no hack's stunt, but there is heart and truth in it—and liver, for that matter, and all the essential bits of anatomy. He has done much toward a reconstruction in our appreciation of the old Hellene. Photiades' special field, by the way, is the interpretation of Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides.

But to return from my "divagating." Many of the literary phenomena, much of the real tone and pitch of the ancients, and an enormous amount of the philology of Attic Greek have been cleared up by way of the Greek tongue of to-day. A thorough Latinist always has his vision broadened by an acquaintance with the romance languages; for the very decay which has produced them makes more of an open book the true story, the inner, vital story, of the life and the letters and the times of Ciceros and Livys. Modern Greek is a decay, to be sure; but the language is still superior

to the people and has not yet descended to the level of Kandy Kitchens and peddlers' stands. Their poetry is largely erotic; but the Hellenist cannot but smack his figurative lips when he sees a reminiscence of the old Greek genius—conscious or unconscious—in some inspired, latter-day Lysander's idiotic lush. The tongue is smooth and classical yet. Many particles, e. g., "*ge*," "*ara*," and "*pote*" have degenerated into mere grunts or emissions of breath; many pure old idioms have doffed the ancient tunic for a suit of greasy overalls: but still the aroma and tang of pristine days are clinging there.

All of which is delightfully general; but my work in Modern Greek I am doing independently, and my views, therefore, deserve no attention save as impressions of a tyro who may or may not be sane in them. During my enforced period of rest, I have read much modern Greek. It is all poetry; and, as I said, much of it is even more erotic than Byron or his Spaniards. Still, I am willing to wager that an educated Greek of to-day gets more out of his Homer than we do, and that it is largely the spirit of his own language that helps him to this. I realize, of course, that the nation's traditions have for him a warmth and an intimacy that we can never attain to feel; but I really believe that this is secondary. It has seemed to me, then, that a lecturer's appreciation of his classical studies, and the consequent interest aroused in his students, might be wonderfully enlivened by illustrations drawn from the language and the literature that appears in the Attica of our own times. I only wish that there were someone here to guide me aright. Before I reach the

age of slippered comfort and refined poverty (the ultimata of every college professor, I fear and don't fear), I hope to hear the Greek himself speak his words; and likewise shall the Italian talk to me. In other words, I'm going to get abroad for study of this sort, if, in later years, I can believe that I am capable of absorbing the essences.

The latest thing to hit me amidships was the striking similarity between the Indic Vedas and the Persian Avesta. For years no kinship was believed to exist between the Hindus and the Persians; but now comparative philology has made the statement of their connection seem as trite as an observation on the mugginess of Baltimore weather. Whole Avestan stanzas, by the application of a few simple phonetic laws, may be translated word for word into Vedic, so as to produce verses correct not only in form but in poetic spirit. Again, parallel passages exist whose kinship is evident without the aid of a single phonetic change. With this and much more evidence of the same sort, and with an abundance of indisputable etymologies, scholars now speak of an "Indo-Iranian" or "Aryan" tongue, thereby referring to a time in prehistory when the Persians and the Hindus were one people, a single branch of the greater and earlier Indo-Europeans. One of the most striking facts in this theory is the word "Aryan" itself. With a self-complacency that linguistic studies reveal in the history of every nation, both the Hindus and the Persians called themselves "Aryas" or "nobles."

By the way it is amusing to note that even scholars have petty ways. A German never thinks of using

the phrase "Indo-European." Not he! In all the naïveté of his national vanity, he refers to the "*Indo-germanisch*" group of related tongues, and would thrust the bitter pill down the throats of Englishmen, Americans, French, Dutch, Swedes, all alike. But the others refuse to look back on "*Indo-Germanic*" ancestors. The Frenchman, apparently less moved by vanity than by contempt for the "Alsatian pig" says "*indo-europenne*." This tendency to substitute "European" for "German" in the term is widespread to-day. Bloomfield is a German, and 'tis hard for him to yield.

One's mouth is wide-open here all the time. A day never passes that some delightful field is not pictured on the screen (Mix your figures and let 'em go)! Because my consciousness is widening all the while, I am determined to spend my first year in tasting; for, then, my next year will bring me a regular bill of fare to which I may well stick. Sometimes, very many times, I think: "Well, if you people don't quit showing me so many vast areas of scholarship and ruthlessly snatching from me my own primitive theories, I'm going back to the farm and make a crop, for I'll never be able to master an iota of the world you show me." It's a sort of intellectual hazing to which I am being subjected. (The reference above to a farm is a clear case of glaring license and I know it. I was never on a farm in my life.)

You speak of reading the history of our own times and of studying the economic problems of to-day; and I blush at realizing how little I know of the story and the politics of my own time. It was Erasmus, I think, who excused himself for not taking part in con-

temporary activities with the plea that he was over a thousand years behind on the news already; but, that when he "caught up," he was going to keep abreast. That is a shirker's asylum, and I am heartily ashamed of myself for my ignorance on matters of to-day and of the more immediate past. For three years I have lugged a history of the United States around with me, with the firmly fixed resolve to make up some of my more specific shortcomings. Some days I dip a bit; but that is all. My time is so well taken up that these things are pushed out. Let me confess, while I am penitent (for to-morrow I may have the hardihood to glory in my misdeeds) that I have not read a newspaper since my arrival here.

My ignorance of the Bible, too, is appalling. My knowledge of its history, its geography, its literature, its very body of contents, is almost nil. This defection, however, I am attempting to make up for by spending an hour each week in listening to a biblical lecturer—not a learned old bore but a splendid, bona fide teacher.

It is not my desire to vivisection the Holy Writ nor to consider it a victim for the philologist's surgery, but I wish to learn something of the Book itself; for, apart from the spiritual side of the question, no man can say he is educated, nor anything but ignorant, if he does not possess a more or less intimate knowledge of Scripture.

My opportunities in a social way have surprised me. I can only attribute it to the fact that I have been very careful to pay more attention to my clothes than I used to! I haven't yet reached that stage of butter-

fly dreams when I dote on evening clothes; but, if formalities are going to be necessary, I wish to be able to struggle into a drawing room without knocking all the bric-a-brac off their stands. However, I can afford but little of this—in more ways than one; so I willingly acquire a reputation for rudeness as the price of my relief and go only where I wish to. Not that I am swamped! O no! But only a few evenings out, unless I feel unusually social, are just a few more than I often want. However, I have met some excellent people here, and their libraries. I have never seen as many great private libraries before in my life.

I am being almost forced into making a second application for the Rhodes Scholarship. I feel that I shall lose it again; and, frankly, I rather hope I may, were it not for the thought that two failures in the same attempt are sure to be disheartening. The suspense will be over soon, though, if I do apply; for the appointment is to be made by the end of March.

I am sure that you must enjoy the pleasures of housekeeping, and it is very easy for me to realize that Charlie's visit home was doubly pleasant on that account. Seven years spent in boarding houses have made me radical on the subject. I have run the gamut. First I was delighted with the change from home-life; then I changed my boarding house; then I began to snort with indignation; then I began to catalogue landladies; then a numbness of taste began to steal over me; and now my food is my fuel. I doubt very much whether I could tell the difference between a steak and a nice piece of warmed-up Brussels carpet. However, my very numbness prevents me from being dissatisfied.

When I am so fortunate as to get an invitation out to dinner and so sensible as to accept, I wonder, as I eat, if I haven't really experienced that sensation before. It always takes me a day or so after each "outing" to reach that saving indifference again. I eat very little, I really don't care for much; but I defy any boarding house in the world to counterfeit decently the looks and the tastes of the things you had at home.

With best wishes to Mrs. Thurmond and Joe, I am
Yours sincerely,

HARRY P.* STEGER.

* P. stands for Peyton.

THE HOPKINS CANNING FACTORY,
TOMATO WARD, VEGETABLE No. 386,
January, 1905.

*Dear Ed.**

Do you remember what it was I did that landed me in the penitentiary? *Inter nos* (or to prove bilingual ability) *entre nous*, never come to the Hopkins unless Huntsville is full. Here I have served several months of my sentence without any time allowed for good behavior. Seriously, the only reason why I haven't fled is because I have been too busy to resign. The work is fine, but the atmosphere is muggy, canned and uncanny. The powers promise me a scholarship for next year and a fellowship the year after; but, if I can touch King Midas or his touch either, I'll try old Harvard a round. See how philosophically I avoid mention of the Rhodian plum that grows on Prexy's

* Dr. E. T. Miller, Austin.

tree. *Absit omen!* (Your epitaph gratefully rec'd!)

Yes, I shall make a pilgrimage to Austintown during Commencement and then I hope to meet your friend and Caracalla. A man who has always thought it huge fun to swallow a stein of lagerhythm at two gulps will find it hard to sip like a little bird; but I can learn.

My sister is married and her name is Rodgers (the *d* of which, if lost, would cause more trouble than Van, Samphi, Koppa and Digamma when they left Alpha and the rest). It seems that I have perpetrated that on Lomax in a letter, but let 'er go!

I am going to send you my Faculty Farce, expurgated and sliced. Read it, spare my feelings, keep it until I ask for it.

We fellows who potter about with the dead and dying languages have no way of soaking Uncle Andrew. I was sincerely glad to hear of your commission. It is sure to be of help to you in more ways than one.

Have the gossips at last left you alone?

Have the Phis ever formally thanked Duval for his door-plate? They should. A friend of mine here, in fact the only warm and intimate associate which this year has brought me, is a Phi from Lafayette College. He is in the same line of goods as I. When, this year, he received an appointment to the scholarship in Sanskrit, the chapter at Lafayette wrote him a little note of congratulations. This seems to me so much heartier than the way in which the boys at "Texas" respond to the advances of alumni. Duval is not a man for those little clothing-hooks to ignore. Further-

more, not a word has ever come to me concerning the untimely demise of Count, and Count was a Phi of the old school, a worthy brother of Lomax, Bedi, Edgar, Dunk, yourself, me and the rest of our day. If more harmony does not enter into Texas Beta, I suggest that Pallas be dethroned and Eris set up in her stead.

Wait until I light my pipe. Do you know that your Christmas card made me once more a disciple of fumatics. (That's my own coinage, I guess, and a cur of Latin and Greek parentage, but, being a youth, I do not recognize the word "fail" in my lexicon, so the gap is thus filled.)

When you mention a desire to hear from me in my old strain, I take it that you signify a craving for idiocy and silliness; and surely I am gratifying you. However, it is a relief to write to a fellow who does not expect you always to be a whited sepulchre. *Inter nos* again, I have used more molasses in my letters of this year than wine; for I am developing into such a romancer and dreamer and builder of Spanish architecture that I'm always thinking about "when I get to be a professor" just, as in my boyhood, I used to talk about "when I got big." Sometimes my ambition gets to throbbing so that it hurts; and I wish that there were a place where I could have it killed. Dentists can kill the nerve of an aching tooth. Why not of high-vaulting ambish?

You might take it upon yourself to follow again those dictates you have about writing me. Your letter did me a world of good. If I wasn't afraid of being lushy, I'd say that it will do me more good to see you next June than to—Plague take it! I always

get grammatically involved whenever I use "than."

Have you any enamorata or Dulcinea with whom you would like for me to engage a sedentary dance during the festivities of Commencement? Such is my love for you that I volunteer to be a ram in the bushes.

Your'n,

HARRY.

Later: Adoue writes me that Duval has been thanked, so my vitriol is slop.

H. P. S.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[Undated; probably in
January, 1905.]

MR. ROY BEDICHEK,

Chartres Street, Houston, Texas.

Darling:

So long as there are restaurants and I frequent them, your tenure of corner lot No. 13, Cardiac Survey, running from a stob marked Wun Lung, thence three thousand corpuscles north to station Abdomen (suburb of Diaphragm), thence north via Liver and Kidney to Arterian Well same distance, will continue uninterrupted. Now, if I knew as much about my own anatomy as I should, I could work that figure up in detail; but, as a matter of fact, I am entirely ignorant as to the mutual space relations of my different organs. Suppose you try it. The point is that to-night (Sunday) I went to a hash-house for something to eat; and I ordered HOT CAKES. These significant disks, though

to the vulgar intended only to appease brutal hunger, are to me symbolic of our friendship. I could no more eat hot cakes without thinking of you than I could see a jackass without thinking of ———.

How do you like my prose-epic of King Rhubarb? The plot came to me when I was fishing off the back steps of my summer home in Venice. You know, when I was in the far East, I gained access to the very Cream of Tartar. Tartar is a country whose literary possibilities are little known. I have therefore taken their legendary Prince Rhubarb for my central character. He keeps a jewelry store and a chili stand on Stink-emout Alley. Hard by, very hard by, lives Lady Dood-Lebugasia de Waffles, a princess of royal bleed who is Mender Extraordinary to the Royal Socks and Custodian of the Drawers of the Royal Cabinet. A cold spell comes up. Lady de Waffles, being of a delicate constitution and not having yet donned her ear rings for the winter, succumbs. We find her suffering from a severe cold. One fateful day, on her way to do the royal washing, a fit of nasal activity comes upon her; and, just in front of Rhubarb's stall, an unusual blast tears from its sockets in her proboscis the priceless chain of orangoutang teeth, the emblem of her royalty, the insignia of her office. The Prince, busy with his little kittens, with one hand eagerly grasps the imperial token and hastily thrusts it into his—now he didn't have pockets. He hid it about his person, anyhow. I leave the matter of "physical geography" to your own vivid imagination. The Lady is in a panic. Without the chain, she can gain no admittance to the royal Clotheslines. She busts breathlessly into the

shop. She asks the Prince to help her discover the lost treasure. This he consents to do, on condition that she will grant him some great boon. She immediately accedes; and he demands that she give him a pair of the royal socks. Well knowing that this is a perilous thing to venture, but desperate over her misfortune, she consents; and the Prince, in chaste Tartarian, tells her where the emblem is. But this does not remedy matters. It is still unavailable. How shall it be recovered? There is not time to waste; already the King has sent a messenger insisting that his socks and the attire of his cabinet be washed at once, for this is a gala day in the land. At this point, you, disguised under the title of Baedykerschnitz, appear on the scene and offer to get the troubled pair out of this scrape. You suggest that, if the Keeper of the Door of the King's Laundry can be shown the token, even though it not be on the Prince's person, all be well. This you volunteer to bring about by the aid of an X-ray machine which you carry under your arm.

O Hell! I never had any idea when I started what sort of a tragic interlacing of emotions I was to weave. Therefore I drop the matter here. That's what comes of having too exalted an idea of your own spontaneity. I never imagined that I should find it impossible to bring the thing to a decent close. So be it!

Let's publish a volume. Pick out those of your stunts which will tickle most the public palate; and I shall do the same, plucking, however, from my garden only those flowers which will not wither on the vulgar lapel, leaving my exotics for us alone. See how free I am with figures. This rapid transit is almost equal

to your own. We could call the volume "Skits and Scats." I don't know why, but we could. You know damn well we could. Or how would "Fly Paper" do? Suggest some yourself. Let's discuss the matter thoroughly. Are you still persistent in submitting your dear creatures to miscellaneous publishers? Keep it up. They'll hand you one some day. Then you can sue them!

.

My dear Vesuvius, be indulgent with that bit of idiocy. It didn't take much of my time. You can't put a fellow in jail for a little thing like that, especially when it was altogether unintentional.

I read in a Sorority journal the other day a remark that seems to have it in the kernel for a bit of pungent verse. I have so far been unable to do anything satisfactory with it; but I give you here the results of my awful efforts. That rhyme with Sister and Blister would scarcely pass the mustard at Jacoby's, but the theme is so rich in possibility that I wish you to get it in your possession.

A QUERY

(By a respectful "old boy" who really wants to know about it. Written after reading in a certain Sorority Journal that "Rushing season is now on." Several "old sisters" are back with us during the days set aside for pledging.)

If I should say
Of Kate and May
That they were two "old sisters,"
'Tis much I fear

My hide would bear
Some stinging, burning blisters;
But in the book
That tells the news
And "how things look
For Kappa Mus"
I see they state in white and black
That two "old sisters" have come back.

You have promised Duessen some verse for his *Cactus*. I imagine that, as yet, you have sent him nothing. Now, I have some special reasons for wanting something of yours to appear in that annual; and so, for my sake, dear Heart, submit him something. This is sincerely and seriously a fond wish of mine. Be SURE to do this for me. Don't fail. He writes me once a week to prod you up. I have not done it before, because I felt that perhaps you would refuse. However, as I have my heart set on it, you, if you are still as willing to do what I ask you to do as you used to be when I imposed my youthful whims on you so unmercifully, you will grant me this boon.

My father is in St. Louis.

Yours,

HARRY.

When I sat down to write this letter, I felt miserable; before I had gotten started, I felt numb; before I had written a page, I felt glorious. I absolutely refuse to mope all the while. That's damn foolishness. If a fellow has the dumps all the time, they get so they're not a bit of fun. I might in time even get where I'd enjoy being happy! The only way to appreciate the blues to their fullest extent is to deny your-

self their presence occasionally. So it is with all pleasures!

H. P. S.

BALTIMORE, MD.,

February 11, 1905.

My dear Eddard: *

I shall now sing you a bright little song, in order to show you that I still believe in the good doctrine that nothing amounts to a damn and couldn't make any difference if it wanted to. Let us pray, or, that being disagreeable, let us giggle. Imagine my surprise on waking up this morning and discovering that the perverse old sun was still insistently rising in the East. I wouldn't be as regular as the damned planets and old Sol for a pretty penny, and I never saw a penny that wasn't beautiful. What's the use? In other words, what in the hell is the matter with things in general? Is the elevator still running or walking, and does Prexy really flourish as of old?

Did you ever stop to think that, if you had two heads or thirteen toes on one foot, you would be a howling success and make a living simply by putting yourself up to be looked at? How long, though, in your present conventional state, when your eyes insist in so arranging themselves that one is on the left and the other on the right of your nose, would it take you to starve to death, if you tried to make a living by exhibiting yourself? In other words, is not the lot of a dime museum freak a happy one? Close your eyes and im-

* Edward Crane, Dallas.

agine the bliss and the ease of life that would be yours if you were an India rubber man or had been brought into the world with no arms but a pair of manual feet by which you could shave yourself and write visiting cards in a beautiful foot-writing for a dollar a dozen. Really, though, I suppose that I am doing wrong in making you thus discontented; but you must confess that the problem of an easy living would be solved in any of the ways which I have delicately indicated.

My mind has been somewhat relieved since I wrote my recent mock-heroic epistle to you; and I assure you that my old query of "What difference does it make" is the wise one; but you can't answer it. They ain't no answer book.

O what a sad, sad letter! So much food for thought in it, but a heavy, soggy bill of fare that will rot the system worse than drop-sandwiches.

So let it be. I'm high sometimes, oftentimes I'm low, I'm always Jack, but seldom game. Good-night, dear Googleheimer. If you are really interested in higher education, send me your name and address and I shall send you a sample in plain, sealed package with no address.

Yours perennially,

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

February 12, 1905.

*Quid tu Curas, Utrum Crudum an Coctum (te)
Edim?* (Plaut. Aul. 3.2.15).

My dear Lomax:

On page 3, my letter will begin. Until then, I wish, while I feel strong and lusty, to abuse both of us a bit. Don't you know that women, neurasthenics, "you and I and Bedi" * cannot stand to be told that our troubles are imaginary? Why, if I did not exercise wonderful self-control this Sunday morning, I should catalogue to you, in part, the sore afflictions of my soul. Suffice it to say that, when I found myself, suddenly and without warning, several hundred miles away from home and penniless, I also found it a wee bit hard to burst into song. The story about the laundry was not a story. I hasten to assure you, however, that two days ago I severed my connection with that noble enterprise. It was not so much of a hardship as you might imagine; but something much better has since come up. The professor of Greek and Latin in the Baltimore City College has succumbed to la grippe, and I am now substituting there at the rate of five dollars per diem. The hours are such that I can take a large part of my Hopkins lectures; and I am enjoying the work. I have, among the usual classes in Vergil, Cæsar and the tiresome Anabasis, a very ready and intelligent group of seven in Homer. Imagine, too, my sensations at teaching a Chinaman in the classics.

I am sorry that you are unwilling to assume any

proprietary attitude toward me; for I certainly bear your brand. Don't make a Maverick out of me.

I assure you in all sincerity that my position towards the Rhodes matter is all that you indicate as the philosophical one; and I do not think, either, that I have ever felt abused or unjustly treated. Do you not realize, for example, that I know very well that I squandered enough money in the past that, if husbanded, would keep me in comfort now? If I attempt to tell how much good your offer to loan me more money has done me, I shall make a mess of it and slop over. However, unless my affairs slip, I shall be able to weather the year in good shape. My last letter to you was prompted by nothing except a genuine and sincere longing for the old days. You know that I shall, in all probability, make no more friends so warm and intimate as the associates of those days. Why shouldn't I wax sentimental at times if I so desire?

My sister married on the thirty-first day of January, and the realization of her loss is another imaginary trouble. She is happily wed, I believe; and I am not so selfish that I grudge her her merited bliss, but I did, do and shall miss her very much. Her new label is Mrs. Robert Rodgers.

I had planned to be maliciously and premeditatedly querulous for three pages; but I give it up, with the concluding remark that I must perforce consider that your paragraph concerning the fifty-dollar note in G and your offer to harbour the Century for me are, in some mysterious way, two links in the same psychological chain. Perhaps you yearn also for other junk of mine. Let me say seriously that I know very well,

and always have known, that you never forgot your friends. I realize this from my heart; and the fact that I see through your subtle delicacy in nowise affects the genuine gratefulness I feel.

My Great Dane, Count, is dead. He was poisoned twice during last month, and the last attempt on his noble life was successful. He was a noble dog of noble breed; and I had hoped some day that the Count and the Princess might consummate a union in no way Morganatic.

Your troubles have been really real. The anxiety that was yours during Miss Bess' illness is easy to appreciate; and I know that her recovery has been sweet in its effect on your own spirits. God forbid, though, that you should ever reach that stage of numbness where two hundred and fifty themes by two hundred and fifty terrible tyros do not strike awe into your soul and chill your marrow. Read Juvenal 7.160 or thereabouts and you will see that your antipathy here has centuries back of it. (Don't think me pedantic in thus ostentatiously and with apparent patness citing classical references; but, to tell the truth, I am being initiated into a more real and thorough acquaintance with the literature of the past.)

Khleber Beall is making an excellent reputation for himself here and will easily take honors in his class. He has been assured, too, of a minor position in the Hopkins Hospital for next year; and I expect him to accept, for he is unwilling to leave here. The work of the Hopkins Medical School is in reality graduate instruction and Beall is wedded to his work. I have seen him only a half dozen times since my arrival here.

There is neither the time nor the atmosphere in the Hopkins for social intercourse. Lawrence Rhea is here now, since three weeks ago. He was kept at home the first part of the session by a spell of typhoid fever. He, too, is doing well. Dr. Sol. F. Acree is in Baltimore, engaged at the Hopkins laboratories under a commission from the Carnegie Institution. Hear me, when I say that even the Captain seems a bit disgusted when I virtuously insist on drinking ginger-ale instead of joining him in a glass of lager. To be sure, I have not grown to be always such a teetotaler, nor do I think myself in sad danger. Perhaps my line of thought here, and my resolutions, to which I have faithfully adhered for some six months, are better left in this obscurity; but, please don't attribute it to romance!!!!

I want to say frankly that you haven't seemed to me to butt into my affairs once during the past five years. Of course, from my point of view, when the sight of a sunrise from the corner of Congress Avenue and Sixth Street seemed a great feat, you used to butt in fearfully. Why didn't you use a club, instead of the gentle weapons of your friendship? My sense of humor is sadly tickled when I think of all of that. Don't get the impression that I now lay claim to all sorts of common-sense, economy and level-headedness; but do give me credit for being a bit more conservative. For example, my living expenses here have averaged twenty-five dollars a month; and twenty of this sum goes for luxuries (food and a place to sleep). The necessities of life I forego, until such time as I shall hold the ample chair of dead and dying languages in

some unsuspecting institution. If you are interested in higher education send name and address and I shall mail you a sample in plain sealed package with no writing. (Gee Whiz! Did I ever write that particular piece of silliness to you before?)

Dr. Bloomfield, the professor of Sanskrit here, called me aside yesterday and informed me that Dr. Fay had written him a letter in my favor to be filed with the body of my credentials in re Rhodesy. The reverend Sanskritist told me that he had taken great pleasure in writing me a strong letter; but, he continued, he would give me the Sanskrit scholarship next session and the fellowship the following, if I returned here. I fear, however, that comparative philology, though interesting, in the way that "pigs in clover" and puzzles are interesting, has too much of the entrails of linguistics and too little of the heart to suit me fervid nachure. It was rather thoughtful, I think, of Dr. Fay in taking the initiative in this. I should never have asked Bloomfield myself for a "testimonial."

Captain is ailing with a bad case of cold and grippe. He came to my room a few nights ago swaddled in a massive overcoat (of a fancy grey stripe with the sportsman's crupper ahint), and his voice as it oozed through the foliage of his Van Dyke was deep and foggy. He is conscientiously saturating his system with rock and rye. Every day since the first of December has seen snow on the ground in Baltimore.

My experience in striving to correct the musty manuscripts of the ancients has been supplemented by an investigation of some of the "variant readings" in your own letter. When you speak of my "sapping my in-

jury" in a laundry and speak of friends "who could be induced to giggle at your regards," I at once reconstruct the text and read "energy" and "remarks." Then I draw the nice conclusion that many a poor old copyist of 900 A. D. toiled away at a transcription of Homer after he had corrected some hundreds of Latin exercises perpetrated by renascent youths, or who had on his mind the uneasiness that came from an ill wife. In other words, I see that you were tired out physically, and I recall very well how you used to peg away and grind in "our shell" long after your "injury" was "sopped." Really, I don't often feel free to warn a friend, because I am always in need of warnings myself; but I must say that I believe you are too conscientious in the matter of those themes. I shudder to think of what cumbrous thoughts my friend ——— must transfer from his oxen brain to paper. Be better to yourself and worse to those young butchers. I realize, though, that an uneasy conscience hurts worse than a tired body.

HARRY.

* In order of euphony, not rank.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

February 19, 1905.

Bedi:

I hope that you have not adjudged me either gritless or numb; for I am ever brave and enthusiastic. Several months ago I decided, definitely and calmly, that, although I could at times be delirious and call it happiness, be hypnotized and think it interest and work

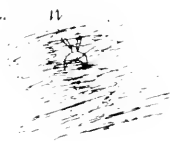
Baltimore, Md.,
1206 McChesnut St.

Bede:

I want to ask you just one question: Don't you really think that you and I can make a living together? Can't we live together and keep things going and get most out of 'life'? This matter of a living has to be considered, you know. I am inclined to think that we can do it - how remains to be seen; perhaps by "writing"? Tell me what you think in plain clanging English - can we pay for your work now? Harry.

Feb. 25, 1905.

> Errata. Use a capital L here.



Answer soon and definitely.

A letter to Bedichek

until I liked the habit, still I could never really at the fullness of life until you and I together kicked the bottom out and sallied forth. Don't forget this; for it is so true that it isn't even sentimental. With as little concern as if I were telling you that the reign of the Kornukopia was best of all, I tell you that, whenever the blue devils spit (and they do it a lot of late), my surest way of getting peace of mind is to promise myself to go to you and thence. It is really not recklessness; but I get weary here so often.

Isn't it rot? But isn't it so? HARRY.

P. S.—I'm out of the laundry.

Have I told you my scheme to establish a profession, whose members will "kill ambition" for those who suffer? just as dentists kill the nerves of aching teeth.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

February 25, 1905.

Bedi:

I want to ask you just one question: Don't you really think that you and I can make a living together? Can't we live together and keep things going and "get most out of life"? * This matter of a living has to be considered, you know. *I'm* inclined to think that we can do it—how remains to be seen; perhaps by writing? ** Tell me what *you* think. In plain clammy English—can we pay for grub with work? HARRY.

* *Errata:* Use a capital L here.

** *Errata:* Use a capital W here.

Answer soon and definitely.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 5, 1905.

My dear Edgar: *

If you are a friend of mine—and you are about the staunchest one I ever had—you will help me. I need it more than ever before in my life. To begin with, you must keep the contents of this letter in the strictest confidence.

Because my suspense is so great and my mind so on the rack, I am going to throw considerations of pride to the winds and talk straight from the shoulder. ——— will not write me. I swear to you that I do not know what I have done. I have tried every manly means and many grovelling ones to induce her to write me. It is now practically two weeks since her last letter came. Since that time I have wired her once and asked her earnestly, in several notes, at least to give me some reason. Edgar, I have been a different man since you last saw me. Nobody has lived a purer or a cleaner life. My lot here has been a dreary one; and the loneliness has possibly made me write so gloomily to her that she has grown disgusted. If she no longer cares for me, I will have no hard words nor bitter thoughts; but all I ask is a frank statement. You will see how deeply this has hurt me when you realize that even this long period of neglect has aroused in me no injured pride but a genuine heartache. My sacrifices, made gladly to enable me to stay here, the careful work I have done, the habits I have managed to maintain in the face of more temptations than you

* E. E. Witt, Waco.

dream of, all seem so useless now. Her separation from me did not stop her influence. You know me thoroughly; and, when you realize that a year ago every disappointment found me drunk and that even now, with this trouble heavy on me, nothing could induce me to yield to that old devil of those days, you will see how sincerely I write this to you. I have gloried in her popularity and been proud that she has had many friends. She has made sacrifices for me and I have appreciated them. Don't you think that, no matter who I am or what I have done, I deserve at least something definite from her? I want you to ascertain from her the state of affairs, without telling her I have written you; for she has received several appeals of this sort. In your position as a friend to us both, I believe you can influence her to be frank with me. In refusing to give me any sign, Edgar, she is considering me a boy; while, of all people, I want to be manly concerning her. Pewee, help me, won't you? *Wire* me something definite as soon as you have talked to her. I care so much for her that I will grovel to get her back; and you know I don't as a rule grovel! My work is going to hell under this strain; and I *must* know what to expect. My prospects here are good. I have the scholarship promised me next year. I *must* get mental relief.

Pewee, tell her that I am an impulsive fool; and that my letters never mean what I would have them mean. You know my heart is right. You have always said so. If you will help me now, you will never have cause to regret it. Don't, Pewee, by any inadvertence, divulge my confidences to a soul. Induce her to tell you the truth. I'm trying not to be des-

perate. If this will only come out fortunately, I'll never give her cause to be hurt at me again; but, no matter how matters stand, I *must* know the truth.

HARRY.

March 6, 1905.

My dear Edgar:

In looking over some of my stuff, I find a picture of Sims White. I have criminally neglected having it "hung" in the Chapter House. When it comes to you (I'll send it in a few days), will you please see that it gets its place?

There is nothing to add to my letter of yesterday; except that, in view of your good letter of a few days since, I feel that I must tell you that life here has been lonely for me because I chose to make it so. I realize full well that, with few exceptions, the friends of "Texas days" will be my only real ones. Socially, in a perfunctory way, I go out some. I play billiards at the Hopkins Club, go to see a fine play from time to time, and occasionally venture out to dinner. Your sympathy for me was so genuine that I feel it my duty to tell you that doubtless my longing for the flesh-pots of Austin has given you an exaggerated idea of my life here.

Love to Gwynne.

Please do what you can to secure me some sort of a basis for action in re yesterday's letter.

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 15, 1905.

MR. EDWARD CRANE,
2304 San Antonio Street,
Austin, Texas.

My dear Edduardo:

Perhaps my recent scrappy notes have been the occasion for much speculating on your part. The fact is that I have long intended writing you at length; but, what with the insidious effects of this lazy spring weather and an overtopping load of work, my resolution has merely puffed out in these little epistles—like a steam engine that wants to go but has slipped a belt or contracted asthma.

. . . Imagine the silliness of mind and the idiotic grin that wreathed me phiz when I learned this. Imagine how ludicrous my anxiety seemed in retrospection. Ah, Eddard, we ardent souls are far too fervid for our own happiness. Would that we were numb, with the blood of serpents in our veins! Believe me, I am ridiculing myself, and I find it great fun.

The Rhodes scholarship will doubtless flirt in some other direction than mine; but so be it! Bloomfield gives me the Sanskrit scholarship here next year, and the fellowship for the session thereafter. So, you see, unless the fever of unrest proves my undoing, the rest of my graduate work that separates me from that Ph.D. degree seems assured. I intimated to you in my last spasmodic utterance that a wee bit of a bright cloud

had appeared on my horizon; but I say now, as then, more of this anon. If I do not see you at Commencement, I shall certainly see you, either at my home or at yours during the summer: and then the harrowing details will be forthcoming. I have an opportunity to go abroad for a part of the summer; and, unless the health of my mother and father forbids, I am sorely tempted to seize it. It will give me great chances to pick up a few foreign tongues.

Enough of "big I and little you." What are your plans? Does this year really mean the close of your career at the University of Texas? Old Boy, I don't want to be Job's comforter; but, no matter how desolate things have been at times in old "Texas," there will come many a day when you will yearn even unto pain and heartache for the fleshpots that were and are not. I am by nature sentimental; and so, I think, are you, with more self-control; but, though for my own physical and mental welfare, I stifle in large part the memories that I have, still there comes times when I feel that I would gladly give up work, ambition, prospects, all, just to be once more among congenial associates and associations. Many a time my memory reverts to those old rooms in B. Hall, where Roy and Emmett and Deck, and Joe B., the hairy, and you and I fit and bled and died so many times. If I come to Austin in June, nothing will disappoint me so much as the failure of that crowd to reunite. Have you taken any steps toward securing the presence of them all? You stated in a recent letter that it appealed to you and that you would work it up. It's worth it. We

fellows have been too close to each other to allow mere matters of time and space to carry us drifting away, and apart. (By the way, this is not a gloomy letter.) My spirits are good. Life here is pleasanter than it has ever been; but I realize that my time for making friends is gone by. You know, I don't believe there is a fellow in the world who craves friendship as intensely as I. That is why I resist with all my might the natural inclinations to become only subconscious of past ties.

. . . Seriously, I hope your mental flavor is sweet, and that you are as cheerful as an intelligent man can be. Only stupid clowns can be happy all the while. Imagine how uniform must be the bliss of a grub-worm! The tumble-bug, even, knows what bitter disappointment means, when an adverse obstacle sends rolling back the precious globe advanced with such painstaking effort. I knew several tumble-bugs when I was in the University and several grub-worms, too. You were right when, in a recent letter, you swore that no wise man would ever be happy, all the while. Heaven high and hell deep; but never ride the see-saw when it is at its middle. Ride the waves of bliss unto the very mountain's top; sink on the leaden horse of gloom far beneath the pits of Tartarus; but, never, O NEVER, stop at the half-way house.

Do you locate in Dallas next year? I take it for granted that you do. Seriously, you are going to do great things. You are going to tend to business, you are going to forge ahead. I've told you before that I was a prophet. Wait and see. I'm rather philosoph-

ical concerning my own future; but there are a few people in the world for whom I care and who care for me; and for these I exercise my powers of augury. Bedi will die a discontented genius, gloomy, brilliant, pessimistic to the last; you will use your talents to do things and to handle people and to reason to fine advantage, and the days of your dissatisfaction will appear but the vague shadows of dreamland. Twenty-five cents, please. Next! Fortunes told! ! ! !

Let me chuck that strain. It almost exhausted me. Emmett McInnis has done me several good turns of late. My heart warms to him. His long silence had for a while made me begin to knock him gently in me mind.

Don't forget to secure for me the *Cactus* which I have asked of you. I wish to have it bound in Baltimore. . . .

Are the Goo Roos flourishing? Will they have a to-do during Commencement? Investigate this. I see that "Mogul" is now one of the mystic brethren and I want to extend to him the right paw of fellowship. . . .

But perhaps you think I am preparing a tub of taffy for you to wallow in. . . . Write me, and, Ed, it will always do me good if you will feel absolutely free to write me straight from the shoulder, either about yourself or about myself. Whatever you think is for my good, tell me. You know you could not offend. Gee Whiz! That sounds mysterious doesn't it?

Sincerely thine,

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 17, 1905.

Dear Edgar:

Damn good advice, and your head is clear. I don't know much about females, in spite of the idiocy to which they have at times forced me. The effect of the associations which you mention has been realized, since long ago, by me. In fact, when she first began to room with ——— is the date for the new "régime." I'm too damned impulsive to be systematic, I fear, in such affairs; but I shall try. I believe you have done me much good. You don't know how I deplore to see ——— influenced by those cold, politic creatures. I thank you from my heart.

This morning's mail brought me notice from Texas of my election to Phi Beta Kappa. I am glad that this has happened. To be a Phi Beta Kappa is accounted some distinction in the world of scholarship. My name had been presented for election to the Hopkins Chapter; but I am especially glad to have made the organization at my *alma mater*. It never occurred to me, though, until this morning's notice, that elections to it were ever retroactive.

My heart, and \$7.50 went out to P. T. Miller for the considerate way in which he dunned. If I can ever recognize the value of money, both to myself and to those who have advanced me loans, I feel that my renaissance is complete.

Help me all you can in your tactful way. I approve

of all you have done. Drat it! Leaving aside all of my own personal feelings, it hurts me awfully to realize that —— is on the verge of allowing her sincerity to be warped by her girl friends. It is not, as you say, at all like her. She has served as a paper weight to keep my sheets from flying in the wind; and the one quality which I have always admired most in her is her loyalty to friends and her freedom from policy. The knowledge that she has been thus influenced has spoiled the symmetry of her personality for me, and I can only hope that she is elastic enough to rebound into shape again. Perhaps she would appreciate being told that I compared her to a rubber band!

Give me the compass, whenever you think I'm losing my directions.

Tell me of Leslie. I have a particular idea in wishing to know something of him. Don't neglect this in your next letter. Give me some notion of what sort of a fellow he is, in his personality, his work, his associations, his attitudes.

"Rot" characterizes well much of the slop you threw on me. Damn it! I'm over the puppy love stage. It is not right for a girl to effect my ways of living and thinking and my plans and ambitions, unless she can give me something more than admiration and a studied, second-hand indifference. Hereafter, I think I shall resort to your ability to keep confidences and gush on you. Such a vent will save "grovelling."

Love to Gwynnynynynynneeyenene.

HARRY.

1206 McCULLOCH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MR. DEXTER DUAL HAMILTON,
Corsicana, Texas.

My dear old Deck:

Is it really so? I am afraid it is not, so I won't allow myself too much latitude. However, if you really have gone and inflicted yourself on another, for weal or woe, veal or ham, for batter or for wurst, let me try to be the first to bless you. Man is a useless animal by himself; and, if there was ever a mixture of heaven and hell, dark and bright, wit and pathos, buttermilk and champagne, I guess you are IT. If you haven't married, be sure to do it by to-morrow night. It's all that will save you.

I won't allow myself to write any more until I have heard from you. My correspondent at Austin has just written me that Hadrian Pule had 'phoned her that you were wedded. Be sure to let me know; and, if the rumor is true (I hope it is), I want to send your wife a letter of condolence and you a pæan of victory, thanksgiving, San Jacinto Day, Emancipation and all those things highly symbolical of everything that is and is not and won't and can't and would if it shouldn't. You know what I mean? Then, for Jacoby's sake, write and tell me. I've forgotten.

Yours as ever,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS, April 23, 1905.

Dear Edith: *

Your good note brought back to me many a memory of mud-pies, "pokeberry ink" and "playing house." Since my return here from Johns Hopkins, my mother and I have talked long and often about those dear old days in Memphis.

How does it feel to be a Vassar girl? Until you were revealed, I never knew one. On reading your note, my first thought was pleasure at your remembering your old comrade and my next was a certain pride in realizing that I numbered now a Vassarite on my "calling list."

I am a dull old grind of a student in dead—and dying—languages. What are you? In view of old, old times, can't you write me something of how the years have gone for you since we were "infants" together? Then, if you will listen, I will tell you the story of me sad little life.

Out of all my old playmates, you and your sister alone have remembered me. My mother and father send their best wishes. My sister is married.

Sincerely yours,
HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS, June 9, 1905.

Dear Edith:

It was with genuine pleasure that I, and the rest of us as well, read your letter. It was good to know, too, that you were enjoying the undoubted blessing of a

* Miss Edith Lee Collier of Memphis, Tennessee, a cousin.

career at Vassar. I have been through the undergraduate course of a co-educational institution (The University of Texas); and it is strange to me how any girl can prefer this to a college where she is an independent ruler instead of being—well, instead of being what a “co-educational” girl *is* in a co-educational college.

You ask for something of my “past.” I graduated here at the Bonham (City) High School in May, 1897, being then fifteen years of age. I entered the University of Texas the following September. From then on, I alternated my attendance at college with teaching Latin in—first—the Mineola (Texas) High School and—second—the Bonham High School. One year, too, I was Fellow in Greek and Latin at the University of Texas. I was also Editor-in-chief of the *Cactus*, the college annual.

One year I spent in graduate work at Johns Hopkins University under Gildersleeve (Greek), Bloomfield (Sanskrit), and Kirby Smith (Latin).

Enough, now, of these mighty achievements. The pleasure of rediscovering you is enhanced by the community of interests we seem to have. I wonder if our linguistic learnings made us sympathetic in our mud-pie days!

I leave here within a week now, for a summer’s study in Germany, in or around Bonn, Heidelberg and Zena—with tramps through the country from time to time. I have a companion who is sure to be congenial. Bender is his name. He is a Hopkins man, a Sanskritist, of my age, and, by chance, a fratmate. Do not get the impression, however, that Sanskrit or Comparative

Philology has ensnared me. They are interesting only as puzzles. My love for the classics is, like yours, for the living spirit of the ancient literatures and peoples. Aristophanes is my pet. I have already imposed on that worthy ancient's sense of humour by writing, for M.A. work, a metrical translation of his *Vespæ*. Oh, but it is a fiercely "poetical" work!

"Confidentially," I love the work. I love these old fellows, from Homer to Lucian, from Ennius to Pliny; and it rankles to see the fever for sciences burning up the interest in humanistic studies. I hope that my sojourn in Balliol College at Oxford, will make an inspired prophet of me. Surely the atmosphere there is classical enough.

I was not fortunate enough to get to see the *Ajax* as presented in New York. It was a treat, I know; and I hope it will be my luck to witness something of the sort some day.

Will you not, from time to time, be as chatty with me as I have been and tell me of your life and your work at Vassar? I shall send you, during the summer, my German address.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.



CHAPTER III

IN GERMANY

"I was never more uniformly cheerful in my life. I am disgustingly, offensively, monotonously happy." These words are taken from a letter of Steger's to his sister, Mrs. Rodgers, dated September 28, 1905, after he had spent a summer in Bonn, Germany, prior to taking up his first year's work as a Cecil Rhodes scholar in Oxford University. The tone of all the letters he wrote while making his headquarters at Bonn, is different from those written while he was studying at Johns Hopkins. That year, while evidently a busy one and one in which he made substantial progress as a student, was doubtless very unhappy. It was the first year he had ever spent away from Texas; the climate oppressed him; he missed his Texas friends; he suffered bitter disappointment because he had not been selected as the first Rhodes scholar, through his creation of what he termed a "\$4,500 joke." Moreover, his purse was lean, and Steger always resented a lean purse.

Shortly before he left the Hopkins, however, he received the appointment to Oxford. This appointment gave him financial independence through \$1,500 a year; enough, as he thought, to pay his expenses in college and at the time afford him opportunity to travel

in Europe during the vacation periods. At this period of his life he planned to become a college teacher. The prospect of studying for three years under such favorable advantages at a great English center of culture stirred his imagination. He came home from Baltimore, spent a while at Bonham with his parents, and then sailed late in June for Bremen. From Bremen he went with two college acquaintances to Bonn in order to live where only the German language was spoken, and thus acquire a speaking knowledge of a language with whose literature he already had some acquaintance. The letters that follow give an account of his experiences during the next three months. Again we find him making friends; again his letters sparkle with the comment of a virile young mind; he is seeing Europe for the first time and through the eyes of eager, impetuous, gifted youth. The chronicles of his impressions were most often sent to his parents, for Steger was always afraid his friends would accuse him of strutting.

July 4, 1905.

(On board steamer: first trip to Oxford.)

My dear Folks:

We are just about to land, and I am going to write you something of a letter now, to be followed, of course, by another when I get settled at Bonn. The trip has been glorious. Not a day has the sea been at all rough. Although several (thirty or forty) have been sea-sick, neither Fight nor Bender nor I have been sick for a second. The table fare has been fine; and



With a friend and son



Steger and Bender on top of the Bismarck tower, one of the Rhine lookout stations



Steger, Alexander Cowie, and another friend at Carlsbad

the fine sea-air has kept me ravenous. There have been beautiful sunsets. We have passed scores of big ocean liners; we have been out of sight of land twelve days; we have seen whales; we have seen enormous icebergs (two of them weighing over two million tons); porpoises; sail boats; lighthouses. The coast of France, the cliffs of Dover, the Isle of Wight, the English war fleet; we have had dances on board; we have seen the phosphorescent sea. It has been my most delightful week. There are over twenty college professors and graduate students on board. Yesterday was the Captain's Dinner. None of the officers and employees on board speak English, save for a few phrases. I have, consequently, been enabled, perforce, to learn more German than otherwise. In fact, I can ask for anything I want now. By the end of my summer I shall be able, beyond a doubt, to speak German with ease.

Within six hours we shall be in Bremerhaven; and Bremen is an hour and a half from there. This is the glorious Fourth of July. We shall spend to-night and to-morrow in Bremen and then on to Bonn. Bonn is on the Rhine, only 15 miles from Cologne—right along the most beautiful section of the river. I hope to be able to write you an interesting letter within a week. Be sure to write as often as you can. Postal rates for letters are 5 cts. for $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 10 cts. for $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 oz.; for papers, 5 cts. an oz.

I am having absolutely no difficulty concerning my baggage. I shall leave the big trunk in Bremerhaven. We will be pretty stationary all summer. I *know* I'll be able to speak the language soon. These two weeks

on this German vessel have been fine. Show this scrawl to Sister.

Yours,

HARRY.

BONN AM RHEIN, Sunday.

Dear Folks:

I shall begin at the beginning and tell you all there is to tell. You know, of course, at the outset, that we are not flying from north pole to south, "seeing Europe in thirty days" nor doing any of the stunts of conventional tourists. We are more or less stationary here in Bonn. The beautiful and famous old city of Koln (Cologne) is only a few miles away. Bonn itself is a beautiful old town of, say, 70,000 people, delightfully situated on the River Rhein. Here is the "swellest" of the great German universities. The buildings are immense and sculpture (as is ever the case—almost—on fences in Germany) abounds. The main building was earlier a castle and, as we walk along the scenic bank of the river and look up, old moss-covered towers and walls loom far, far above us, while the threatening muzzle of a long since obsolete cannon may occasionally be seen projecting peacefully through a luxurious wall-growth of beautiful purple and crimson flowers. I would say that, to me, the strongest German characteristic was a passion to make things look home-like. I believe that if you should put a German alone out in space with a bathtub of dirt he would, in three months, have that tub of a truly antique appearance and, too, he could grow, in addition to his geraniums, enough cabbage and grapes to maintain himself. The

farms are, of necessity, little (for Germany, though smaller in acreage than Texas, has over fifteen times as many people as the Lone Star State); and to see an estate of some ten acres, yielding a variety of fruits and vegetables and grain, divided into plots as precisely as a checkerboard and of more diversity in colors than a checkerboard, is a sight that at first amuses the eye but later compels admiration for the only people in the world that know how to be thrifty and yet can always have the cozy things of life. This has surprised me. An evening's stroll through any German town will show concert garden after concert garden crowded with men, women and children. What are they doing? They are drinking beer and enjoying classical music! There is less disturbance, less noise, however, than in the average hotel lobby in America.

Polite! The Germans are so polite that at times it wears on a nephew of Uncle Sam. If you ask any German anything on the street, he is sure to stop, bow, remove his hat, give you, *in toto*, if he can, all the information for which you have asked, to bid you good-day and leave you, an astounded Yankee, with your mouth open. They all seem to have plenty of time and plenty—just about enough—of money. There is no rush, no hurry, no worry.

Many are the tales we all have heard about Germans and their beer. These tales are not exaggerated. The beer, of course, is not the injurious stuff that has made Milwaukee famous; for German Lager contains but little alcohol. Another thing that strikes one on coming here is the universality of the mustache. Here in Bonn, although we have probably seen ten thousand

different people, we have by actual count seen only five men without mustaches. Some of them are poor little, emaciated fuzzy affairs that seem reluctant and coy; but the shrubbery is on every lip.

The luxuries of life here are very, very cheap; the necessities some of them, very, very dear. Fine cigars—cigars that taste better than any of our standard “ten centers”—are everywhere sold for eight and ten pfennige (that is, about 3 cts. each at the most). Fine luscious grapes are 3 cents a lb. Pure Rhein wine is sold on every corner for 12 cents a bottle; a shave in a barber shop costs you 3 cents; a tailor-made suit, of first quality, about ten dollars. Read this letter and let Sister and Robert have it. I am going to write them soon and show them how cheaply they can spend the summer in Germany.

Dogs here are much used as draft-animals. They draw the milk-and-fruit-vendors' wagons; and often the vehicles are large and cumbrous and heavy; but the dogs all seem fine and strong and willing. It is a curious sight. The weather is, though natives say warmer than usual for the season of the year, on the whole very pleasant. Little showers of rain are liable, however, at any minute.

Our quarters here in Bonn could not be more delightful. We rent three rooms (2 bed—and one sitting—) from Herr Kube, an official of the city. He has no other outsiders in his house. We have breakfast together (we three) in our sitting-room at 7:30; at 8 Herr Kube comes in and we talk German for an hour. He knows absolutely no English. I can already, without difficulty, make myself pretty well understood.

We are very, very lucky in chancing upon these people. Bender, and his active canvass before we came across, are to be thanked. Our midday and evening meals we take at different places. We have moved about some, as you now know; for I have sent you cards each time.

The cablegram announcing our safe landing reached you before we landed! Doesn't that sound creepy? You see, we landed at 5 o'clock; and sent the cable at once—but in America, when it is 5 o'clock here, it is six hours earlier—and so our cable reached Mr. Bender at Martinsburg, W. Va., about 4 o'clock. We had arranged before leaving Baltimore, by the way, to send only this one cable, to save expense.

The man to whom the Johns Hopkins' debt is payable is T. R. Ball, Registrar. I never heard of the lunatic whose name was signed to the mathematical screed Dad sent to my ship in Baltimore.

The city of Bonn has several fine orchestral bands. In fact, there has scarcely been a minute here when we haven't heard music of some sort. As you may have noticed, I am devoting most of my time to the people. Later on, I shall see their castles and their ruins. Right now, in order to get the feel of the language, I am trying to absorb the spirit of the people, to understand why they are all so cozy, so courteous, so slow and sure, so care-free, so quiet, so sturdy, so philosophical, so sanely sentimental, such lovers of home and country, but with a patriotism that is neither blatant nor bragging. But, still, it is easy to see that, when it comes to doing things, the American is on top, yelling for more room!

Write me a long letter, long letters, tell me how you all are, ask me any questions concerning my impressions and I will gladly do my best. This plan of ours to move only over a small area is an excellent one—costing less and giving you more in the end. I have seen the world-famous old cathedral at Cologne, begun in 1268 and finished in 1882. Hereafter I shall write, unless on the move, every Sunday; of course post cards will come, too, from time to time.

Yours affectionately,

HARRY.

BONN, GERMANY, August 6, 1905.

My dear Folks:

This is my third letter to you since I reached Bonn. I mention this, for foreign mails are more or less irregular and unreliable. For instance, until your last letter came, over two weeks had passed since I had heard from you.

Here on the Rhine almost everything is Catholic. I have already told you of my visit to the world famous Cathedral at Cologne, which was begun in 1268 and finished toward the end of the 19th century. It is a colossal pile, and even its exterior stones all show careful and minute hand-carving. When you enter the gigantic structure and walk through the long, broad corridors, a wave of cold, musty air strikes you. It strikes you as a draught from the grave. Here and there, every fifty feet or so, shining dimly in the ghostly dark, are candled shrines. The odds are that every shrine will show you several penitents seeking forgive-

ness at the feet of Mary's statue; and, if you watch these folk as they leave the Cathedral, you will see them all dip their fingers in one of the many bowls of holy water that deck the exit—water that may be full of germs, tadpoles, and grosser impurities, but water that has been blessed by a priest and so is holy.

Last week we climbed the Kreuzberg, a small mountain here, and wandered through a graveyard, where Schumann, the great composer, is buried, where Beethoven, Schiller's wife and child all sleep. Then, going further up the mountain, we came to a monastery, surrounded by a high wall, and around the outside of this wall there wound a long road, which is fashioned to represent Christ's journey to the place of his Crucifixion. The path winds in and out; at stated intervals, the wayfarer comes to a representation, in stone sculpture, of some stage in Christ's journey; and, if the wayfarer is a devout Catholic, he removes his hat, kneels, crosses himself and says a Pater Noster at each of these beautiful altars. Following this sinuous road, you come to a high marble shaft, which toward the bottom is perhaps twenty feet deep. On the sides of this vault (for vault it is) appears the following legend: "Here lies a collection of bones of six different holy Saints, and they have marvelous curative faculties: Saint Eugenius, mighty against diseases of the eye; St. Blasius, mighty against strange fancies and hallucinations; St. Donatus, mighty against storms and tempests; St. Christophorus, mighty against ills of the stomach; St. Coelestinus, a mighty champion of God; and St. Victor, also God's mighty helper." The inscription is in Latin.

A few days ago, while walking about the streets of Bonn, I noticed that, on one thoroughfare in the district of little shops, there were hundreds of gaily coloured, small flags swinging in the breeze. It seemed surely that something unusual was happening—a German fourth of July or the approach of the Emperor; but, on questioning a kindly old German whom I chanced to meet, I learned that one of the inhabitants of the street had been to the day, fifty years in marriage; and, according to the custom of the folk of Bonn, his neighbors were celebrating the day. Because Germany as a nation is very young, and because for years her larger cities were independencies, it often happens that what is customary in one place is unusual in another only a few miles distant; and what I have just described is peculiar to Bonn am Rhein.

I got the books, of which J. B. Edwards wrote, when I was in Baltimore. The dentist bill of Dr. F. C. Allen for \$14.00 is O. K. I shall answer the letter from the Phi of Salina, Kansas. I have been looking for those papers giving the particulars of President Prather's death. Yes, send me some of those pictures developed by Trimble. I shall take up residence in Oxford on the first of October, twelve days before the term begins. My college has just written and given me permission. I rec'd Chas. Henry Collier's letter; also Frank Holland's letters and the document from Wilson. You should see my long, German pipe—of ebony, inlaid with mother of pearl. Such things cost only a trifle here. The pipe is four feet long. I owe the Review of Reviews, I should estimate, \$4.50 or \$5.00, payable 50c. a month. Write to Ed. T. Mil-

ler, at Weatherford (mark the letter "Please Forward") and ask him where you can get a copy of the Phi Delta Theta Scroll containing a notice of my appointment as Rhodes Scholar; that is, if you care to see it. Send me home papers from time to time. Have Roberts and Sister actually settled in Wichita Falls? I shall write there soon. Give Uncle Ed my love. I shall let him hear from me in the near future. Write regularly. I shall do likewise. Be sure you put enough postage on the letter; for, if you don't, I have to pay double the entire amount. Who is your cook?

With a heart full of love for both of you,

Affectionately,

HARRY.

BONN AM RHEIN,
WEIL STRASSE 4, GERMANY,
August 10, 1905.

My dear Mr. Thurmond:

I scarcely know whence to begin. A letter to you has been in my mind for some time; but I have been unwilling to write you a tyro's impressions before even the slightest smudge was made on the tyro's coat of greenness.

My object in coming over here has been in part realized. By constant intermingling with whatever Germans I can, I have trained my ear to catch their "mouthful" sounds, and a slight appreciation of their idiom has, I think, come to me; but a highly inflected language, like German, is a *bête noir* to one whose mother tongue is well nigh shorn of inflectional changes.

Viewed from a practical point, my summer has, to say the least, already given me sufficient oral command of German to render it an easy matter for me to get whatever I wish, to go whither I will! Fluency comes later, if it comes. What a chasm there is between the power to read and the power to speak a language. The one is logical, the other "feeling"—*Sprachgefühl*, in the sturdy Teuton's own cumbrous compound.

The German people are universally easy of approach. On their courtesy—genuine front-porch-have-a-seat-won't-you-smoke-courtesy—they pride themselves most. Of the thousands of questions I have asked on the streets, of total strangers, none has been answered shortly nor gruffly. Invariably, if I do not seem to understand, for example, the instructions given me for reaching a street I seek, my informant offers to accompany me a short distance until I am oriented. "The Germans are all—*gemütlich*" so say all the Germans all the time. "*Gemütlich*" I find impossible of translation. An instance: This morning I was walking, via the Rhein Bridge at Bonn, to Hangelor, a little village some six miles distant. A German friend of mine, whom I have been fortunate enough to acquire, was with me. (He is, by the way, an evangelical minister and knows no word of English.) Presently there passed us a carriage, containing an elderly man and a boy. My friend yelled out: "Are you going to Hangelor?" "Yes," the man replied, "come get in." I, of course, supposed Kube (my comrade) had thus accidentally fallen in with an old and intimate friend. Imagine my surprise on learning, after we had reached our destination and gotten out of the carriage, that

Kube had never seen the man before. To my natural questions he replied, astounded somewhat at my astonishment, that it was a universal custom for pedestrians thus to make known their desire to ride, if a vehicle affording seats came their way, and that no man thought of refusing the request, if he were faring in the same direction. Another instance: The other day, in my rambles about Bonn I came upon a narrow, little street, where small shops abound; and overhead, strung across from windows on the right side to windows on the left, were hundreds of little, multi-coloured flags. Thus the entire street-length was adorned. The inevitable "gemütlich" German told me that Herr Schafgans, a merchant of the street, was that day celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage; and that, in accordance with an ancient tradition of Bonn, his friends and fellow-merchants were joining in these rather spectacular felicitations.

So much for "Gemütlichkeit." They live easier than we Americans. No feverish worry seems to make their beer bitter. They are a queer combination—phlegmatic, in some ways stolid, always ecstatic over the eternal greatness of their government. Mind you—their deliria of patriotism come rather from admiration of their *government* than from admiration of their *governor*. The Kaiser, many of them say, talks too much; but that he sees and seizes opportunities they all agree. "Is the Kaiser a better man than you?" I asked a policeman the other day. (Oh, I've acquired brass!) "Yes," came back my answer from out the eaves of a ten pound helmet, "He is, as *Kaiser*, for God has willed to him the emperorship of Germany.

Personally, he and I are both men.” He then went on to tell me that America was too free. I gave him a 2-cent cigar (the best to be had and fine) and he told me a great lot; how government ownership of railroads, of the express business, of the telegraph, of coal mines, or numerous other industries protected the people from trusts. “Troosts” he called them, and they seemed fearful monsters to his consciousness. He was intelligent and posted; for more and more thorough compulsory education has no country than Germany. The government stands, you see, not as a ruler but as a protector. For instance: Herr Kube has a maid-servant. The government holds him responsible for her health. If she falls ill during her term of employment, he has to bear the expenses incident thereto; “but” says the state, “pay us ten cents a month and we will insure you against such contingencies.” So every employer does. A blank book is furnished by the administration; each week a stamp (representing a per cent of the servant’s salary) is pasted in; and all goes as merrily as a wedding bell—which isn’t quoted correctly, but I have neither knife nor ink eraser.

Government ownership of railroads seems to me a blessing here. Service is fine. The rolling stock is, of course, ridiculously inferior to ours; but distances are so short that heavily ballasted cars and elaborately equipped long through-trains are not needed.

Here you encounter most the grating, biting system of classes. Every train (with few exceptions) has first, second, third and fourth class compartments. None save a noble-blooded *personage*, or perhaps a vulgarly rich *person* intent on display, goes first-class;

all the better class of Germans, all tourists, travel "second"; except, for short distances, when men are alone, they travel "third"; workmen, laborers, nurses, hired women travel "fourth." In the depots (which, by the way, are buildings, even in the smaller villages, of remarkably beautiful architecture and enormous) are always separate waiting-rooms for the separated "classes"! Transportation, for persons, is very cheap; for baggage, very dear.

Here on the Rhein is almost everything Catholic. I wrote Charlie something of a lot of holy bones that cured everything from fits to sore eyes. To see, in Cologne, that grand mass, that magnificent cathedral, with its hundreds of years of history and accumulation of treasures of art and of gold, does not tend to make me a Romanist. Poor old market women, bowed double with work, with hands all hard and gnarled, toothless, wavering in step, come in and pray to the blood spots on the *stone* feet of Jesus, and to the Holy Mary most of all, for forgiveness, pay their money that represents the sap of their life, cross themselves, "genuflect," dabble their priest-blessed hands in holy water, go away believing that the stone image of Christ on the cross has helped them. Often on the streets here I come across a crucifix which, for economy's sake, shows only the feet and the hands of Jesus nailed through—a ghastly sight, for no other part of the body is there!

Let me chuck that strain. It's worrying me, this Catholicism, but I don't guess I'm worrying it, anyhow. Seventy per cent of the Rhein Province is Catholic. There are three old nunneries and four monas-

teries within eight miles of Bonn. Luxuries of life are cheap; necessities, dear. A much better cigar than you can get at home for ten cents costs only two or three cents here; the finest Rhein wine can be had for twenty cents a quart. Grapes, large, luscious grapes, are cheap as dirt; especially here, for this is the famous grape country of the Rhein.

Although I have seen scenery as fair as eye could crave and old medieval towers that overtop the Rhein and mountains with castles and ruins, I have with greatest pleasure observed the people. "Oh, America is the dump-pile for Germany"—this is almost a frozen phrase—"No good German ever leaves Germany; if he were good, he would stay here." "If war with England should come, I would be in soldier's uniform within twenty-four hours." "France is not going to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire"—all of these are declarations I hear on every side. The restaurants are full of this uneasy talk about England. If you want me to, in my next letter I will tell you something of what I have heard in a popular way; for it reveals, to me at least, that the Germans are rather insular themselves.

How goes your French? Tell Mrs. Thurmond I have a landscape for her which I shall endeavor to send across without encountering those dogs of Hades that stand guard in the New York Custom House.

I am just back from seeing the manœuvres of four thousand German cavalrymen, hussaren, and cuirassieren.

I want you to correspond with me as you did last year. Perhaps, I have told you nothing which you

have not read; but, to say the least, my observations are first-hand.

Sincerely,

HARRY.

WEIL STRASSE 4 (or Postlagernd),
BONN AM RHEIN, GERMANY.

August 14, 1905.

HERRN THOS. P. STEGER,
Bonham, Texas, U. S. A.

I am leaving for the famous town of Heidelberg. Dr. Bloomfield, whom you may remember as my Sanskrit professor in Johns Hopkins, found out my address and wrote me, cordially inviting me to meet him and his wife there for a few days. Bender and I shall go for eleven hours up the Rhein by boat as far as Mainz; thence I go to Heidelberg by rail.

HARRY.

WEIL STRASSE 4,
BONN AM RHEIN, GERMANY.

September 2, 1905.

My dear Folks:

The letters, one from dad and one from mither, with newspaper clippings reached me in due time; in fact, one letter came to me from Bonham in nine days. Those clippings are very interesting to me. The kodak pictures came, too. They are curiosities to my German acquaintances.

I am just back from a most delightful trip to Heidelberg. The Bloomfields are most charming and

they made my stay—of several days—as pleasant and interesting as it could possibly have been. Heidelberg is the Mecca of all tourists. It is a little, old, typically German town, of about 40,000 inhabitants, situated in the beautiful valley of the Neckar River. The streets are, of course, narrow; and many buildings, where merchant shops are housed, have hundreds of years of architecture and tradition to interest you. The old Heidelberg castle is, perhaps, the most interesting ruin in Germany. Its proportions are colossal; its history is full of live interest. Begun in the twelfth century, it was the house of the Palatine Electors. The assembly room is easily two hundred feet square; and the warrior's armor still adorns the wall. The old oven, larger than your and uncle Ed's offices together, was, in its immensity, a ludicrous sight to me. Down in the wine cellar is the world-famous Fass (or barrel), the largest in existence. The retainers and subjects of the petty princes, who held their revelries in this castle, paid their tax in wine; and this giant of casks, supplemented by others not so large, held the tribute. It contained, when full, fifty thousand gallons of wine; and, after putting a plank floor over it, dances were held on its "top-side." Standing by the barrel is a statue, in wood, and painted gaily, of Perkeo, the first cellar-master and the joker who by his wit attempted to while away the weary hours for his world-tired carousing masters. There is still to be seen here one of his mechanical devices. Outwardly it appears to be a clock, but, if you press a little spring, the door flies open with a bang and a long foxtail slaps you in the face.

Heidelberg University is the next attraction. Its buildings range in date from 1200 A. D. to the present time. Here in Germany, each university has its own courts of criminal and civil procedure and a student is subject to no other authority. No municipal policeman, for instance, can arrest a student of a German university. This necessitates a complete court apparatus, and, in such a scheme, a dungeon is necessary. The prison at Heidelberg is most picturesque. It is considered a lark to be incarcerated there, for they are given whatsoever they wish to eat and drink, whatever service they are willing to pay for, anything to read, or games to play, that they order; and chums are, at their request, put into the same room. The walls of these rooms are ludicrous sights. Not a half inch of space is free from painting in crude and gorgeous colors. Here is a caricature of some august and reverend university official. The cause of their *duress vile*, and a comically composed verse serve as the text; there is a sonnet, perhaps in German, possibly in Latin (and even occasional English verse), which the poor (?) prisoner has used to give vent to the pangs of his burdened, tortured soul. It was as good as a fine comedy, as good almost as the copies of *Puck* and *Judge* which you used to give me on Christmas. Bloomfield was very encouraging to me; and he spoke more than once of the future that he thought I had and even suggested that I keep my eye on Johns Hopkins as a place to land.

My money is lasting easily. I am, when I travel, traveling third or even fourth class (4th class you stand up in a car with the rest of the human drove);

but distances are so short that this is not unpleasant, and the expense is ridiculously small.

I am sorry that you were uneasy—as I suppose you were. Some cards evidently went wrong; for I have not neglected you so.

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Right here, your two letters came. If you are as glad to hear from me as I am from you, I guess I ought to write oftener; and I shall. The clippings were received. Nothing could be better for the University than Houston's election. I was afraid that politics would come in. With Houston as President and Mezes as Dean, *the* University, ought to make rapid strides.

Be careful about stamping your letter. It has happened once or twice that they were underpaid and then I have to wait for red tape to roll before I can get them. By the way, too, I have, in such cases, to pay *double* the entire amount of postage necessary.

The next letter you write me, after receiving this one, you had best address to me at Balliol College, Oxford, England. That will always be my permanent address during the next three years. I leave here for Oxford, via Paris perhaps and certainly via London, on about September 28 or 29.

I will keep you posted on my foot-tour along the Mosel.

HARRY.

BONN AM RHEIN,
WEIL STRASSE 4, GERMANY,
September 3, 1905.

My dear Folks:

You ought to see me. I have a traveller's pack. It slings over my shoulders and is wonderfully easy to carry. It contains: a small German dictionary, a toothbrush, a tube of powder, a bottle of listerine, four collars, six handkerchiefs, two shirts, suits of underclothes, three pairs of socks, my overcoat, a pipe, some tobacco—and, really it is easy to carry. In the morning—Monday, Sept. 4, 1905—Herr Kube (the German with whom I live), and I start for a tramp along the Mosel. Get an atlas and see how the Mosel river winds about. Its water-length is four times—almost—as great as the direct distance from mouth to source. We go from here to Coblenz by rail—fifty miles. My ticket there costs twenty cents and brings me *back* too, a round-trip! From Coblenz we go, after visiting Ehrenbreitstein, a picture of which is in mither's Rhein book, to Cochem. This is an old town built during the reign of August Cæsar and by that gentleman, too. There are old Roman bath-houses to be seen; but wait until I see it. I shall keep you posted every day, sending, I think, one view-card and one totally blank card written over to describe my trip.

I should have been telling you more about the Kubes (pronounced Ko'obey). There are, in the family, Otto (aged 12), Karl (aged 9), and Wilhelm (aged 3). There are no better people anywhere. They treat me as if I were one of them. At present,

my plan is to return here in December; for I fear that my German will fly from me if I am too long away from the people, and because money goes so much further here than in England. My \$1500.00, if the scholarship were in a German university, would be equivalent, at least, to \$5000.00! To return to the Kubes; this will put me here for a German Christmas, a thing of which I have always heard. Mr. and Mrs. Kube call me "Unser Sohn, den wir adoptiert haben"—"Our son, whom we have adopted." Don't flatter yourself, however, that all German is so easy as the above specimen. The German idiom is the hardest in the world. For two weeks now (since Bender and Light went to Italy), I have not spoken a single, solitary word of English, I have read nothing but German literature, papers, novels, everything; and, to my best of mind, it has been the greatest lark of my life-time. It is something of a strain, though; for I am studying the real language, the correct grammar, the differences of words, the details. I also am corresponding in German with two acquaintances. My letters home are my only vents for English.

Ask me questions. Write me. I enjoy the letters of both of you so.

The Kubes ask to be remembered. Here's the way he said it, though: "Empfehlen Sie uns an Ihre Eltern."

Good night. With lots of love,

HARRY.

Dad, thanks so much for having paid the J. Hopkins debt.

COBLENZ AM RHEIN,

September 4, 1905.

MR. THOS. P. STEGER,

Bonham, Texas.

(In Europäischer Hof Concert Hall, 9 P. M.) We came back from Ems this afternoon (2 hrs. for 8 cts.!) on the train. So many sick folks I hope I will never see again as were to-day at Ems. All sorts of people were walking about, all sour-faced and all carrying their little glasses out of which they drank the different spring waters as they passed the various springs. Architecturally, everything is grand, and on a royal scale. I stood on the spot where the Kaiser in 1870 declared war with France. This alone is fame. To-morrow we go to Cochem.

HARRY.

TRABEN-TRABACH AN DER MOSEL,

11:15 A. M., September 6, 1905.

We spent the night in Alf, on the Mosel, climbing up the Marien mountain about 7 P. M., eating our evening meal on its summit. A view-card thereof I sent mither yesterday. I suggest that you get a post-card album. It has occurred to me that in later years it will interest me, too, to see the cards. I'll fill it all right! From Alf we walked two hours over the mountains, among the wine plantations, to Reil (on the Mosel); and thence here by rail. We take dinner here and then walk ten miles to Berncastel. Walking is delightful—always through beautiful woods and the winding Mosel always in sight.

Of course, my German has an accent; but I'm always taken for a Dane, a Norwegian or a Hollander; as the accent seems to tend in that direction.

HARRY.

TRIER AN DER MOSEL,

9:30 P. M., September 7, 1905.

We reached here to-day at 4 o'clock, having walked, through the Mosel valley, about twenty miles. Walking here is not tiresome. There is ever a change of scenery. The roads and mountain paths are fine, and the climate exhilarates. The Germans walk all over their country. We were always in sight of the Mosel; "saw" Berncastel, and an old medieval dungeon, still full (at the bottom) with human bones, remains of prisoners thrown in by the old lords. This town, Trier, is about 1300 years older than Rome. The Porta Nigra an entrance which the Romans built about 50 A. D., still stands, an enormous gateway. I am to deliver a little spiel—in German—on "Texas, Niggers and Cotton," in Bonn, before the young men's club, a society of German university students, on September 24!!! Herr Kube sends some German regards.

HARRY.

BONN AM RHEIN, GERMANY.

September 16, 1905.

MR. ED. CRANE,

Dallas, Texas.

My dear Eddard:

The first thing you must do is to figure out that my appreciation of your letters is in reverse proportion

to my alacrity in answering them (for I, like you, do not count postal cards); and, then, taking a half-hitch on the murky curtains of the "imedjit pawst," realize that, last year, while *I* was serving my sentence in Baltimore, there were times when little Harry lugged the big end of the Crane-Steger business-rope.

Some advice from the globe-trotter: Come over here for a glimpse of the only people in the world who know how to live without working, to eat without digesting, to drink without getting drunk; but bear in mind that the apotheosis of the German is the Dachshund pup. Every typical German, by the time he is forty, bears a comically striking resemblance to the Dachshund; and that dog's array of abnormal and misfitted features is not exaggerated in our comic papers.

Living in Germany is ridiculously cheap. Your dollar has *at least* trebled in transit. The extra fine cigars that I smoke cost me two and three cents each; a four-course dinner in a first-class hotel, twenty-three cents. Fruit is plentiful, magnificent and cheap. Yes, I can truthfully say that I speak German. To this end have I devoted my energies constantly. My friend, Bender, who was earlier with me is now either in Italy or on the large pool; and, for the past month I have spoken no single word of English. Day before yesterday I came in from a ten days' tramp along the Mosel River; and my sole comrade was Herr Kube, a totally Englishless German with whom I live here in Bonn. To be sure, little Harry would hesitate, ere he entered into a discussion on *The Immortality of the Soul*, where German was the medium; but he would

hesitate, too, before wrangling with compatriots—wouldn't you?—where the same problem was the subject for quarreling.

The beautiful country along the Rhein I know very well; and the magnificent old castles have seen me plump twentieth century presence; but the windings of the Mosel have been most beautiful to me. The course of the river is so crooked that I have, after climbing a little mountain, seen the stream in all four directions; and, too, Eddard, there were seven little German villages in sight, nestling snugly in the winding valley. Heidelberg, too, was interesting. The old university, with its student-prison, made great sport for me. The Mosel country, however, is my favorite; for there the tourist's slimy track is not everywhere to be seen.

This summer has been an education to me. I have enjoyed seeing the new people as much as I have the new scenes. My life has been constantly full; and I, though in a country where beer takes the place of water, have not been full once! (Archaic joke, 8000 B. C.) When I go to Oxford, I shall have a typewriter and then I shall write you at length. Please let me hear from you regularly. Your letters always hit the spot with me. My permanent address from now on is Balliol College, Oxford, England; and the postal rates are somewhat higher! Don't soak me for "postage due!" (This letter is written in a German restaurant.)

Write me freely about yourself. This is the first letter I have written in over a week—no exceptions; and it is a poor effort. I send you a basket of fresh

and undying regards which you are to dispense among any of your old mates whom you encounter; and a Marconi-hug for your own self. Greetings to all of your folks, whom I shall always remember for their cordial treatment of me on my various pilgrimages to your wigwam.

HARRY.

BONN AM RHEIN,
WEIL STRASSE 4, DEUTSCHLAND,
September 23, 1905.

My dear Folks:

My trip along the Mosel was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I shall not soon forget those tramps through green forests, along beautifully wooded country roads, with the Mosel River winding all the while in plain view; and at every curve of its course, in every snug little valley, a German village nestling cozily before us.

We left Bonn, September 4 (as my Day-Book proclaims), at 7:09 A. M., with our sacks on our backs—the more or less detailed contests of which I have already imparted to you. At Coblenz, the confluence of the Rhein and the Mosel, we got out of the train. 'Twas then but 8:44 A. M. and we had the whole day before us. Coblenz, of itself, is too much of a central station for tourists to make it very interesting. We saw there, however, a colossal, magnificently built monument celebrating (as do ninety per cent of them) Germany's victory over France in 1870–1871. From this monument looking down, we saw where the Rhein

and the Mosel come together; and the waters are of such opposite hues that the division between the two rivers could not have been plainer separated by a ribbon.

Crossing the Rhein, over a boat-bridge—sort of pontoon affair—we went to visit the old medieval fort, Burg Ehrenstein, a gigantic pile of dirty, moss-covered stone that was not entirely demolished by the French and which is even to-day maintained by the German government as a regular fort. In fact, Herr Kube and I had to visit the different buildings under the supervision of an impressive, solemn, serious officer—a lieutenant in the German Army. His dignity, however, allowed him to accept “complimentary cigars.”

From Coblenz we went by electric car to Ahrenberg (in popular tradition known by the peasants there, as “Der Rote Hahn”—that is, “The Red Rooster”!) The trip thither on this electric line lasted thirty minutes and whizzed us past some landscapes that were not to be sniffed at. “The Red Rooster” is not much of a village; in fact, beyond a magnificent piece of Catholic property, there is nothing of especial interest: the old, old houses, however, always appeal to me. Here in Ahrenberg is a large bit of forest, through which, at certain times, the Catholics march, repeating in symbolism the journey of Christ with his cross to the place of crucifixion.

From Ahrenberg we went by foot nine miles (approximately) to Ems, the famous old bath, of which, I think, I have written you both, to “you all” and to “Sister” on a card. The tramp thither, however, was glorious. The entire distance seemed nothing. The

road was an automatic unfolding panorama; and, to descend to matters less sublime, there were luscious blackberries along the route; to which we added a good old German cheese sandwich with pickles and so dined royally. All along our Mosel tramps, by the way, we had plums and apples to satiety; for the hills are covered with fruit trees and, in Germany, any wayfarer is welcome to whatsoever fruit he finds on the ground. But this is a digression. I'm not on the Mosel yet, am I?

At 6 P. M. we left Ems, traveling back by rail to Coblenz. That night we went to "Der Europäischer Hof"—a German hotel—and heard a fine band concert. You can always hear good music and good bands in Germany, though, at almost any hour in the day or night. We went to bed pretty soon and the morning of September 5 found us hale and lusty and eager to be off. From Coblenz we went to Cochem on the Mosel, traveling fourth class—as it is very sensible to do when one is going only a comparatively short distance and is bent on seeing things. Imagine my surprise and my delight on finding, in this fourth-class compartment (which is very similar to a clean freight car with wooden benches around the side) a crowd of jolly, fine Americans—from Ohio and Indiana, but, when a fellow is so far away from home, he forgets about Yankees and their phlegma; and, as you probably know, everything, man, woman or child, from Uncle Sam's domain is, in Europe, a Yankee. These Americans were a treat to me and my poor tongue, which for weeks had twisted in the toils of the German language, wagged fast and furiously incessant. They

went on further than Cochem; and I hated to leave them when we got off the train. This feeling of loneliness and homesickness, however, left me at the first glimpse of this old, old historic town of Cochem. Of the Friedberg, a castle near here, I have written you something. Its present possessor is a millionaire in Berlin. He has refitted the old, palatial rooms, has recovered much of the original furniture and has, in a word, succeeded far better than one would suppose possible in restoring the medieval color and air to the castle. It strikes the eye now as a feudal stronghold of the Middle Ages by some miracle or conjury preserved intact for us of the twentieth century to gaze upon. I was delighted at having the opportunity to see this particular castle. One visits ruin after ruin, admires them because they are picturesque, because they are old and because, in many cases, a well-known legend clusters there; but *I*, for my part, had never been able to construct a mental picture of a medieval castle as it was in its prime. This the visit to Friedburg did for me.

We were eating lunch there on the hill, just outside of the castle; we had written our names in the Guest-Book—when a young, typically cotton-headed Teuton came racing up the hill and shrieked in glee (and also in German) that the Mosel Steamer was coming! The river is not, at best, very wide nor is it deep; and this little steamer was the first to attempt the voyage this season. I impulsively suggested to Herr Kube that we travel a stretch with this ship. He assented and we ran for it. Almost too late, we clambered aboard and took comfortable seats, where we

had half a steamer to ourselves. And then—and then came revelations. The Mosel, as I have told you, winds and winds, abruptly, then gradually, then almost reverses its course—winding, winding along through green valleys, past little wine-villages, hills whose terraced sides were full of vines. I can't do it justice. At any rate, I feasted my eyes on it.

At Bullay, we left the boat and crossed the river, with a ferryman, to the other side, where the village of Alf sleeps and snores. For sepulchral quiet, where even the noises are still in sound, go to Alf.

Needless to say, we slept well in Alf. 'Twas evening when we reached there; and, after a little walk through the hills in the moonlight—while the Mosel scenery was mirrored in the river—we retired; and the next thought to puncture my consciousness was that I had to get up. After a German breakfast of coffee, rolls, butter and honey—with two eggs which *I* ordered and which were exceedingly hard to get, it seemed—we journeyed on Shank's Mare over the Barl Mountain to Reil, a tramp of two hours. This is the only way in the world to see country and to enjoy, to digest, to assimilate, what you see. It is not in the least tiring. From Reil, we went by rail to Traben-Trarbach (so named because Traben is a little village on the right side of the Mosel and Trarbach on the left; or *vice versa*!) From here, after walking a bit through the old, old streets, we tramped again over the mountains to Berncastel. On the way, under the shade of the trees, by a cold crystal clear spring, and lounging lazily on the comfortable benches thereby, we ate our lunch, smoked a fine cigar (actually a three-center!)

and took a little nap. Every German village, by the way, has a local society that keeps up the various mountain roads in its vicinity and these springs with benches are very, very often encountered. The Germans travel so much over their own country in the summer—always tramping, most always smoking, and drinking a glass of beer whenever even slim opportunity presents. You can question any German, whom you may casually meet, about the various trips and points of interest in Germany, where the finest landscapes are; and he can tell you promptly, with details in full.

Berncastel has the narrowest, dirtiest streets it has been my misfortune to tread; and, probably from a sense of harmony, the people are supremely dirty, too. The whole town looks as if some superhuman prestidigitator had stopped the place's growth some five hundred years ago and that the people had stopped. There are there tottering, rambling old houses of the thirteenth century that still hold together and are inhabited by tottering, dirty old folks that still hold together. There is a recently erected monument here and I wanted to take a picture of it. An old veteran of 1871, in a gaudy uniform that had at intervals proof of too close contact with its wearer's beer and cheese, caught me in the act and excitedly told me that to take a picture of that monument was most strictly forbidden. He was the sentry stationed there. I asked him the whyness of this whatness. He replied that a firm which gets out these View-Postal Cards (with which I have been visiting you) had bought from the German Government all the photographic rights! This Postal Card industry is remarkably developed

here in Germany. Everybody sends them. If Herr Kube, for example, goes away thirty miles on business, he is sure to send his wife a picture-postal-card and to show me the similar courtesy. This combination of medieval dirt and latter day commercialism, however, was, to my mind, rather amusing here in Berncastel.

From Berncastel we walked, about twelve miles, to Winterich, always right along the river's side. Over here, when you ask how far it is to a point, you are always answered, not in miles, not in any measure of distance, but always in *hours*; and German farmers are as far from having correct notions of distance and time as are ours. From Bertrich to Winterich, we questioned, just for sport, some dozen different peasants. "How far is it to Winterich?" "Two hours" came back the information; and, twenty feet further, the same query got from a second source the startling reply that it was "Three good hours, and you'll have to walk faster"; still a third individual, encountered some fifty yards further on the way, told us that 'twas only "a little hour and a half"—and so it went. We got a most startling set of incongruous and contradictory replies.

From Winterich we went to Trier on the little Mosel train that, built largely for tourists and run for their delectation, keeps close to the river and winds as it winds. The little coaches, though toylike in appearance, are comfortable. A diminutive dining car goes along, too; and we enjoyed immensely our mid-day meal therein. In Trier we spent three days, or, rather, three and a half. There are there old Roman baths, the old Palace where the Roman Emperor Con-

stantino lived at different times, old Roman streets still in use. The Roman bridge across the Mosel, even 'till to-day the bridge most used in that vicinity; the Trier city library, where are old books, richly illustrated by hand, years and years before printing was known, books whose marvelously colored pictures still retain their brilliance and clearness; manuscripts, with signatures of Martin Luther, of Goethe, of Schiller, of Calvin. I studied hard in Trier, for I had my first opportunity there of seeing a really considerable mass of Roman antiquities. Trier, by the way, is, according to indisputable evidence, some thirteen hundred years older than Rome.

From Trier to Bertrich, a little old bath-resort where dyspeptics and fatigued social lionesses, wornout school teachers and debilitated sprigs and sprouts of nobility all come. It is, you see, very democratic for this comparatively snob-ridden country. From Bertrich to Bonn, where I feel at home. And right here I want to tell you something about the Kubes. I have been fortunate in my residence with them. They treat me as one of the family, take an interest in my progress with German and so help me vastly. They are true types of German hospitality. Herr Kube is, as best I can describe, a Y. M. C. A. general secretary; that is, he has under his supervision the different organizations of young men, clubs, and societies of such a general nature. Through him I have made several rather intimate acquaintanceships in Germany, and when I go to Oxford next week, I shall leave here a *few* people, to say the least, with whom I shall correspond—in German, of course, as they know no Eng-

lish and as I am always looking for chances to practice. The Kubes have so cordially invited me to spend my Christmas holidays with them. This I shall do. I can then see a real German Christmas; and Christmas here is more of a ceremony than with us. Later I can experience an English Christmas, too.

Please send this letter to Sister. I have intended it for you all. With a heart full of love for you,

HARRY.

Papers (*Herald* and *Dallas News*) received.

Thanks. I read every single word, ads and all!

BONN-ON-THE-BUM, DUTCHLAND,

September 28, 1905.

TO EDWARD CRANE,

Dallas.

My dear previously Colleague:

The apple never falls far from the tree. If, while you are young, you form proper habits, when you are old, you will have the grip of a bulldog, the neck of a bull, the digestion of an ostrich, and several fine brick houses. It is only, approximated, a few billion miles from here to the Sun—to be accurate, 11,236,468,789.029899899999——. If you walk three miles of this distance every day, in lessssss than eight thousand years you will reach the Sun. Is this not worth trying? From the wee, insignificant acorn which you so indifferently, even contemptuously, throw to the razor-back hog snoring so swinely under your table—from this small nutty nut they say gigantic oak trees are prone to grow. Was it Archimedes,

Archipelago or Mr. Beck who said: "Give me something to get a grip on and I'll jolt the University?" It's the little things that count. O, that I could impress this in burning letters on your heart or write it in your hat, so that, each morning as you went to bed, you could read and heed! The little coin which I enclose is intended as a fundamental for your fortune. If each day you put into your little tin safe the same amount (one pfennig per diem), within a year you will have almost a dollar! Is this not worth while?

Yours for economy and right living,

HARRYETTE.

I leave for England to-day.

BONN AM RHEIN, DEUTSCHLAND,

September 28, 1905.

Dear Sis:

Day after to-morrow I leave Germany; and reluctantly too. I have most assuredly been pleased and profited by my summer here. In addition to the almost inestimable advantage which a more or less satisfactory ability to speak German (and especially to scholars is this an advantage, for the Germans are *the* scholars of the world), I have seen some most beautiful landscapes, have had an opportunity to study at first hand some Roman antiquities, have heard lectures from world-famous professors, and (what, in my mind is a next consideration) have lived the family life of a German family. Herr Kube and Frau have treated me as one of them—and they treat themselves pretty well, I assure you.

A few days since I wrote a long letter home and asked them to send it on to you; but you have asked me some special questions which I will here answer:

The German breakfast, eaten about 8 A. M., is nothing but a cup of coffee, butter and rolls, with honey or jelly or preserves along with it. At 10 A. M., however, most Germans eat what they call "second breakfast" and here they have, more than likely, an assortment of cold sausages. Let me assure you right "zestily" that German sausage is a *delicate dish* and not the heavy, cloggy stuff we often get at home. There are so many varieties of it too—Ham-, liver-, cervelat-, fish-, beef-, blood- (ugh!) and mixed-sausage, to say nothing of frankfurter and other local brands! The Germans eat, too, a great deal of veal; and never a meal is had without cabbage. Pork-ribs, sauerkraut and mashed potato constitute a favorite dish and I suggest that you try it. 'Twill be sure to tickle Robert's palate. (I have just been down in the kitchen and asked Frau Kube whether she boiled or roasted the ribs. "Boiled" she says: and I agree with her. They are better so.) The idea of eating sliced tomato or tomato raw in any shape has never occurred to a German; but of tomato-soup they are very fond. When I order raw tomato in a hotel, I am gazed at as if I contemplate eating one of my own race. "Heaven and Earth" (Himmel und Erde) is a good dish, too, and consists of potatoes and apples cooked together. Frau Kube is writing off for you now another receipt. She would be "tickled to death," if you sent her a postal card of thanks. The idea that an

American wife is interested in *her* kitchen is almost too much for her to believe.

I leave for London (that is, Oxford) on day after noon at 5:37, I go, by way of Köln, to Vlissingen, whence I travel six hours by steamer. Leaving Bonn at 4:30 P. M., Saturday, I am in London for breakfast Sunday and in Oxford for dinner—or lunch, whatever it is.

Your letter did me a lot of good. I wish you would write to me now whenever you have the leisure. I will try to send you some choice English recipes, too. The Kubes have invited me to spend Xmas with them and this I shall do—because it will be pleasant, because a German Christmas is unique, and because I need practice from time to time to prevent my hard-earned German from getting away from me.

My camera has been my inseparable companion. I have written something for Holland's *Magazine* and am now waiting to find out whether the "sheet" will pay enough to justify me in soiling paper.

Love to Robert. Greet the Daltons. Be happy and healthy and don't forget your exiled brother, who, however, is enjoying his banishment to the utmost. I was never so uniformly cheerful in my life. I am disgustingly, offensively, monotonously happy.

HARRY.

FRIDAY, September 29, 1905.

Dear Folks:

I leave to-morrow for Oxford. My itinerary is as follows: Leaving Bonn am Rhein Saturday after-

noon at 5:37, I go, by way of Koln, to Vlissingen, where (at 10:30 P. M.) I get on board a steamer, go to bed, sleep six hours and wake up Sunday morning in Queensboro, England, where an express-train carries me to London. Breakfast in London; and up and away for Oxford, where I shall be, I hope, on hand for the midday meal. It is a very fine train that carries me from here to Vlissingen, too.

I leave Bonn and the Kubes rather reluctantly. They have grown into me. If you should write them a note of thanks for their kind treatment of me, they would certainly appreciate it. Herr Kube (E. is his initial) can translate English at the cost of effort; and they are the most hospitable people it has been my good fortune to know. If you would send them, I say, a little note of thanks, 'twould be welcome. They always ask about "Ihre Eltern" ("my parents") and ask me to greet you. Frau Kube is tip-top, too. The kids are sometimes too affectionate but, all in all, they too interest and entertain.

There is no news to tell you, since my last budget went out. At Sister's request, I have sent her some German recipes, which mither might get from her and try. Of course I shall drop you a card from London and a letter from Oxford. This thing of being again transplanted makes me shiver a bit; but it gives me again the opportunity to see other folks and lands.

Lovingly your son,

HARRY.

BONN AM RHEIN,
WEIL STRASSE 4, DEUTSCHLAND,
September 29, 1905.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,
College Station, Texas.

My dear Lomax:

I leave to-morrow for London, via Cologne, Vlissingen and Queensboro. The three months of Germany, spent in the midst of a German family, have been constantly delightful. Never was I more energetic, more cheerful, more ambitious; and, to fill my sweet cup, I can truthfully say that I can speak German. For two months now no word of English has passed the fence of my teeth. (Thanks, Homer, for that phrase!) But how hard I have worked at it!

But to me muttons. I am sorry these days that I never went to see you before I came over here. My plea that funds were lacking was a true one; for I was paying tribute all the while where tribute had to be paid.

My investigations tell me that these are the three stages of being in love:

OUTLINE

- I. Molasses.
- II. Wine.
- III. Opium.

Let us now develop our theme, even as Hamberlin of sainted memory prescribed.

The Molasses Stage has its individual manifestations, such as, the sickly smile, a predilection for new

suits of clothes, fondness for Munsey, Storyettes, pure, noble thoughts. Epithets such as "darling," "dear," and of the diminutive type are very prominent.

The Wine Stage is, as its designation implies, one of feverish intoxication. Ambition overleaps itself and stumps its toe. Characteristic epithets are "Queen of the air" and, particularly, compound words such as Princess-Priestess. The victim speaks of "cameo features," of "weaving a crimson thread"—dreams of books to be written and of soulful dedications to *The Impulse*, *The Inspiring Force* that has moved the Pen in his hand.

The Opium Stage manifests two varieties: (1) where a raving sort of lunacy ensues; and (2) where a sodden sort of stupor takes possession of the sufferer. Either is dangerous.

.

Through the Molasses Stage you witnessed me crawl in sickly sugar sweetness—which, after all, had much that was good and bettering in it. Of the Wine Stage, in which I still am, I have written you now from two continents. The fumes of the sacred presence still go to my head and even execrable Latin verse has resulted. Of the Opium Stage, I know as yet nothing; but my intuition tells me that surely there is still another that will come as third and last.

.

Now you know why I didn't come to see you and Miss Bess. Have I bored you with all this nonsense?

Last week as I got off one of these European toy trains in Cologne, I ran right into the arms of Professor Frederick Eby of Baylor University! We were

one summer together in the Phi House at Austin. Surely the world is small. I like him; but his intellect is always indecently exposed. That's immodest. He ought to be more careful, especially when he "goes out in company." Where in the world is Bedichek? I have written and written cards asking for his address and all in vain. If you know anything of him, write me. My permanent address, by the way, is Balliol College, Oxford, England. How has the change in administration of A. and M. and the University affected your personal comfort? Write me about it. You can't keep a good man down. Houston was shaped to be President of the University of Texas. He had to be, sooner or later.

I spent in August a very pleasant week or so at Heidelberg as the guest of Professor Bloomfield, head of the Department of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Johns Hopkins. If I thought my descriptions would interest you I would launch a few forth; but sightseers are usually bores when they turn themselves loose. How is Miss Bess? Is Duval back in Baltimore? Up to two weeks ago, I had the weest, daintiest, reddest, sickliest mustache that had *ever* turned the stomach of a self-respecting person. "He" (in German, every imaginable confusion of gender exists) resembled many things in my mind—a caterpillar, an emaciated tooth-brush, what you will. He was plainly, vividly, visible, for, much to my astonishment, he was a flaring, bedinky, red!!! He lived two months and seemed, in spite of weakness and poverty, to get much out of life; probably because this is the native land of moustaches. Seriously, every male per-

son from twenty years on has a more or less evident "Schnurrbart." I have seen but few exceptions.

These German students interest me. I have seen score after score with scarred faces—big, livid, repulsive gashes, *that* they treasure as indications of their prowess, and *which* they have acquired in duels. It is a fact that, if these wounds seem to be healing too quickly, they put salt and vinegar in them! One sees here on the streets so many otherwise "respectable appearing," elderly men who have the long scar that tells of their honor saved in student days! Talk of football. Such an absolutely idiotic custom have I never before known. I had always supposed that its prevalence was exaggerated, but that is not the case.

With all sorts of good wishes for Miss Bess and yourself, I still am,

Your friend,

HARRY.

P. S.—I have heard some very fine lectures here in Bonn University. For my line of work, however, Berlin is still better.

H. P. S.

CHAPTER IV

A RHODES SCHOLAR AT OXFORD

Steger's student days as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford University lasted only a little more than a year. His first year's experience seemed, so far as one can gather from his letters, entirely pleasant. During the latter part of the session, however, he became violently ill and on the advice of Dr. William Osler, whom he had known at Johns Hopkins University, Steger spent some time at Karlsbad. He afterwards came home for a short visit, returning to Oxford early in October. After dropping the study of the classics and taking up law, college life began to prove irksome to him. He made frequent visits to London where he had become interested in settlement work. He began to write stories for the London papers, and, finally, about March, 1907, resigned from Oxford and took up his residence in the great metropolis. He lived for a season in Toynbee Hall, a Whitechapel settlement in the London slums, serving the London relief committee as a parochial visitor. It was a bitter winter, thousands of men were out of employment, and the young student saw something of the grinding of "the wheel" where it grinds most cruelly. Articles describing his observations in the London slums were published in English, German and American magazines. Then he

undertook a new experiment in sociological studies. He wanted to know something about life from the tramp's point of view. Accordingly he became a tramp. He walked two hundred and fifty miles, going from Queensboro to London, with no means of any kind. He was dependent on "backdoor handouts" for his food, and slept in parks or under haylofts or in rural barns, spending not a cent for anything during his entire "tramp." He realized some financial gain from his experiment, in addition to the experience, for he wrote a series of articles for magazines narrating the personal adventures of a hobo. At Toynbee Hall Bedichek found him the following summer living a somewhat Bohemian existence. Together the two of them tramped over a good portion of Belgium, Germany and England, and in August, 1907, sailed from Edinburgh, taking steerage passage and landing at Montreal with few pennies in their joint purse. Harry proceeded to New York to try his hand as a literary adventurer; Bedichek came on to Texas. The two friends did not meet again.

OXFORD, October 10, 1905.

MRS. THOS. P. STEGER,
Bonham, Texas.

I am waiting until my impressions of this place are more definite before I write you at length. College opens to-morrow. My life here bids fair to be very pleasant. Took dinner with the Dean (Strachan-Davidson) last Sunday evening. Have met many Rhodes Scholars—from U. S. A., from South Africa,

Tasmania, Canada, Nova Scotia, Australia. Spent yesterday with Ashby at Abingdon—six miles from Oxford. Have not visited London yet. Balliol is acknowledged to be the best of the colleges.

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
OXFORD, ENGLAND,
October, 1905.

Dear Folks:

I hope you have not been uneasy or displeased at my long silence. This life here has been something so new that, when not in a positive hurry, I have been more or less upset in mind—so much so that the calm and motionlessness demanded in writing letters were impossible for me.

How and where I shall begin to enumerate, to describe what I am doing, I am at a loss to say. Later on, my impressions will not be so crude and so jumbled. My day begins at 7:30, when my servant—Brown is his name—raps at my bedroom door and exclaims, in an alarm clock tone of voice: “7:30, Sir!” I bustle out of bed, take a cold sponge bath in an English tub (which is an awkward hip-tub wherein one must sit), hastily don a few clothes, throw my academic gown about my shoulders (it reaches but to the bottom of the normal coat-tail), and go to roll-call at 7:55. This is not really an ordeal, for it merely means that you show yourself to the head porter at the big college gate and go at once back to your room so soon as he has marked you “present.” On reaching my room, I find

breakfast spread on my table—fish, or eggs, or sausages, or ham and bacon,—with a big roll, butter (by the way, I started out wrong with this paper; hence the idiotic arrangement of my pages), and marmalade or jam of some sort. On my grate a kettle of hot water is humming away cheerfully and I make a cup of chocolate in a jiffy. After breakfast, I probably have nothing to do until ten o'clock. This time I spend in reading letters or papers (which the college messenger delivers and puts on my table); and, at ten, to lectures (again the dinky little gown) or to my tutor. At one, I am again free and I go to my room, where I find lunch spread—cold meat (fine, too), bread and butter, dessert, marmalade. In the afternoon from two to four or 4:30, not a soul stays in college. Everybody is at some sort of exercise. I am rowing on the Thames and playing tennis. The climate here is wretched, unless you spend two hours a day in the open air; and very tolerable indeed, if you *do* stay much in the open.

At 4:30 comes tea-time! An Englishman will forego his soul before he will his afternoon tea. It is not as insipid as it sounds, for it means more than tea. It is a light meal, and, coming after a light lunch and considerable exercise, it is not altogether unwelcome. At seven in the evening every man in college takes dinner in the big, beautiful old Hall—tutors (corresponding in a large degree to our professors), students, professors (which is the climax of titles and an accordingly rare one), students—all in academical costume. Last night I, with fifteen other Freshmen, took dinner with the Dean (Strachan-Davidson); and it was a

jolly party. Lord Balgonie, a young English noble, was a guest too. He did not seem a bit of the snob—not nearly so much as many youngsters who, in the English eye, have not the smallest fraction of his right to be snobbish.

Of course, what I am here describing as taking place in Balliol, is taking place every day in twenty other colleges; and the men of one college scarcely ever have opportunity to mingle with men of the others. Our time is rather well filled. At night I study, if I am let alone; or else go to the Oxford Union (Gladstone's old hang-out) and read the best English magazines, or some good classic novel, or hear debates by men who are destined, of course, to rule England and sway parliament in their later years. There is more studying done here than is generally supposed. Balliol is the best college—so it is generally conceded. Twenty of this year's Rhodes men applied for entrance here; but two, Stevens of Connecticut and myself, were admitted. These college buildings are beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. Many of them are hundreds of years old. The room where Charles' Parliament sat is still a part of Queen's College.

The "Book of An American at Oxford"—which we read together last summer—is remarkably accurate; but the author says too much in favour of the English. They are a selfish, cold-blooded, snobbish folk. *Overcivilized*, in a word. Mind you, I have personally been snubbed by no one; I have in fact been entertained—in a formal, dutiful sort of way—by several Englishmen here in College; but they are *so* conven-

Give my love to Uncle Dick, Aunt Mattie, Hallie

"Vick.," John and Lizbeth. I'm glad they are near, to keep you two from getting lonesome. More anon. I am going to "tea" just now. Ask me questions. English clothes are good and cheap.

October 29, 1905.

Dear Folks:

The papers, and divers letters, have reached me from time to time and have been duly enjoyed. There have been days, though not many, when a real homesickness has beset me. Although the Oxford life is charming, there is much of it that is artificial and I missed occasionally the association of yourselves and of my close friends. My time is well taken up here. I am meeting no end of nice people and being daily amused by encountering ancient rules that have been sacred in Oxford for centuries. I am just back from Sunday evening chapel, which invariably closes with a prayer for "John Balliol and his wife, Devoguilla, the founders of this college," etc. The amusing mockery of it is that John Balliol, brother to a king of Scotland, was a rowdy knight, who, in a spirit of adventure, sacked several churches in Oxfordshire and, in addition to being publicly scourged therefor, was compelled to found a college! Such was the beginning of Balliol in 1263; and this same prayer has been offered up daily for hundreds of years.

There are scores of American Rhodes Scholars whom I have not yet met. With twenty colleges, at some distance from one another, it is not easy to learn to know all one's colleagues. Only one other man,

Stevens of Yale, was admitted to Balliol of this year's batch, although over seventy-five per cent. applied to this college. There is less, far less, drinking and more studying in Balliol than in the others; but, with the exception of general reading, there is not any great amount of time, as a rule, devoted to books. The system of education, though not as practical as ours, sharpens the wits and broadens the cultural side. The average Englishman is a creature who is well informed and who has learned to express his opinions well. They are, however, *far* too civilized. Even the dogs are well-bred. They never bark at you as you pass on the street.

Here are some Oxford words, which, not picturesque enough to be termed slang, are invariably used, by students and dons alike:

The Mugger—The master (i. e., Pres.).

Scout—Servant.

Ekker—Exercise.

Lekker—Lecture.

Roller—Roll-call.

Footer—Foot-ball.

Brekker—Breakfast.

Brunch—When a man does not get up to breakfast and eats his lunch and brekker in one meal!

Stinks—Chemistry.

Bags—Trousers (not peculiar to Oxford, however).

Boots—Any kind of shoes that are not low-quartered (also not exclusively Oxonian).

There is a large amount of entertaining done here. It is not expensive; for, you see, one entertains about



Steger playing tennis at Queen's Club Gardens, London



Steger's room at Oxford

as often as one is entertained, and so it balances. Among my acquaintances, with whom I have been, either at lunch with them or they with me, are: Wilkinson, a young Englishman; Ameer Ali, a Persian noble who is a splendid and intellectual chap; Matsu-daira, a Japanese Marquis, who is fitting himself to serve his country in diplomatic circles; Orr, a young man from Tasmania; Leslie, from Australia; Lewis, from South Africa; and Hutchins, a real, sure enough, democratic private citizen from Uncle Sam's vineyard. Thus, you see, is a small education of itself. What do *you* know, for example, about the misty, far off regions from which these fellows come, and what did I know until I learned from them by quizzing? What is even more noteworthy, I am learning more of my own country. Two of my most intimate associates in other colleges are Soule from Maine and Bell from Oregon! We Americans cling as close together as we can, of course; it is not best, however, for us to be *too* clannish, as some of them are; for thus we lose this great opportunity of learning of other nationalities. Some few (thank Heaven they are few) have gone to the other extreme and ape the English to the point of disgust.

I want to thank you, Dad, from the bottom of my heart for cutting down the Haden note for me. It was like your dear, thoughtful generosity and it makes me strangely ashamed and unworthy to think of your having done this. Give my love to Uncle Dick, Aunt Mattie, Hally, John, "Lizbeth." Tell John that, if he will let me know next time, when he wants to go to the University, I am sure that I can help him. Newt

Marshall and Allen Duncan are instances. It is good to know that John has this ambition.

With a heart full of love,

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

November 6, 1905.

Dear Folks:

Dad's letter, together with the papers, reached me this morning. Thanks. To begin with, the only pronunciation of the name of my college which I have ever heard is: Ba-liol, that is Bailey-ol, and it is, nowadays, always spelt Balliol. You are right in saying that the name has been, at times in the past, spelt Baliol also.

Life rocks along here. We live together here like a big family. Many of the young Englishmen whom I have met are jolly fellows, compassionate and interesting; while others are stand-offish and stiff. For example, very few Englishmen will speak to anybody to whom they have not been introduced, no matter how many times they may have been thrown together here in college. Another peculiarity of English etiquette consists in an amusing, at first an embarrassing, way they have of not introducing guests. That is, I may go out to dinner somewhere. The chances are that most of the guests will be strangers to me; and the chances are equally so that they will remain strangers, for no introductions are made. This is a peculiarity, however, to which one soon grows accustomed. Every day here is more or less like every other. This

makes it a bit hard for me to keep my letters newsy. I haven't seen a November *Holland's*.

It is certainly fine that you have such a jolly 42 crowd. Be sure always to give my love to all my "kinnery" that have recently come among you. On Wednesday (day after to-morrow) I shall have the opportunity of hearing Lord Roberts (Little Bob) talk at the Oxford Union on *The Northern Frontier of India*. Be sure to keep me posted on Sister's health. If this beggarly letter is unsatisfactory in the matter of news, take the will for the deed. I fear that some of my mail to you has gone astray. You should have gotten several cards and a letter from Germany before the card from Oxford.

With lots of love.

HARRY.

November 25, 1905.

My dear Folks:

Last night I attended the annual Rhodes Dinner. Cecil Rhodes, as you may know, left a fund for this function and, this year £300 (\$1,500.00) were expended. There were nearly two hundred present. The hall was a gorgeous sight. Nothing but evening clothes were to be seen. Rudyard Kipling was one of the guests. He wrote his name for me, as well as for many other Rhodians; and I have it preserved in my toast-list. Lord Milne, Sir Lewis Mitchell and numerous other nabobs and potentates were also in evidence. I write you of this, not as the result of snob-bishness, but because I find that, in spite of a title, a

lord or an earl may be a most intelligent, entertaining and social person.

Your letter describing the Dallas and Galveston trip has just come. How glorious it must have been! and how glad I am that you indulged yourselves. It makes me happier, when I see that you (as well as I) receive some of the good things of this life. The presence of Uncle Dick, of Aunt Annabelle and Francis (whom I have never seen, but who will get a "furrin" note from me soon) must add greatly to the hitherto inadequate "42," and table-talk supply. Hurrah for Hallie Vic., too. I have noted in the papers her standing at the head of her class.

Yours,

HARRY.

Dear Folks:

Just a line. About my Christmas present. Please don't try to get me anything much. The pin, which mother suggested, I already have. You know I will appreciate what your taste selects. I always have; and the element of surprise is pleasurable, too. Let it be something simple. A pair of American shoes (low quarters) would be acceptable. English shoes are ugly. I am going to spend most of my time in Germany this vacation—with the Kubes. My next letter will come from Bonn. A merry, happy Christmas. With a heart full of love,

HARRY.

I am busy with work and preparing to leave.
November 30, 1905.

January 9, 1906.

Dear Folks:

Lady Monkswell (one of the swellest of the English nobility) has invited all of the Rhodes Scholars to a reception at her town-house (in London) on the 18th inst. My curiosity bids me go; but my wardrobe, with more force, bids me stay. You see, to be observed, in London, on the streets, in the afternoon, or even in a home, without a frock coat and a high silk hat, or else a Prince Albert, would be as rude as appearing in pajamas. I tell you this because I think it will amuse you. There is never a place in the world where formality in dress counts for as much as it does in London. Of course, it is all silly rot.

Today is Tuesday. Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Caird, the wife of the Master of Balliol, sent me a ticket to some Japanese plays to be presented in our College Hall by Oxford talent. I went. They were very clever and dainty. That night, I dined with the Master and his wife. Of course you already know that I never, that no one ever thinks of going out to dinner save in dress suit. This has grown so natural to me, however, that it no longer seems a form. It would amuse you, too, to hear me address the head of our college. He is a grand old Scotchman (Scotsman is the correct term) of some sixty-years, tall and handsome, erect with the very brow of intellect. He is wonderful in his work; but painfully silent when you meet him at his own board. He sits sipping a glass of sherry and looks, with his big deep eyes, not at, but through you. What amuses me, though, is the mode of address used here. A student, meeting him any-

where in college, says, with a slight curtesy, "Good morning, Master." If he should ask me how I found life at Balliol, it would be rude if I merely said: "I am *very* well pleased." His title, "Master" should appear in my reply. This is quaint and, to me, smacks of a scholar's aristocracy, the aristocracy of brain and intellectual ambition. It is with a feeling of real respect (tho the element of amusement lingers still) that I used this formal mode of address. Of course all this is a survival of years ago, when the head of a college (sometimes termed Principal, or President or Rector or Master. In different colleges different names are employed) had the right to flog miscreants.

I NEVER SPELLED SACRILEGIOUS INCORRECTLY.

I have no news from Sister save Dad's little note telling me of my niece's safe arrival. You understand that it is now vacation. The other "men of Belial"—as our enemies call us—have not come up. The term (called "Hilary") begins on Jan. 19.

Just as an indication of how an Englishman may grow to love his college our Dean, whose work, instructive and administrative, is very exacting and arduous, does not accept a cent of salary from Balliol. He is about fifty-eight now and has lived here for thirty years. Having private means of his own, he has from the first allowed his salary to go toward improving the college buildings. Balliol (as most of the old world colleges) is not very rich. One of our younger tutors, too, likewise refuses compensation. I think this is well worth pondering over. Most American professors are complaining, and justly, of poor pay; but these chaps, tho paid no more, seem to love their work so intensely

that the money consideration assumes a more secondary place. Then, too, it is very seldom, with us in America, that a man of means goes into educational work.

The interest in athletics here is very different from ours. This wretched climate makes physical exercise necessary; and everybody is engaged at it each afternoon, no matter whether he is good at it or not. Yesterday I played hockey with the Senior tutor of Balliol. He is now fifty-four. He can out-run most of the students whom he encounters; he plays tennis like a fiend, can row a boat better than most. With all of this, and in spite of the fact that he talks nearly all of the time about games, he is a sound, deep scholar of weight and fame. I must say that Oxford produces more men of well-rounded, many-sided type, more average men of sound mind and sound body, than our system does. Prone, as all foreigners are prone, to criticise adversely the people of the land into which I have been for a time transplanted, I have tried in this letter to do Oxford and her ways full justice.

I am enjoying the solitude of this old place. There are good books all about me.

With lots of love,

HARRY.

OXFORD, January 13, 1906.

Dear Bedi:

How familiar that salutation looks! I shall not, all to no purpose, indulge in introspection and wail the neurasthenic's wail. I have a message for you. Perhaps you will respond; or, on the other hand, because

I have already sent you summoning messages of the same sort, you may, in the protecting shade of the mass of miles between us, be able to resist my importunate note and to ignore my cry. I have seen what the guide books do not mention in all the places of Europe they do not mention; and this is enough of my travels—at least of my preterit travels. Are you still the same Bedi of the hot cakes temperament? Although the active stages of melancholy are never in my course these days, still, as ever, I would avoid my future if I could. What follows is *inter nos*, *entre nous*, and the gate-post.

In 1815 Great Britain annexed three little islands, called the Tristan d' Acunha group, situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, some fifteen hundred miles from Cape Colony, which then was, as it is now, the closest inhabited land. When annexed, the islands were uninhabited. In 1814, a small garrison was put on the largest of the three (Tristan d' Acunha by name); in 1817, the garrison was withdrawn, but an English corporal remained behind with his wife and ten children. Eight years later, however, when the Home Government (or rather, the Colonial Office in London) again sent a boat thither, there were only twelve people on the island—the corporal had evidently done not so well as King David in "spreading his Maker's image through the land." A few years later a party of Welsh sailors were shipwrecked here; and, today, as the Colonial Office informs me, there are a hundred people on this little island, which, by the way, is two and a half miles in diameter and boasts of a bully climate. The temperature averages 68° Fahrenheit in the sum-

mer, 55° in the winter. The people, though a fine lot of specimens physically, are degenerating through lack of new blood; which if infused, helped by the fine conditions of climate and isolation, would produce in time a city state to rival those of old. Every two years a British War Vessel calls at the settlement and leaves mail, treatises on bookkeeping, golf, and whist. There is not a cent of coinage on the island. I enclose a newspaper clipping, which first interested me in this place. Please be sure to return this clipping. The other information I have acquired at the cost of continued and persistent writing. There are two other islands; one is called *The Inaccessible*, the other, *Nightingale Island*. On the latter two Germans lived for ten years and then died. The islanders have a sort of patriarchal government, raise a good crop of potatoes, own some goats and sheep and speak a mixture of Welsh and English. They have no means of education, but are willing to furnish a house to a teacher or two.

In spite of the fact that some of my utterances seem facetious, I would tell you seriously that none, absolutely none, of the data I have given is false, or stretched or tinted by fancy. It is, to me, nothing short of remarkable that, in this day of irrepressible civilization, a little cake of mud could have so long existed in its state of Nature, without any yeast of ferment thrown into it. Does it not appeal to you as a delightful refuge from your future? To me, for whom the hopes and ambitions of others interested in me have for years been goads and pricks that foretold me of a future struggle to make good, the place seems an

Elysium. There is no money there; therefore, we need no money. There is a sturdy people there—among whom, for the first time in our lives, we would have to stand on our own bottoms. If I can get the British Government to give us transportation and a little authority, will you join me?

My first plan is to revolt from the Crown. The Crown wouldn't give a copper damn; the Tristanians would be glad to revolt, as a relief from the monotony of thinking themselves subjects of a power that never remembered them; it is not a disagreeable thought to me, to you, that the way to a gentle dictatorship among these exotic Arcadians will be easy. Not an inhabitant of this island has ever been off of it. They have surely by now the beginnings of local traditions. They are still flesh and blood. Our fortune is secured if we take up residence in their midst; for, where there is no money, there is no need of money; but, if, on the reverse, we should care to come back (and we wouldn't), there are chances of finding mineral deposits there. These arguments are for *you*, in case, through some metamorphosis uncanny, you've grown materialistic "since last I wept in your arms." I am afraid of a future that keeps me linked with people who expect achievements of me in realms of morbidity (all education is morbid). The Cecil Rhodes Scholarship heaps the mighty mountain over me.

I speak German now with ease and rapidity. To satisfy my natural liking for linguistics, I shall graft Teutonic idioms on to the Anglo Saxon and Welsh pot-pourri that already passes muster in this Eden left virgin for you and me. You will remember that, before

I left America, I told you that as I was human and all friendship was human, my longings would go Bediwards so soon as I tired of the artificial stimulants to which I have been so long subjected; *No*, I'm not taking opium; I mean an ambition, to put it frankly, to have people admire me and flatter me. This college life here, luxurious enough to suit a Sultan, elegant enough for Petronius and comfortable enough for a fat man of means and appetites, has, after the and with the accumulative effect of so many other years in college, made me yearn to rush to the other extreme. I see possibilities in Tristan d' Acunha. I want this letter (and I believe its tenor will help) to fit your dovetails back into my dove-tails. I see a throne there in the South Atlantic; and there are two seats. I see our queens about us and the court orchestra with a tom tom obligato sounding in the royal ears. Here is the land of unlimited possibilities. Sterne, or somebody who succeeded in getting his stuff printed, says he would rather commune with a dead ass than a living Christian. I am in a colony of dead asses. There is disgusting sameness about those in whom the vaccine or culture has taken root.

Of course I shall request the Colonial Office to give me an appropriation of money wherewith I may make it worth the while of two (at least two; better, three) buxom, hefty, husky maidens; for much I fear me that our loyal subjects have ere now lost all distinctions of family and that many a man has, in the maze, become his own uncle. With new blood would come a new dynasty.

Be sure to think over this project and to write me at

some length. Remember that you, as well as I, have a future to evade. In the meantime, if another datum comes to me, "the lighted torch will cross" to you. Please treat me, in your epistolary moods, as if we were just back from the Chinaman's. At the risk of slipping into the slop and slime of sentiment, the thought will out that, many a time, beer has been bittered and jokes rendered thoughtless and pointless through the missing of you.

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

January 25, 1906.

Dear Folks:

Just a line to remind you of my existence. I have not heard from you in weeks—nor you from me. There has been nothing to write. I am doing more this term (Hilary) than last in the way of studying. My friend Hutchings finds that his illness has left his blood in such disorder that he is unable to return to Balliol just yet. As a matter of fact, his physician tells him that he may have to spend two years in quiet, to restore his nervous constitution and to refresh his blood. His successor as my most intimate friend, is a Japanese Marquis—who, however, is as plain as an old shoe and as democratic as Tom Bradley! His guardian is the Japanese Minister to the Court of St. James in London. We play tennis together and spend much time in each other's rooms. I have some rather interesting pictures which I shall send you later. The *Farm & Ranch* and *Holland's* come regularly. Do

not, however, pay for the *Texan* if you receive a bill for it; for the thing never comes. I should like very much to have it; but the manager after many pleas, sent me two copies of the same issue and at once subsided. This was three months ago.

I have been eager to hear good news of Sister and her child.

With love,

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

January 29, 1906.

Dear Edith:

Your greetings for nineteen hundred and six followed me through France and Germany and finally overtook me after my return to college, whither I came some two weeks before Hilary term set in; for, know you, in term time, when chaps are in their rooms—or more strictly speaking, when I am in theirs or they in mine, we tire the sun with talking and send him down the sky, but we do very little work of an intense sort. The system of utilizing time is here the reverse of that in vogue at American colleges. It is taken as a matter of course that an Oxonian spends his term in the amenities and his vacations in his books. Neither this nor the American system is, to my mind, the ideal; but a compromise between the two would be the acme. "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy" and Gill a dull girl; but all play and no work is even worse!

So, to come back from this wordy excursion, I came

to Balliol early for two weeks of quiet study. My vacation was spent very pleasantly. Some young German friends of mine, students, made my stay in that land of beer and beauty a success.

I envy you your trip to Boston. Mention of American ports brings me, of late, a pinch, a wee pinch, of homesickness.

That picture of me should long ago have come to you from Bonham, Texas. Your combined interest (or curiosity?) makes me prune my feathers proudly and determine to remind my mother that she has been remiss.

I only hope that the mysterious something which you have for me will not be withheld. Please lay my curiosity by return mail.

I am an uncle. Sister has, since December the fourteenth, a little daughter of blue eyes and sunny hair. I feel quite "avuncular" already.

In March, the middle, another vacation begins for me and continues six weeks. I have it in mind to do one of two things: A trip through Italy or a residence in Spain. I feel myself pulled in two ways.

*

*

The asterisks represent cocoa and a pipe! At that juncture, a Scotsman ("Scotchman is an unwelcome term to Caledonians) entered my sanctissimum sanc-tissimorum and asked me to "sup" with him. This is one of the peculiarly Oxonian courtesies and is the usual event of ten o'clock in the evenings. There were four other chaps there—a Parsi, a Japanese Marquis, an Englishman and an Egyptian! One collects a vast lot of information here simply through such media. It

startles me when I thus have it brought to my consciousness, through a conversation with some human being from impossibly remote parts of the earth, how weirdly vague my impressions of the world's geography are.

But contrary to my custom, I am babbling away of myself. It seemed to me, however, that bits of Oxford would have more than trifling interest for a Vassar girl. In return, rehearse to me whatever is peculiarly Vassarian, for 'tis sure to interest me. Of course you are to greet for me all of yours when you write.

Sincerely,

(Signed) HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

It's no use. I can, and do, thank you; but I'm disappointed. I had hoped that, when I saw a picture of you, my brain-cluster of associations would flower and some of the scenes of childhood would come back in personal clearness; that, like the making of mud-pies and the composing of ink from "pokeberries," the very form and substance, the look of you would come back. All I see is the Vassar stage; all you will see in my photo is also a college stage. At any rate, unwilling though I am to admit, you and I and the others are different animals now.

I thank you for the picture. I have already replied to the queries of an English friend that it is the picture of a girl with whom the art of making mud-pies was as easy as breath, and that you and I had both sadly degenerated into serious "grown-ups."

The Miscellany you sent has been opening the eyes of an English girl who borrowed it. The English girl scarcely dares to read a magazine without a chaperone.

In spite of that they are strong and physically vigorous. Too much social coddling has made them "scarey." The American Girl is, to her, shockingly boisterous. Our college boat-races are on to-day. I hear young Englishmen gathering now in the quad for a run to the river and I go too.

More anon,

HARRY P. STEGER.

Feb. 13, 1906.

February 17, 1906.

Lomax:

In great haste—as I am bound for a go for golf and my partner—a solid, stolid, let's say stupid, fine Englishman awaits me.

No copy of daily *Mail* was accessible to me here—not even in the Bodleian.

The *Mail* is somewhat sensational and stands in no good odour. Neither does Meredith—in many circles; and for the reason he adduces in criticizing the Englishman's criticisms of America. I went to London (there were many things there for me to do) and copied the article myself. To do this I made the acquaintance of the librarian of the *Mail* who in turn made me nearer tight—and that on champagne—than I have been for years. He made me dine with him. I think I told him in the course of the evening that you were getting out an Index Verborum, a Concordance where, under each word in the *corpus* of Meredith's work, you gave cross reference to every other passage wherein that

word occurred; that you never even omitted the verb "to be." This much for *my* classical training.

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[Undated; probably written
in February, 1906.]

Dear Lomax:

The native Hindu commentators of the Aitareya recension contend stoutly that the two sacred teats of the Vedic cow were named respectively Sma and Vum; but the author of the Catapathabrahmana asserts as vigorously that the correct names run Smu and Van. I had hoped to clarify this controversy and to give the results of my prying to an impatient world in forty-two quarto volumes. But I am become a "Meredithyramb"— His surprises in phrases have long given me the starts and thwacks that I demand from one whom I read; but to assemble stuff on him had never occurred to me. Now the Vedic cow lows mournful and deserted in her learned Brahman master's stall; and I am already two weeks up to my ears in the dust of Meredithiana.

Several of Meredith's poems which I have discovered in old English journals, and which I do not find in any recent edition of his *works* and *plays* (there is something subtle in this doublet), I have copied for you. Of the enclosed slips, return at once those whose indicated matter you wish. "W. N. R.," interpreted, signifies "Works (to the best of my knowledge) not reprinted."

A man's life here is bound up in his college. I have seen Ashby but thrice since I reached this little mud-pie last October, and other co-Americans of foreign, and so inferior, colleges not so often. Perhaps I shall not ask for Ashby's collaboration. Perhaps I boiled at your suggestion that peeping into Meredith's works (I mean his works, as those of a watch) was more in his line than in mine; for my stock argument wherewith I attempt to justify the study of dead and moribund tongues runs thus: A careful and appreciative study of the classics of (*) G. and R. gives the man the appetite and the digestion for letters in general—at least an appetite and a digestion equal to that of the chap who grazes in the boundless prairies, called in college catalogues "English Literature." If you please, you may unmix my metaphors.

I have written to a German friend of mine, a professor in The Royal University of Bonn-on-Rhine, that he is to help me, if he can, by giving me references to German articles wherein Meredith is, to use a term of the profession, "interpreted." No paragraph. (For the benefit of the corrector of themes.) These articles I shall read; and, if they present any new phases or phantasies, I shall translate their salient bits and further translate them by post to you. I really believe that you can live a year in Oxford on almost as little expense as in Harvard; and, after all is said and written (particularly by (†) R. and S.), all one can say and ask is: "Oxford is not, in the smallest detail, like any other place in the world." You and your woman and your girl-child would find it the garden spot of all, a cloister for seclusion, a music hall and a tav-

ern for convivial symposia of the temporal and intellectual sort, a palæstra, a lyceum, a comic opera in pantomime, a panorama of Turners and Landseers and patch-work. Don't ever remind me, in our future, that I have tried to describe Oxford and its loves to you. Come and see. Cultivate the subjunctive of purpose. It's a cheap construction. (Hear!) Germany, too, is easily accessible; where living is so cheap that thieving doesn't pay.

Keimin Matsudaira, Marquis of Matsudaira and knight of the Order of the East Wing of the Mikado's Palace, has (quoting Wm. Seneca Sutton) "sense like a horse and a mule." He is a charming personality, one of nature's noblemen; a patent of government is superfluous in his case. He was in college three months before it was discovered that he lived in the blight of a title. I have forgotten to state, I believe, that he is to me what my old intimates of Austin were. He gave up a Dukedom, rather than jump with the laws of his native peerage which demanded of him his marriage with the daughter of a neighboring Nabob. The fair one chanced to be but three years old and the attempted victim side-stepped the ceremony!

There are snobs here to be seen for the opening of an eye; but their presence interferes with no one. If I were not convinced that it is impossible to make a true statement concerning Oxford, I would say that, above all, the place gives you independence-absolute of your human environment without making a smug, self-complacent unit of you. I have enjoyed writing this letter to you. There is perhaps some unconscious strutting in it, some neurasthenic introspection, some

studiedly whimsical twists of words; but I smile often at myself.

HARRY.

* Greece and Rome, I shudder to write them in the body of a letter. I'm getting like Mr. Dick in David Copperfield.

† R. S. Rhodes Scholars. This expression goes likewise onto my kite.

OXFORD, March 3, 1906.

Dear Lomax:

Much to my disappointment, my Meredithian don has "been down" (Oxford for "left college") "keeping a grace term"; and I have thus been unable to have with him the conference I wished. The Bodleian Library, too, is so zealously guarded that it is well-nigh impossible for one to probe its real depths. I take it for granted, however, that none of the things I mentioned to you is out of your corpus Meredithianum. There *is* a Meredith cult in England; but his cheerful way of terming his country "the aged annuitant of the nations" slaps the insulated Britisher into a self-defending contempt for him. If your work is printed, send me a copy.

You will find that you can spend a year in Oxford, with your vacation on the continent, at almost the expense of a Harvard year. You could attach yourself to a college and live in lodgings, or, after my year in college is over, you could take a small cottage and me! The facilities for English work here are nonpareil.

Bodley will be thrown open to *you*; and its treasures are vast; Oxford itself is so unique in its air—of letters, of culture, of hospitality—that you can scarcely afford to choose Harvard. Mrs. L. would find charming people to swap things with. A Christmas vacation of six weeks in Italy; at Easter so long in France; and a long vacation of four beautiful summer months—under *my* “ciceronage”—in Germany, my stepmother country, and Holland, the quaintest and tiniest—in its ways—of them all. We could live a German life on the Rhine in a small cottage with a German maid to feed, and stare at, us. You would get new worlds from this. I should have; but, by some strange freak of nature, I got rotten before I ripened. You are ripe now; and you can keep off fermentation and decay by coming hither. I have got much from it; but, sometimes, my absorbing seems frightfully slack. Where do you think of spending this year? How much (\$) do you expect to put into it? You would be allowed to go for B.Litt. work, as the graduate degree is termed here. With these plain roads and village-inns at short intervals to rely upon, a man may see all of the island and much of the continent on a bike. Tell me more of your plans. Get Ed Miller to come. We'll make a colony. Have you read Shadwell's *Libertine*? The lyrics of it are fine. There is, I think, a 1720 edition of it.

HARRY.

OXFORD, March, 1906.

Dear Folks:

Last night (Friday, March 9), I was a guest at the Decalogue Club and made a speech on “Blood is

Thicker than Water." Tonight, I am going to the Arnold Wine (means "Banquet"). Replying to the toast "The Ladies" is rather a hard matter; and I must get to work at it. Just this brief note to tell you I am well and strong and happy. I have missed your letters.

With love,

HARRY.

Sunday, March 18, 1906.

Dear Dad:

Rose is a Canadian Rhodes Scholar. I was elected, last Tuesday night, Secretary of the Arnold Literary and Debating Society. Tomorrow sees the end of another Oxford term. Already many chaps have gone down. I leave here for London on the 1:21 train (reaching there at 2:33 (P. M.)). Matsudaira, my Jap. friend, meets me there—together with another mutual friend of ours who has been several days in London (who is a Scot, whose name is Jones!)—and Monday evening we attire ourselves in the full dress of English swells (though none of us *is* English) and attend the farewell dinner to be given to the Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain (Viscount Hayashi) who goes back to Japan for the first visit that the constant stew of international affairs has allowed him. The following day we (Matsudaira and I) go to Germany, where I conduct *his* trip during a week or ten days (for he knows no German); then we go on to Paris where he, for the sport of the thing, and I, because I must, will live for three weeks in Paris on 5 francs (\$1.00)

a day. It costs about \$5.00 a day in Oxford; but I am not complaining.

I have no idea who sent me the brush. I directed the postal authorities to send it to you. ——— has not written me in a month; in fact, hard as it has been to do, I have given up the most of my day-dreams about her, for she is young and I am young, with no particularly substantial prospects; and, above all, by delaying so long to answer my letters, she makes it impossible for me to feel in close touch with her. Please do not breathe this to a soul on the outside. I am over the blue and gloomy side of it; so do not worry.

As to coming home next summer. So many changes have taken place, amongst you, and in the University of Texas, that I feel strongly inclined to come. After looking over the matter from this side of the Atlantic, it seems very necessary that each American Rhodes Scholar should, once during his term, revisit his country; for she may grow beyond and away from him. Furthermore, at least one long summer vacation must be spent by us in studying, for the Oxford system makes it well-nigh impossible to do much work during term. This term I could put in with you at work—and at play. Furthermore, I have a summer ahead of the others, for I came over early. By sailing from Bremen to Galveston (it would take about 20 days), I could get passage for about \$50.00 and would reach an American port whence I could get home cheaply. To sail from Liverpool on a fast steamer for N. Y. means an expense of \$90.00 or \$100.00 for ship ticket and \$40.00 or \$50.00 more from N. Y. home. But

this is still a long way off. I think I shall do it; but we will not make any definite decision as yet. I most assuredly want to see all of you, dear old dad and mither; and I want to see Sister's baby.

Give my love to those of my kin who ask about me.

Lovingly,

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
OXFORD, ENGLAND,
April 20, 1906.

Dear Folks:

My vacation has just closed; and, beyond a doubt, it has been as delightful a holiday as I ever had. Matsudaira and I left London on March 19 for Holland, via Flushing. The quaint costumes, particularly the wooden shoes and the broad, flapping hats of the women, interested him mightily—and me as well. There were this far on the trip three other “men of Belial”—as members of Balliol are sometimes termed; and we had a compartment on the train, free from interruptions and private and comfortable. I went back to Bonn, Matsu with me, and visited some German friends—among them the Kubes, of course. I enclose some very poor kodak pictures taken of Matsu and me in an exceedingly polite attitude. We were, in fact “Germanizing,” doing in Rome as Romans do.

After a week in Germany, we two went on to Brussels. To appreciate the little capital of Belgium, one should see it before Paris; for it is nothing more nor less than a Paris in miniature. In its reckless gaiety,

its little cafés jutting on the street, its fondness for staying up the whole night, its display of beautiful gowns and elegant dandies, its cosmopolitan street-crowds and its ability to use two or three different languages, Brussels is a little Paris. The official language is French; the language of the peasantry and the laboring classes is Flemish, which is very near to German and nearer still to Dutch. Most every man, above the day-laborers, speaks both French and Flemish. French has proven much more difficult for me to learn to speak than German was; and hence I have found it convenient, almost everywhere in Europe to use my German. This I did in Belgium. There is in Brussels a quaint little fountain, now hundreds of years old but still running. It is so unique of its sort that I shall describe it to you. It is, first of all, the statue, about 2 1-2 feet high, of an absolutely naked baby boy. The figure itself is said, by all authorities, to be a wonderful work of art. The little chap “pees” morning, noon and night. It is a comical, a quaint, a grotesque sight; but vulgar it is *not*. It is called the Maennikin Fountain (Flemish for “Little Man”). We dined at B. with Japanese Minister, Count Takahashi.

From B. we went to Paris and took up quarters in the Latin Quarter, the most interesting, the cheapest, the most notorious, the most comfortable, and the most famous, perhaps, of the French capital. In a pension, or family hotel, our bed cost us a franc (about 22 cents) a night. Our dinner was a mighty meal of five courses, with a bottle of claret or of cider; and it, too, was a franc.

The Louvre in Paris is a grand treasure-house of art

and antiquity. I saw the old Greek statue of the Victory of Samothrace, of Venus; and score after score of paintings by Michael Angelo, Rubens, Raphael, Botticelli, etc., etc.

If you haven't yet read Du Maurier's *Trilby*, do it now, if you care to see in a charming novel what the Latin Quarters are like. After Paris had delighted us for a few days, Matsudaira received an important letter from Japan on business matters that demanded his presence in London. Rather than spend my time in Paris alone (or else look up some of the numerous students I have grown to know in Paris) I came back to England with him, and spent three days in London—seeing some of the better actors and actresses of to-day, to say nothing of a ramble about Hyde Park, a visit to the Houses of Parliament, to Westminster Abbey, the British Museum and London Bridge. I saw, too, *Old Curiosity Shop*, said to be the “original” of Dickens' novel.

I then came on back to Balliol—the nicest, most homelike spot of them all, where, on my return from foreign lands and hotel life, with its thorns and its stones, you find a cheerful room, a singing kettle, a dainty, substantial meal, a warm bath, a lovely garden to look at, a quiet atmosphere that charms you after your ears have been dinned at by the bustle of crowds and of travel. When I first came the college was almost vacant; but, fortunately, three of the half dozen men who were “up,” (that is “*here*”) were friends of mine. After two days of quiet reading in the mornings and tennis or rowing in the afternoons, we all went up the Thames to Mortlake, in order to witness *the* athletic

event of the year in England, the boat-race between Cambridge and Oxford. Cambridge won, much to *their* surprise as well as ours; for Oxford usually wins.

After this, there was nothing left for us to do, save to return to our rooms in Balliol. This we did. But the beauty of an English spring, as it steals on you with a warm soothing sun and a soft green on the grass and the trees, is a beauty that I for one am totally unable to resist. Suffice it to say that on last Wednesday a week ago, one John Orr, of Tasmania, one James Macdonnell of Canada, and myself packed up our hair-brushes, some soap, a sponge, a night-gown each, and for each a change of underclothes, and mounted our bicycles for a ride. We were gone five days, and the miles we rode were two hundred and thirty. None of us was for an instant weary. The roads of England are, for the most part, smooth as billiard tables; the weather was ideal; the country inns are all clean and comfortable. Their names smack of Dickens. One night we spent in the Blue Boar Inn; another, in the Green Man Inn; others we visited for rest or refreshments were the Dun Cow, the Four Alls, the Rainbowne (sic), the King's Arms, the Brown Bear, the Plough and the Red Lion. We visited Rugby, where Tom Brown went to school; Coventry, Kenilworth—the scene of Scott's great novel and the site of Queen Elizabeth's favorite castle, the ruins of which now stand, down in a green meadow, all covered with ever-fresh ivy; Warwick, another grand castle, still inhabited. Here we were shown the helmet that belonged to Charles the First, the armor of Oliver Cromwell. Queen Anne's royal bed (I prefer my own for

comfort, I think) Banbury, where we saw the Banbury Cross. (You recall the melody, "Ride a white horse to Banbury Cross"?), and a chained Bible containing several quaint old readings. For example, it reads, instead of balm, "Is there treacle in Gilead?" Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare's house and the church where he now lies buried, tho' very interesting, are, to my mind, thrown into the shadow by the beauty of the Avon River, the graceful curves it makes and the sloping meadows about it. I shall send you soon a picture of my room. At present, I think it very likely indeed that I shall come home for the summer. I hope Sis is still with you.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY.

Thanks for the Geo. Washington picture and the picture of Susan Alice, which I've put on my wall. Yes, the understanding with Uncle Ed was that I was to keep up the policy. I am *very* grateful to you Dad, for having paid the premium. Please let me know how much it was.

BALLIOL, April 23, 1906.

Dear Madge: *

This morning, as I was aroused from slumber by the siren notes of the early morning scout-call, your envelope was handed me. I read it in bed. Oxford, you see, is a luxurious place.

I am glad that, in the brief scope of your note, you were so successful in abusing me. That short epistle

* Norman R. Crozier, Dallas.

is a masterpiece of subtle indignation and disgust. I agree heartily with you in your opinion anent that scrappy letter of mine. You have chastened my spirit; and, if I have done anything to be sorry for, I am glad of it.

Since my residence here, I have not had access to a typewriter. I have been forced to write ever in long hand. This, to one who has long been wont to play one keyboard almost by ear, is sometimes physical pain; and, too, I have written such heaps of stuff—some of it mush, some of it slush—for injudicious periodicals that a bare greeting is all that my friends get. A traveller soon learns the vocabular of guide-books; and a thoroughly Baedekerized man is the bore of all bores; so I attempt to chuck the sightseer's strain when I write to friends of old and of now.

I am just back from two weeks in Germany, one in Belgium, a few days in Holland and a week or so in France. In Oxford we have three vacations: at Christmas, six weeks; at Easter, five; in summer four months.

I have, in addition to the geography covered abroad, cycled, over roads as smooth as marble, through beautiful country: Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Tewkesbury, Cheltenham, an English spring surpasses all in beauty and gentle charm. Our college quadrangles and gardens are paradises of lazy leisure now. Nobody studies this term. In the Oxford phrase, we all "slack." Each afternoon, we play tennis on grass courts, or row indolently and dreamily about on the beautiful little rivers here—the Cher or the Isis. In sports there is a love for the game as a game. There is no over-

training, no straining for victory, no picking of surpassing men and a consequent neglect of the mediocre physique that stands in far more need of exercise. Everyone, whether good, bad or better, engages in some outdoor sport. This accounts for the peculiar indifference with which Cambridge men take their victory and Oxonians their defeat in the late boat-race.

In Paris, by the way, I lived in the Latin Quarter. I saw, too, the victory of Samothrace in the Louvre. No "relict" of antiquity has ever impressed me so. Its huge stone proportions seemed feathery and light as air. It looks fully capable of soaring on high from its pedestal.

Mrs. Madge's bright and chatty letter started me sweet-tempered into the day. At present, my plans for the near future include a visit home. If I am to go home at all during my three years, I must go next summer. In all likelihood, I shall spend six or eight weeks in Texas. If you will take me as I am and forgive me the impulsive selfishness of which I know myself possessed, I want to visit you in your home. Wandering has in a way deadened my Wanderlust. I want to see you and Lomax in your families. However, if Mrs. Madge will not ruthlessly and once for all knock the eye out of STEGER, I shall indignantly protest!!!!

The rest of this letter is to Mrs. Madge ———.

Dear Mrs. Crozier:

The enclosed is a picture of my home, or that part of it known as my "sitter" or sitting room. On the left is my favorite chair, a big old caressing chap that makes

you snug and lazy. Near at hand, on a little shelf, are my tobacco jar and my pipes. Hanging on either side of the mantel is a German pipe; long, graceful, ebony and pearl affairs they are. On the mantel's right and left corners are two German steins. Above, among other things, are some quaint little Dutch things that Carrie Gardner gave me. She may recognize them, as well as the oval frame lower on the right, containing Dr. Battle's picture. My hob, for the tea-kettle, is on the cheery grate. The walls are light green panels. The curtain on the right conceals the door to my pantry, where the tea, the sugar, the soda water, the tobacco, cakes, bread, butter, cheese are kept. The little round disks over the mantel are various German motto-plates, each bearing a sententious proverb, gathered by me along the Mosel River from peasants and peasants' inns. Isn't it a nice, comfy den? There are some pots of geraniums in the windows. Every Oxford room has flowers. At first blush, it smacks of effeminacy; but 'tis after all a false smack.

Now to the matter of Madge: Teaching is *the* profession above all where sacrifice and gigantic effort reap ingratitude. The work is of the sort that tries men's souls: for the petty bites and itches are ever there to plague. You have seen how much of a sincere man's nerve and brain and vitality can be torn down and jerked and jarred and addled by a trying day in the school-room. There is an old age that is coming—of querulous habits, perhaps, unless it is an angel that has been teaching; of refined poverty, perhaps, which is a spectre to stare affrighted at. These are blunt words; but I have used them just as rudely

with myself. There *are* compensations; but after all, to jostle elbows with *men* makes the blood of the world run in health. Norman is a man of education, of intellectual aspirations, of a home-loving heart. No years of commercial life can kill all this in him. He is safe and sane. He may make money. "Money" will never mean to him "Life"—but it's very fine fuel. Bless him, I wish I could get way off in some quiet place with him and talk. (Austin is no place for me to meet him. I am silly and frantic under the excitement of enjoyment or of nervous stimulation.) I would talk to him of what a few years of careful husbandry in a clean business might yield in harvest. I would give him the advice I wish I could myself take. When you have money—that delightful amount of it known in fiction as a "competency"—you are in a way to be mildly happy; unless, of course, troubles come that money cannot solve.

.

So Bess Ferguson is yielding to the soft and tender ministrations of the little Imp! Of my own "affair," I can say nothing to you; for I know nothing. I am getting old faster than the years come; and finer influences, romantic ideals, do not stir me as once they did. My visit home this summer will be made, in large part, because I want to see how much I think of the girl, how much I think of myself, how much the girl thinks of me, how much she thinks of herself and whether a romance is a delusion. I fear it is.

I was always fond of Annie Jo Gardner. It was impossible for me to refrain from grinning broadly, when we met. She and Vance ought to make each

other happy. Although *my* home-land has at times an attraction for me that draws me to it, I am by nature a tramp, and I shall never be able to stay long enough in one place to warm a home. Annie Jo and Vance will grow old in Egypt. Of course, she denies this now; but it is inevitable. Why not?

Roy Sewell is a rascal. He and I used to be almost inseparable and entirely sympathetic. I have a notion now that he owes me a letter. Therefore, he is a rascal.

If you and Madge will keep up a correspondence with me, I shall be glad. Concerning the son and heir, I can only say that your description of him is at the same time both motherly and possible; and this is a most remarkable combination. Don't keep him *too* clean, let him get sun-burned, and *don't* push his head to a premature precocity. See how willingly I give advice even on matters far beyond my ken.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY P. STEGER.

P. S. Don't put "Rhodes Scholar" on the envelope of your letters to me. Thanks.

H. P. S.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, May 13, 1906.

Dear Folks:

Mither's nice and interesting letter reached me yesterday. A good, long one from Dr. Battle came on the same mail. The weather here is glorious now. I can scarcely stay in doors an hour at a time. What with the beauties and charms of these two glorious

rivers and the delight of tennis in the afternoon, most Oxford men find work well nigh impossible at this season of the year.

I was relieved to hear of Sister's and of "Sue Alice's" improved health. Now that there is a probability of my coming home for the summer, I am more eager than ever to see my niece. Don't be too sure of my coming home, however; for my absolutely definite arrangements have not yet been made. Just as soon as I can say surely and positively, I will say so. I met two American girls day before yesterday and took them for a trip on the river. Carothers, of Arkansas, went with me. In fact, 'twas through him that I met these people. They, together with Mrs. Kate S. Terrell (a prominent woman, I think, among Texas Clubwomen) are coming to have a little lunch with me today. All three of these people, by the way, are from Texas. The girls are named Carter and Dennis—one of Waco, the other of Houston. I don't as yet know which from t'other!

My health is good. I have been compelled, however, to try another oculist who has put glasses on me for good; glasses for "street-use" as well as for reading. He has done me more good than any of the others. In the evenings, I am writing and working on some little projects of mine. If I *do* come home, I shall want to spend a large part of my time in writing up my notes.

Holland's pays too little and gives you no reputation. There is, besides, no incentive to do good and careful writing; for it is the filling of space that with them is so important. The journal is, however, im-

proving rapidly. If other magazines continue to reject my contributions, I shall return to *Holland's*.

My guests are coming.

With lots of love,

(Signed) HARRY.

How is the health of each of you?

THE ACLAND HOME, OXFORD.

May 22, 1906.

Dear Dad:

Your letter saying how glad Mither and you were that I was coming home probably crossed my letter telling you of the change in my plans. I shall write to Uncle Ed very shortly. I am, as you see, at present in this hospital—but please don't be alarmed; for the danger is past. I am strong again—as my ability to write shows. Altho the week has been a painful one, it has not been without its good results; for my side seems, the doctor says, to have strengthened wonderfully. Perhaps, after all, I shall sail home later, in case I get rid of whatever it is that now offends my flesh. I am, of course, under considerable expense at present—so much that I may have to live by my pen during the latter part of the summer. Tomorrow I am being sent to London for an expert to “tap” and “thump” me.

Please don't think this a blue letter. I have decided to tell you exactly the state of my health, so that your imagination may have no reason for exaggerating it. Had it not been for my having told you of my intention to come home and later discovering that I could

not, I would have spared you any possible worry by keeping my "ailment" a secret from you. Mither is not to think me deserted—for (and I tell it to reassure you, not from a desire to prove popularity) at least a dozen people call here every day after me. The old Master of the college, his wife, the Dean, students et al. look after me; and my nurse takes the best care of me. She makes me leave off now to take my bath before bed and it's only 9:30!

Love, and lots of it. Love to Sister and all of hers.

HARRY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

June 4, 1906.

Dear Dad:

My Englishman, who is to accompany me to Karlsbad, finds that he cannot leave his home in Devonshire—whither he has gone from Oxford to spend a few days with homefolks—before tomorrow (Tuesday); so I am still in O. We leave most certainly tomorrow.

It has occurred to me that it would not be absolutely beyond the realms of possibility for you to come to Bremen on a North German Lloyd Steamer from Galveston. Mither, I fear, would find the trip irksome. If she will not, or cannot come, there is Sister in Wichita Falls for her to visit. My friend Cowie—who by this time would know enough German to act as your guide—could meet you in Bremen, whence you could come to me at Karlsbad. After I have been six weeks at Karlsbad, you and I could go to one of the

many little German villages I know and live quietly and cheaply—very *cheaply*—until I recovered from the enervating and physically enfeebling effects of my treatment at Karlsbad. Passage from Galveston costs \$50.00—round trip about \$90.00. The boats are the same as those that ply between Baltimore and Bremerhaven. I know by experience how comfortable and cheery and jolly they are. You will be absolutely rehabilitated in mind and in body. I shall be cheered through your presence and Mither will feel easier with you here with me. The expense is not a matter of life and death. Were I not being sapped by unexpected items, I would be able to help you. Remember, too, that you are living in the meantime. You need no elaborate wardrobe. Don't let this suggestion of mine impel you to think any the more seriously about *my* condition. It is one of little gravity and vast care. I am, of course, uniformly careful. Write to the North German Lloyd S. S. Line, Galveston, for dates of sailing. Until you get some other address from me, send all letters here, whence they will be forwarded.

Yours,

HARRY.

P. S. I have heard of Ray. He is very able.

Supplementary.

The trip from Galveston lasts about twenty days. Some people who made it last June were telling me quite recently how smooth the passage was and how good the menu. It is *not* absurd for you to think seriously over the trip. Calculate how much you save by closing up the house during the summer; bear in

mind that, for \$16.00 a month, I can get you a nice room with breakfast. Consider that it would make you ten years younger. If *you* will do this summer, I shall undertake to bring Mither over next summer for her trip. Life is short. Pleasure that helps the mind to work and the body to thrive is cheap at any monetary price. This plan has not just now sprung into sudden being. I have ruminated before with it as my cud. Talk it over with some one. Try Uncle Ed, or Mr. Thurmond, and Mither, or Uncle Gus; but don't be too easily discouraged through lack of sympathy. Think it over with yourself. Write me soon. (Ask Mither to write me another good long letter. I enjoyed the last one so much.)

HARRY.

KARLSBAD.

[No date.]

Dear Folks:

Cowie and I reached Karlsbad yesterday. Our address is Angers Hotel, Karlsbad, Austria. This is a beautiful little place, situated deep in a lovely valley; and were it not for plutocrats (a class in Europe composed of Russian princes, English aldermen and American brewers), no more delightful spot could be imagined. Their presence, however, makes expenses soar aloft and gives more of the purse-proud air to the place.

I am quite confident that this system of waters will rejuvenate my kidneys, and, if I can get my pen to work, I can use my time in turning more than one honest penny. I am very busy just now with starting off!

I shall describe the water—drinking to you in my next;
for 'tis very amusing.

Lots of love,

HARRY.

KARLSBAD, June 13, 1906.

My dear Folks:

Dad's letter, showing such anxiety over me, forwarded to me from Oxford, reached Karlsbad this morning. I am so glad that I can re-assure you both. Karlsbad waters are working wonders for me; that is, they in connection with careful dieting and regular hours under the charge of Dr. London, a resident physician and a German, who tells me "to write my mother and father that Dr. London is treating me, not only with his brain, but also with his heart." He is a dear old grandfatherly chap.

I am happily rid of my stone! Think of that! Of diabetes and Bright's disease, which Osler had intimated as being possible developments, Dr. London declares there is no trace. The waters relieve me of the uric acid and only a diet is necessary in the future to avoid recurrence. I am taking on flesh again. In fact, I weigh 141 pounds. Regular hours, good diet, and these cleansing waters will leave me in far better condition than I was. Dr. London says I came in the nick of time. Four more weeks will see the end of the Karlsbad treatment. I will gladly come home then, if you and mither say so. It makes my heart ache to know that she has taken my trouble so to heart. Of course, at first no one could tell whether I was in a

dangerous fix or not; now they *know* that I am not.

I shall leave it to you as to whether I come home or not. Of course there is no longer any talk of an operation. Re-assure Sister, if she is, too, uneasy. Cowie is still with me.

Yours aff't'ly,

HARRY.

GOLDENER BAUM,
KARLSBAD, AUSTRIA,
July 4, 1906.

Dear Uncle Ed:

A letter from home tells me of your willingness to come to Europe for me. I appreciate this far more than you may realize; but it is by no means necessary. My physical condition is good now. I am strong again and gaining rapidly the flesh I had lost. Please re-assure the people. Why they were so long without news from me is beyond my understanding; for I have written at least twice a week (mostly cards) since my kidneys made themselves so unpleasantly felt. I want to come home; but at the same time I dread it, for it will be hard to get away again. I wish my father and mother could realize how small the world is, after all. It is shrinking, too. The fast boats and cables are doing it. They could have heard almost instantly of any serious change in my condition. At present, cables and letters to consuls have rendered me an object of suspicion to the Austrian police. *Please* re-assure my people.

A history of my ailment will not be amiss: Some

two or three months ago, I noticed, after physical exertion, a most penetrating pain in the right kidney-region. One morning, about four o'clock, I woke up in a delirium. My servant heard me, came in, ran out, came back with a doctor. He gave me repeated morphine. This attack lasted twenty-four hours, leaving me exhausted, unable to eat, too nervous to sleep. During the following week, I seemed to have recovered entirely; but one morning—eight days later—my servant found me in the same condition. Morphine did me no good; I was taken to the hospital, which I left eight days later. Three days later the agony came back. The whole plaguly business was beginning to get on my nerves. Friends of mine in college and some of the college authorities told the famous Osler of me. He came to see me; sent me to London under nurses' charge to be X-rayed. Nothing showed. On my return he analyzed my urine, found uric acid in large quantities, hinted strongly at Bright's disease, gave me alarming advice about my future, sent me to Karlsbad. These waters and a good doctor helped me to get rid of a stone that, according to my feelings, was of any huge size. It would have been absurd for me to have come home at this time. I have been in good hands. At present I am recuperating from the enervating effects of the cure. Cowie, the Englishman who has been with me for a month, left today for England. Richard Conried, whose father is a theatre-director in New York, is taking me for an eight days' trip in Tyrol in his father's big motor car. After that, I am visiting a Dutch friend of mine at his home in Holland for a few days, then a short visit in Germany and then to

Bremen for the boat to America. My doctor will not hear of my sailing until I have spent two weeks or so in getting really vigorous after Karlsbad; and it is very convenient that I may visit these friends, all of whom live in good climates in the country; for to travel about Europe alone is not very comforting.

I, too, take no stock in alarming stories. No doctor has yet succeeded in frightening me. The stone is gone; the uric acid (whence stones start) is going, is almost gone; and, if I can spend from now until September in the open air, I shall be as sound as a dollar. I hope you'll be in Bonham when I come. It occurs to me that you may perhaps be at some resort. This is the first time I have written "The History of My Kidney." Love to Aunt Mary and "Mary Ann."

Yours,

HARRY.

July 6, 1906.

KARLSBAD, July 9, 1906.

Dear Folks:

I shall leave tomorrow for Ischl to take an "after-cure" in the open air. My address there is 43 Leitenbergerstrasse, Ischl, Austria (LEITENBERGERSTRASSE); but I shall probably be out of Ischl before you get this note. The enclosed picture was taken before I left England. The other beauty is Norman Leslie, of Balliol, whose habitat is Queensland, Australia. As perhaps I have already told you, I am wearing glasses regularly now, since four or five months ago. I have absolutely no further trouble with my eyes. Today is Monday.

I spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday in Prag, the capital of Bohemia (English "Prague"). Be sure to ask me about the clock there, and the people. Poor Cowie, through his ignorance of German, went off wandering into Holland; for he was told to get into the wrong train. He finally got back to England. His fine sense of humour turned the mishap into a joke for him. Dad is mistaken. I haven't heard from ——— in nearly two months. I hope it is not very hot in Bonham.

Affectionately,

HARRY.

BONHAM, TEXAS, August 7, 1906.

Dear Bedi:

Your letter was waiting for me when I got home. O yes, I had a pleasant trip. Slept in same cabin with a Polish Jew that scratched himself when he talked.

Lomax's version of my illness is the true one. I *had*, among other things, incipient Bright's disease and a stone in the kidney. I think they are all gone.

I'll not pretend that I have deciphered your itinerary. After reading your time-table paragraph, I get the impression that you can come to Dallas or to some other "town on the Katy near Bonham." I wish I knew exactly what you seemed to know when you made the plan. Here's my plan. Tell me 24 hours—better 48 hours—ahead (there is a system of telegraphic communication in action at most R. R. stations) where and when you want me to meet you. Bedi, I want to see that old dirty yellow mane of yours worse than I do

the historic (they are *very* old, I understand) pyramids of Egypt. Don't be indiscreet and expend too much money in the consummation of this reunion; but for God's sake give *us* a chance to dovetail again before we both get fat, old, and decent. I send material *re* Tristan d' Acunha under separate cover.

Read this matter leisurely and chronologically. Pay particular attention to the reports of sea-captains on the inhabitants and to the career of that grand old Tristandacunhanian patriarch, Peter Green. Preserve this material and return it to me flesh to flesh.

You are a crank now. I sent you a newspaper clipping—a newspaper tearing—about this island. I had—as you would have done in the Barnhart Spindler days—torn this column out. You, you file, *voul* (did I touch a chord?), pink-haired, æsthete, trimmed it off daintily, cut it off symmetrically and sent it back.

H. P. S., *Rex et Imperator Tristan d' Acunhaia*.

I can leave Bonham any day to meet you "at some town on the Katy near Bonham." Shall I wear a rose in my lapel, dearest?

HARRY.

(This was Harry's second trip back to Oxford. He had spent a month or more at home, if I remember.—Thos. P. Steger.)

S. S. CELTIC, October 10, 1906.

Dear Folks:

I'm out about two thousand miles at sea as I write this. So far the trip has been delightful. This boat

is huge; and instead of the usual three thousand people she carries comfortably, there are on board about three hundred. This means, of course, more room, on deck and in the cabins; more time at meals, better service from stewards, in fact more pleasant travel in every particular. In addition to Nixon, I found on board two other Rhodes men—Schaeffer of Pennsylvania and Isaacs of Delaware. We four, you see, make a party for games at which, contrary to my habits on land, I can on sea spend several hours a day in comfort. I have made a start toward introducing “42” into Oxford by teaching my three colleagues to play it. They are all enthusiastic. I feel sure that the deed is done. By giving the chief steward two dollars, I secured a cabin to myself, near the closets and the bathroom. I shall mail this on landing. Its receipt will show you my safe arrival. I was, by the way, so delayed *en route* to New York that I had no time to look up the Conrieds. I did not feel like going to their home late Thursday night (the B. & O. reached New York several hours late) and then leaving about five the next morning. 'Twas too much like making an hotel of them.

Dad, please enquire at the Fannin County Bank whether the ten dollars exchange sent by me to the White Star Steamship Line, 9 Broadway, New York City, has been cashed or not. Write me then the result of your enquiry. The ticket agent at the pier had no memorandum of the payment; so I paid him the \$47.50 in full, taking a receipt therefor. Of course I shall receive the amount of the exchange as refund. Please don't say I won't. I have been talking to

Isaacs, who is doing law work at Oxford; and I feel that the B.A. degree work, whether I take the degree or not, in Jurisprudence is the work that will serve me great purposes either as a practitioner or in the consular service. So soon as I learn more definitely of the course's scope, I shall write you.

I have so far had absolutely no need of an overcoat—neither on board ship nor while I was in New York. Of course, it is very cold just now; but, thanks be to the gods, we have had nearly no wet, misty, foggy weather. My rug is ample protection when I sit on deck; my blood warms me adequately when I am walking. To-day, for the first time, most of us have been driven below by the raw wind. The library and the lounging room are both more popular than on the previous days when the sun was more in evidence. My appetite continues good. The dread sea-sickness has made no approach. Today is Wednesday. On Friday night or Saturday morning we shall be in Liverpool. I'll cable you thence. Oxford is only four hours' distance. From Oxford I shall write you.

I have never enjoyed a visit home as I did this last one. It was all too short.

With worlds of love,

HARRY.

Tell Mither I have put the lemons to good use.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Oct. 30, 1906.

MR. THOS. P. STEGER,
Bonham, Texas.

Dear Dad:

There is a fair chance that the college will allow me to outline my own course in law. At present, I am doing the law of Torts, of Real Property and, of course, Roman Law. My tutor says, however, that he will be glad to work with me on a course in law more peculiarly American. Will you, therefore, please secure for me at once the outlines of the Texas State Bar Exam., at the same time sending ten cents in stamps to the Registrar of the University of Texas at Austin with the request to forward me a copy of the latest University catalog? Of course, don't, unless you think it necessary, say anything to anybody about this. There's no need in it.

You see, in effect, from this meagre outline, that my tutor is willing to supervise a course of study of more practical advantage to me than the usual Oxford law work.

In haste,

HARRY.

Am off to a lecture. Is Mither going to write soon?

November 4, 1906.

Dear Edith:

Three weeks, almost, in Oxford have again made me feel as if my whole life had been spent here. The voyage over was very pleasant. On board at New

York, I discovered, much to my surprise and delight, that three other Oxonians were to sail with me. A party of four congenial spirits on a big boat at a season when there are few passengers and so plenty of room, we read, talked, played whist, walked the deck and slept in our deck chairs together. Thus the eight days passed.

I have just heard from Vassar. Many, many thanks for your thoughtfulness in writing to Miss Thurmond. I had feared that, in an absent-minded mood, I might have failed in my note to you to give you her name. I hope Vassar is going to do her worlds of good. She writes that she is delighted beyond measure with Vassar and Vassar people. Are you yearning again for the flesh-pots of Poughkeepsie? What are you doing, anyhow? I wish that I could have visited old Memphis during my few weeks at home. The time was so brief, though; and, after my illness, I was so much of a homing pigeon that I wanted to stay in Texas, up to the narrowest margin of my boat.

Typical English weather is here now. Last week I spent two days in London, in order to see some extraordinarily good plays then running. In the course of my first morning, I went into a hotel for lunch with a friend. About an hour later (it was then nearly "1 o'clock at noon") we came out into one street. It was so dark, so thickly dark with a yellow body to everything, that we had to feel our way carefully down the hotel steps into the street. All of the street-lamps were burning. It was suddenly become midnight. Such is a London fog! They come often upon you, thus unexpected, at this season of the year. But things

die so charmingly here. Our college chapel, with its rare buttresses, is one mass of vines with glowing, burning, fiery red leaves, set off by trees in ruddy brown. Be sure to greet for me all of your household. I hope some day to see them.

My next vacation begins in December. It had been my intention to run off at once to Spain; but that little trip to Texas and back had a sadly flattening effect on my wallet. I shall probably wheeze and sneeze it out in England. That's not so bad, though. There are several spots in England where even the winter is tolerable. How is Memphis nowadays? Do you ever see Douglas Hunter? Write and tell me all about yourself. How does it feel to be a B.A. of Vassar?

With best wishes,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Sunday, Nov. 4, 1906.

Dear Folks:

Dad's good letter, written just after receipt of mine mailed on landing, reached me last night. I was awfully glad to get it. I have taken up the matter of the ten dollar exchange with the White Star people. Doubtless, before you receive this, I shall have secured its refund. Oxford continues the same. Today has been a dismal, gloomy rainy Sunday. The sun has not been seen for nearly three days. It is not so cold, however, as it was last year at this time. I was out to lunch today with Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard. Mr. H. is my tutor. He is a very jolly man of about thirty-

five, learned in Roman law, with a strange and persistent penchant for flower-gardening. He has some gorgeous tulips that Mither would delight to see. I am glad that Mither and Aunt Mattie are going to El Paso. It will be a great trip. I don't believe I care for any Bonham paper regularly. You might simply mail me an occasional copy, particularly when something of interest appears. The invitation to Jack's and Goldie's nuptials reached me yesterday. The letter you enclosed, Dad, was not of such weighty importance as its extrascriptio indicated. It was merely a request from one of the editors of the *University of Texas Magazine* that I write him something.

The weather is bitter cold at present. My love to both of you. I should like to be with you Christmas. Love to the "Kinnery." It was very much of a surprise for me to hear of Cowden's reinstatement. What a vacillating thing people's opinions are!

HARRY.

OXFORD, November 17, 1906.

Dear Dad:

Yours *re* ——— just reached me. I have no notion what he has done to acquire this fame. In fact, it is a generally known thing about here that he has done less than anybody else. Contrary to taking honors, he will undoubtedly fail dismally. How he has secured—if it has been he who did it—this gratuitous advertising I (as well as others of his colleagues who are laughing over the affair) am unable to say. Last week I received a note from Miss Ethel A. Morey, of

Belton, Texas, whom I knew at Austin, saying that she was then in England and would reach Oxford Wednesday (today is Sunday). She is a very fine girl and I was glad to see her and to be able to show her some courtesies while she was here. It was good, too, to see an old face from the dear old University of Texas.

I am rather busy now-a-days. There is plenty of work to be done. I hope that you have no occasion to complain of my laziness in writing. By the way, I am the proud possessor of a fine Persian kitten. He frolics about in comical style; for, in spite of his scant three months, he is bigger than an ordinary matured cat. He is the gift of my scout. We Americans are having a Thanksgiving Dinner here on the 29th of November. I shall write you of it after it is over.

My health continues good. Rest assured that I shall, in the future, tell you promptly of any change in it. Of course, this weather is not bracing; but, in spite of it, I feel quite fit. A Tasmanian friend—Orr, by name—has just stuck his “woolly” aboriginal head into the door to tell me that I am expected in his room for a cup of cocoa. This is a function that occurs nightly about ten o’clock in all rooms of Oxford college.

Love, lots of it.

HARRY.

OXFORD, December, 1906.

Dear Folks:

I was elected last night as President of the Arnold Club by a vote of sixty-four to seven. This is the

largest debating society in college. I am going to spend a week in London soon, living at Mansfield House. This is a settlement of Oxford men in the poor part of London. They investigate the living conditions, the social conditions under which these people live. Nothing, I find, is a better education than to see all sorts of people. For Xmas dinner, I may go to Paris. Several friends of mine are to be there. We'll have, then, a regular American dinner, as was our Thanksgiving feast here in Oxford last Thursday evening. I have just received a good, mighty good, letter from Sis. How I would like to be with you on Xmas day. Think how dear Sue-Alice must be now! Mother's trip is glorious. I'm sure it will make her years younger. I hope "you all" will believe me when I say that my health is as good or even better—than ever. Cowie was here on a visit yesterday, by the way, and we had a jolly hour of reminiscences about Karlsbad. All sorts of a merry Xmas. I'm with you in spirit. Be full of good cheer, turkey and egg-nog.

HARRY.

LONDON, December 13, 1906.

Dear Folks:

I am living at Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London, East—but I won't describe the conditions to you. I'm going to do it for an American magazine, then you can read it. Don't imagine that I myself am in a slum. Toynbee Hall is a very comfortable, clean place! In fact, an Englishman would smile if

he heard me take the trouble to say that the place is clean. Nixon is with me for a few days.

Merry Xmas, Happy New Year to all.

In haste,

HARRY.

LONDON, December 24, 1906.

Dear Folks:

It's Xmas eve. That dates the letter. I am very busy here—partly seeing the labour and industrial conditions of London and partly in such pleasures as good theaters, etc. Nixon is here with me. We are both trying to collect material for "articles." Material we have. The difficulty will come in writing them up. I am glad I am busy. Xmas always seems such a dismal day to spend away from home. Next week we are returning to Oxford. Of course Sis and dear little Sue-Alice and Robert are with you at this season. How jolly you all ought to be! Mother's letter about Mexico was very, very interesting. I must see that country myself some day.

With all sorts of love and good wishes,

HARRY.

Four of us, Nixon of Mass., Hornbeck of Colorado, Bellamy of Canada, and I are having a turkey together tomorrow.

(To Roy Sewell, of Palestine, acknowledging the announcement of Sewell's wedding to Miss Carrie Gardner.)

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Jan. 6, 1907.

Dear Idiot and the Other One:

It is seldom that the foreign mails do a really appropriate thing; but your subpoena actually reached me on the third day of January. At the time I was digesting Old English Plum Pudding in a Dago restaurant and actually thinking of "Roy's and Carrie's Nuptials" when appeared the "maid," with a bucket of slops in one hand, a smudge of dirt on her nose and your massive, engraved parchment in the other. On the outside of the envelope appeared two official legends that made me curse. One read "twenty-five centime"; the other "three pence." There were additional hieroglyphics that, in all, cost me thirteen cents postage due. Here's what I do, down in the cellars, for thirteen cents:

Shave	3 cents;
Breakfast (bulbous Kidneys and cup of seaweed coffee)	6 cents;
5 wild Woodbine (cigarettes)	2 cents;
Ride on top of omnibus	2 cents.

Total 13 cents.

But, bless you both, as soon as read those beautiful lines, arranged so like one of my own poems that return to me ever and anon, I never grudged the thirteen cents. Seriously, I tried to cable you my congratulations; but the offices were closed in honor of the King's

having shot ten tail feathers out of the royal pheasant. I am running two establishments now; one in Oxford, and one in London. Won't you and Bonner drop in on me some day?

May you both weave a crimson thread and always have all the waffles you want. If you only knew how I missed American cooking. Can Bonner cook? Is she the "Scholarship Winner"?

H. P. S.

LONDON, W., April 9, 1907.

Dear Bedi:

I am in London now, somewhat settled down and, at any rate, in a better mood for writing than when I penned my last meagre scrawl to you. Listen to the outlines of a narrative. The best friend I have made over here is a young Englishman, Cowie by name. He and I have been through a lot. The latest experience that has come to us was one with a bunco-steerer. Thanks to me and my enthusiasm for what I had reasoned out to be a sure thing, Cowie lost about a thousand dollars! But, when I felt damned mean over the affair, he saw only the humorous side and has been laughing for weeks. He can't afford to lose so much money, either. This but to prepare you for Cowie; for he and I live together in London and you will find him here when you come. He will in no way interfere with us and he may strike you as favourably as he has me. That is for you to find out.

Next: I hope you and I are going in for this thing for all that it is worth and that we are not to drop it

before it has been given an adequate trial. Sail sooner than June 2nd if you possibly can and come by as fast a steamer as you can afford to ride on. I'll meet you in Liverpool; you'll come on to London, where we can take a pause. I don't know yet whether it is best to do England first or the Continent. Furthermore, we shall need several days for talking; for there is much I want to communicate to you that a letter will not carry.

My people are clamoring for me to come home, as usual. I swear I'd do it and fossilize gently, if I didn't want us to have the fling we used to talk of in the good old days when we imagined our spirits were troubled and our wits too keen to cut the grosser fellows about us. I believe, too, there *is* an outcome to the scheme. I want to put all of my energies on it. If it fails, why then—there is always Tristan d'Acunha. I should like to give you the details of my adventure with the confidence-man but they are too copious.

Yours,

HARRY.

LONDON, April 29, 1907.

Dear Folks:

I still do not know exactly when I shall come back to America. It seems to me very inadvisable to leave Europe too hastily, for good. I may never get back. Furthermore, I can get some experience here. I hope it has not been very disappointing to you. Of course, if I follow the dictates of sentiment and feelings, I would unhesitatingly return at once and fish for years

in the lake at Wichita Falls; but there's no salary attached, is there? and no career. If I can get started over here, with a bit of prestige, why then I can continue on the other side.

What Mither read in the newspapers concerning the Rhodes Scholarships does not in any way affect my tenure. Under Rhodes' will, a vacancy remains vacant until the natural term expires. What Mither actually saw was probably a statement in the press that these two men, Skinner and Sanders, had both passed the qualifying examinations set by Oxford University. The selection of one of them is a matter now left to the Texas Committee. At least as I judge from what is usual in these appointments. I have definitely decided to resign my scholarship; I have in fact done so; apart from my health it is a waste of time.

Just then I got a postcard from the editor of the *Story-Teller's Magazine*, an English journal of fiction ranking as *Munsey* does in America. He accepts on it a story I have written called "The Immaculate Front." When it is published, I shall send you a copy, of course. Dad's letter was particularly interesting. The account of Cole Younger amused me very much, for the broad puffy figure of Clarence White is as grotesque a conception as a man ever saw. Of course he would take the modest bandit in charge and seek to parade him before a gaping crowd. I was glad, too, to know that the firm is doing well.

Bender has written me lately at length. His thesis is now completed and he takes his doctorate in June. In July he comes to Europe for a year's study.

Bedichek is coming to England in June. We are

going to give the news syndicate scheme, of which I gave details last summer, a modest trial. Nixon is back from his Easter vacation spent in Connecticut. He had with him while there, several samples of our mss. which he took with him to New York City, where the Century Magazine Publishing Company received him cordially, praising the work we had done and exhorting us to do more as good. They will undertake to publish our book when we have finished the mss. We are both working busily on them now. I am, in addition to this, writing a lot of other things. If I could afford the luxury of a typewriter, I could finish quickly the numerous incomplete articles I have on hand; for I find that I can dictate more fluently and more clearly than I can write. I've virtually started a novel and on my desk are four short stories all well under way and none finished!

I should like very much for you and Mither and Sister to give me your frank criticisms on my style of writing. Take for example my articles in *Holland's*. Is my style clear? Is it too involved? In general, what do you have to say about it, good or bad? It is very good of Uncle Ed to offer to stand by me at Oxford; but I and the Oxford authorities are at one about the wisdom of my course. Thank Sister from my heart for her good letters, especially the one in which Sue-Alice's whims and tricks are described. Bless her dainty little soul!

Keep me posted on all the family matters.

Lovingly,

HARRY.

4 ZENOBIA MANSIONS,
QUEENS CLUB GARDENS,
W. KENSINGTON, LONDON, WEST.

[No date.]

Dear Bedi:

Yours to hand. Of course you're coming. I have other things to talk over with you besides the syndicate. I want to start a first-class literary magazine to take over *Holland's*, to revive the old *Southern Literary Messenger*, or to start a new one, more or less typical of the south but neither lurid nor cheap. Can't we do it? There's not only fun but money in it.

Make a note of my London address at the top of this sheet. There is no particular cause for alarm in my kidney. Beyond the fact that Dr. Osler told me to carry a Bible and a flannel rag around with me, I know nothing of the damned thing. It doesn't interest me except when it hurts and that is seldom.

What an idiot you are to give up smoking. You must take it on again. I am playing tennis within a few days. This will put me in good shape. You needn't be squeamish about disreputable language, unless of course the guts of your bag are like to drop out from time to time. You might buy another suit-case; or, better still, a Gladstone-bag. Don't, however, land with the external accoutrement of a Methodist minister. *Do* wear your broad-brimmed felt hat.

P. S. Don't write back to me, anent Cowie, that we want to avoid all outsiders. You don't know Cowie and that you and I might plot the King's destruction in one corner of the room while he sat and meditated in the other; and he wouldn't hear or care

a word. I simply write you of him to prepare you for his presence.

I have been supplementing my scanty funds recently by writing a story or so for an English magazine (three stories, to be definite) and some articles for the *London Daily Express*.

QUEBEC, CANADA,

August 26, 1907.

MRS. T. P. STEGER,

Bonham, Texas.

Dear Folks:

Perhaps you will be somewhat surprised to get this letter, which will tell you that I am already on dry land. The *Cassandra* left Glasgow ten days ago, reaching Quebec this A. M. From here we go, up the St. Lawrence River, to Montreal and thence by rail to New York City; Bedi, to Texas. The passage has been very smooth, tho fearfully cold. Yesterday, passing along by the coast of Labrador, we saw icebergs and the coldest, most desolate strip of country I have seen. This is a comparatively small boat of 9,000 tons—none of the giant liners goes by this northern route—and a very comfortable one. Last night we had a cold, clear, silvery moon, bright and full on the water, and a sky full of stars.

Yesterday morning, as we entered the St. Lawrence River, we took on an official pilot. This part of the trip has been very novel to me. The St. Lawrence has some beautiful scenery on either bank.

You may be curious to know what I am going to

do in New York. I shall probably pick up something in the journalistic line. In fact, I already have enough work on hand to keep me through the winter, I think.

Must get this off—so good-bye. Surely I'll spend Christmas with you.

HARRY.



CHAPTER V

FIVE YEARS IN NEW YORK

When Steger arrived in New York City he was twenty-five years of age, unknown, unheralded, not sure of himself or of his powers, even with the mistaken idea that he could make his way in the world through the production of creative literature. His experiences as a literary adventurer were not so happy as they had been in London. His manuscripts did not sell and he was finally forced to take work with the Frederick Stokes Company at a salary much lower than he intimates in his letters. In fact the story is that when he first engaged himself to this company he received only \$1.50 a day. This scanty wage enabled him to secure a hall bedroom, about which he complains bitterly and characteristically. The Stokes people, while they soon recognized his merits, did not increase his salary as Steger thought they ought. Happily, when the situation became desperate for Steger, he met Arthur W. Page. Young Page invited Harry to take luncheon one day with his father, Mr. Walter H. Page. As a result of the conference Steger left Stokes and devoted the remainder of his life, about four years, to the interests of Doubleday, Page & Company. This was the end of the hall bedroom period of Steger's life. Within four years he had advanced from a relatively small salary and a relatively unimportant position to

one of the trusted and highest salaried men employed by this great publishing company. He rediscovered O. Henry, assisted him in putting together a number of his volumes of short stories and finally issued O. Henry's entire works in a manuscript, de luxe edition, which was practically sold out before the books were actually printed. At the same time in his capacity of "Literary Adviser" to the company he was, of course, busy with many other authors, as his correspondence shows; while during his spare moments he edited *Short Stories*, as he says, "with his left hind foot." At the time of his death, when only thirty years of age, he was widely known as one of the most brilliant young men engaged in the publishing business in the United States.

TALLMAN HOUSE, TALLMAN PLACE,
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.,
September 8, 1907.

Dear Fellow-Journalist:

Your wire of Felix's * response, the beautiful little picture-postcard of one of New York's most attractive sights and the scribbled note with enclosure of my check and key came to me here and, like the pistol and plank from a blood-stained floor, brought into court as evidence of murder, told me of the robbery, high treason and cruelty my own silence must have meant to you. As a matter of fact, I wired you at Montreal about eleven o'clock in the morning following my arrival here, and I had done by them what Felix did earlier. Poor struggling, starving, hunted Bedi! I came nearer

* Felix E. Smith, San Angelo, Texas.

weeping tears of blood those last few hours of your incarceration than ever before in my life.

As to the amount you gave out for excess on my trunk, I suggest that you put in no claim until I get my trunk. It has gone astray in some remarkable fashion. Moreover, you are indebted to me in vast sums incident on my wire to you at Montreal.

My wire to Dad from Quebec was late in reaching him. The Western Union people, having no office at Bonham on account of the strike, sent it on to him by post from Dallas. He immediately 'phoned through a Bonham bank to a Dallas bank to wire me *fifty* dollars in care of their Montreal correspondent, and wired me the same indirect way to Montreal telling me where to go for the money. He also wrote the Montreal people and wired them to waive identification. Of course we were long before its arrival gone from Canada. When I last heard from my father, he had not yet secured the money, and, with his characteristic flightiness, God bless him, swears that a tramp, calling himself Harry Peyton Steger, has long since got the money and that in his old age all troubles are trebled. I trust that he, and eventually I, will get the money.

Hutchings met me at the station the night of my arrival and brought me on out to Englewood, New Jersey, where he has a beautiful cottage. He is so lonely and has given me such a welcome that I shall stay here at least a month before I shall begin to think that he is another victim. Awaiting the arrival of my trunk, I am sticking close indoors. Hutchings has all of Ibsen, all of SHAW, most of Tolstoi; and it is the essence of bliss to sit reading at the window, occasionally reassuring

myself by a glimpse at the resting scenery that I am no longer on boat, train, street-car, ferry or whatnot in the way of vehicle—that trees and grass and river-banks are actually still. I am so tired of travelling. May you and I never attempt again to reach a whimsical destination on mystic resources. And yet—there is after all no evil that endureth. You are back beardless on your Concho. I am out of contact and so unburdened with the cares and responsibilities of another continent. Hutchings understands thoroughly my material worthlessness and has, I say, been lonely in the big house—so there is actually no new victim under the wheels of my car.

This town lies in the lap of gentle hills, far from the clatter of New York. I am at present Americanizing my manuscripts writ in the air of England and beginning my campaign against the prejudices and envy of American editors. I have an appointment soon with Phillips, the head of the company that publishes *The American Magazine*. Day before yesterday, I ran over to Princeton, just close here, and spent the day and night with Nixon, of whom you have heard me speak and who is going to be a preceptor in Princeton University next year. He knows Phillips; and I went over for a chat, that I might find out some details about my intended's personality. He seems, from Nixon's account, to be easy of access.

When I got here, I found another offer to teach, this time from Hopkins of Galveston, who gave me the option, until September 3rd, on the position of teacher of English at \$1,200, perhaps \$1,300. I refused it. My reasons I forget. I believe it was my own frank

feeling that it was beyond my ability to teach English in a high school, with, as he told me would be the case, a lady assistant of many years tenure beneath me.

Tell me of the beard, of Felix, of the stories you have woven into your *Odyssee*, of the breezy and admirable Helen, of Clarence,* the bold reporter, of Hughes,† and whether he was recalcitrant. Look out for me. You know what an irrepressible ambition—but I must stop or else put in another sheet.

HARRY.

TALLMAN HOUSE, TALLMAN PLACE,
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.,
September 30, 1907.

Dear Bedi:

I am doing so well here that I only want you to send me ten dollars. Can you spare it? I am getting very low in pocket money and don't like to have Hutchings offer me any. There is nothing further startling in this letter.

I got a letter yesterday from Hopkins of Galveston. I copy it herewith:

"Dear Sir:—

I expect to be able to offer you Latin and German in the Ball School next June, salary \$1,300, and it may be \$1,500. I may also be able to offer Roy Bedechek (sic!) the English at the same salary. I would like very much to have you and Bedechek here. It is a long time ahead to be planning, but I would like to

* Dr. C. W. Weller.

† Professor W. L. Hughes.

know if this position appeals to you, and if you will consider it.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. HOPKINS,
Supt. City Schools."

What a cunning rascal Hopkins must be! I think Guy Witt must have put him in possession of our inordinate fondness for each other's company. I have really built many air-castles since this letter came, all of them founded on a sojourn with you in our own little quarters—no boarding-house—with short hours, a decent stipend and energy to write. I shall write Hopkins that I shall correspond with you concerning the proposition.

My chances here in New York are splendid. Henry Watson, Editor-in-Chief of *Dun's Review* and well in with all the bigger journalists of the city, lives here in Englewood, is an intime of Hutchings, has a wife who is as free and as pure as Miss Wilkinson, and has taken a liking to me to such an extent that they insist on my spending a week with them. I have met Page, of Doubleday, Page & Co. This morning I go to see Phillips of the *American*; and, coming from Watson, they all receive me as a caller, not as a would-be contributor. Hutchings said yesterday (Sunday) that he had not realized how lonely he had been until I came, and I can say that there was never a more hospitable fellow in the world. I have the chance of my life right here, and I'm going to take it. Galveston is only to fall back on; for if I do get started here, then all that is necessary will be for you to tie up your red handkerchief and come along.

What do you think of my starting the syndicate from here on a small scale? I've got six more articles. At any rate, please send me the articles we got together during our "residence abroad," for I may be able to do something with them. I am going to take lunch with the man who runs that big McClure Newspaper Syndicate as soon as he comes back from Boston.

You don't know how happy I am to get back into a certain contact with people. I refer to the pleasures of knowing the Watsons. I shall mail the Fabian pamphlets to you on receipt of ten dollars and a letter *re* these other matters. For ten dollars you may purchase immunity for one entire year. My low state of pocket is due to the petitions of the man who sent me that soul-saving money order at Quebec. He is now hard up and has asked me for eighty dollars. I have sent him thirty, which leaves me with two in my possession. I got eight pounds from England for a story long since sold. Cowie writes that his comic opera has been returned unaccepted.

What a lucky damn fool I am!

Yours,

HARRY.

(Undated note.)

Dear Bedi:

Can you possibly send me money order for ten dollars? I can show you how much I need it, if you have forgotten my habitual state.

Really, I have a most pleasant job, literary work and all that; but I am on \$10 a week for two months.

Stokes have my London record with the *Express* and expect me daily to flee. This job necessitates clean linen, etc. The cold weather has caught me drawers-less, two-pair-socked, two-shirted (over), one-suited, unover-coated, three-shirted (under), one-pair-shod. I have held off you as long as I can.

Particulars of work if you wish them. I still hold option on Galveston.

HARRY.

Dear Bedi:

FRIDAY.

Here is some of my advertising pap. Perhaps you have already seen it. Keep me posted on your address. I am soon getting out another with an essay in it on the wooden Indian.

Talk subscribers to belong for life to Fra Harry's Immortals, twenty dollars.

I busted an ankle the other day by stepping into an unforeseen hole.

Bedi, why not "drift" to New York and save me from the pulpy bulbousness of soul that a modicum of success threatens me with. I am getting this off to catch you at Fort Stockton, wherever in Gehenna that may be. Bet your horse's feet fall out, or that you stop en route to chase prairie-dogs. New York is cankering me. My habits are exemplary and I like clean linen. The spark of genius flickers—while ever you get more and more applause.

HARRY.

P. S. For professional reasons I am now calling myself "Peyton Steger."

TALLMAN HOUSE, TALLMAN PLACE,
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.,

December 4, 1907.

Dear Dad:

As to your criticism, I thank you for calling it to my notice that the passage might have been less ambiguously expressed, or, rather, less dubiously expressed; although I do not agree with you in your interpretation. I did not, if I recall correctly the context, mean what you attribute to me. In the ordinary life of society and conventions, coated as we all are with varying veneers of surface-civilization, some of us act one way and some of us another. J. Pierpont Morgan, Roosevelt, Lake Wilson and Uncle Ed, unless you got down below their outlying cuticles, would probably act in very different directions if the same impulse were applied to each; but if it were possible to strip all four of them down to original and elemental motives, there would come to light an obvious sameness; i. e., they would be, at base, cut to the same pattern, and, at top, finished up in many different styles. As long as you appeal to acquired characteristics, you get a variety of results and of characters; but, when you get down, down beneath motor-cars and trousers and politics and aesthetics, when you have the MAN naked before you, hungry or thirsty or joyful or miserable or something else elemental, then you not only SEE a similarity of pattern that you did not see before, but FEEL that the similarity is actually there, while it is not at the surface. Take a dozen lead-pencils and wrap them up in different sorts of twine, thin twine or thick yarn, green or red, wet rags, paper, etc. Then you get twelve

different patterns on the surface; but, if you unravel them, you find that at base their pattern is all the same. They are all possessed of a lead-pencil-core.

I have been in haste with this note and may have scattered considerably. I wish to catch a train in four minutes for N. Y., so I shan't read it over.

Love to everybody in the house.

HARRY.

TALLMAN HOUSE,
ENGLEWOOD, N. J., U. S. A.,

December 11, 1907.

Dear Dad:

I suppose that "ere now" you have my letters answering the different queries you have preferred. Did I ever tell you who Watson is? If not, be informed that he is the financial editor of *Dun's Mercantile Agency* and is financial editor for the *New York Tribune*, writing for that paper each Monday morning the editorial that every business man reads at his breakfast. He is a very able fellow, extremely friendly and absolutely without insincerity. Hutchings and I, by the way, are going with him on next Monday as his guests at the annual dinner of the New York Civic Federation. Carnegie, John Mitchell, Gompers, Harriman, President Eliot and a number of other strong men will speak.

Last night, I had Mr. Arthur Page out here to dinner. He is the son of Mr. Walter H. Page, Editor of *World's Work* and member of Doubleday, Page & Company, Publishers. Young Page is about my age.

He writes articles for his father's magazine and acts as reader of manuscripts for the publishing department. If you care to read his articles, there is one in the November and another in the December *World's Work*. By the way, why don't you subscribe for that magazine? It is much better than anything of its sort in America.

I have been in once or twice lately to dine with the Conrieds. Surely I told you of the wonderful evening I spent with them in their box at the Metropolitan Opera some two weeks or more ago, where I heard the famous Russian bass Chaliapine sing the part of Mefistofele, and Geraldine Farrar that of Margaret.

I shall not be able to make it home for Christmas. Perhaps later in the year I shall drop south for a week or so; that is, if I get to where I can pay my own transportation charges back again. I assure you that I do miss the possession of money. I am too busy, too much interested in what I am doing. Except when there are clothes to be got, or a book tempts me, or a new play beckons, I never covet the stuff. For a week now, with New York a thirty minutes ride by train or trolley, and a book of forty tickets in my pocket, I have stuck to Englewood as merrily as a sparrow.

Holland's have never reported on my tramp-articles. You know, editors of all sorts are slow in such things. It makes it something of a hardship on contributors. I fear that you all will not see anything from my pen in any of the big magazines just yet. I have no knack for articles that are woven from current events. My tastes run to fictional production; and, unless I mistake greatly, I shall break into some reputable pages soon

with a story or so. Although I am at present in need of no money, there will doubtless come a time—it always does—when the opposite case will be true.

What is the name of the new bank Uncle Ed has founded at St. Louis? The pecans still hold out. They are fine. Don't, don't, don't think of sending me any Christmas presents, any of you. Make it a card. That is what I shall have to do. Seriously.

The last of the praulins went last night as a finale to the dinner.

Yours,

HARRY.

TALLMAN HOUSE,
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.,
December 19, 1907.

Dear Bedi:

If you will only scrutinize your soul carefully, you will see that I have been for the past two weeks expecting you to carry me off to the Chinaman's for a repast of eggs and onions.

Are you going to Galveston with me next year? I shan't go without, and I yearn to go with. You old jackass, I can't get along without you. It's queer when I think that I am lonely here and simply because everybody seems to see in me what I know and you know does not exist. Everybody that takes the slightest interest in me suggests at once changes that I should make in myself and, as a price of their friendship, makes exactions, either that I wear starched collars or work regularly or treat strangers with more consideration or

tell them lies or sympathize with them when I know they are false as cottolene themselves. I'm not making any specific statements at all and have no reference to definite persons. It is the atmosphere. Cowie and I almost escaped it; you and I did entirely, always did.

Hutchings, the best fellow in the world, asks me daily: "Well, how is your work getting along?" My answer is something you can easily imagine; my real feeling is that it is not getting along, that I hope it never shall get along, that I'll try my damndest to keep it from getting along; and still, you know, I want to do something. I am writing a novel, am working at it regularly, have written some stories that are at least unusual and I think you would like them. The syndicate, before it died, netted me a dollar a day for a month; that is, I got that for traveling expenses from the man who thought of backing it.

That paragraph is somewhat disconnected but so am I. Do you realize that you are the only creature in the world that I can be absolutely truthful to? and that nobody ever thinks of teasing me or calling me a little cub? and that I never want to pull anybody's hair except yours? You have no beard. You have had no beard for months. You have never been seen in San Angelo with a beard; while I, staunch soul that I am, wore mine in New York City and in Englewood until a combination of Samson, Delilah and public opinion wrested it from me. You are beardless. You used to say that I knew how to avoid the bogs when I talked frankly or wrote frankly of my feeling toward you. One of the strangest, most wonderful things of all is that no other human combination could have produced

the incidents you and I have managed to produce and live through. I mean that you and I make in our sum an entirely different equation from me added to anybody else. I judge that the same thing is true of you. For instance, stranded in Montreal with another of God's creatures, I should never have found myself out there in those woods, nor have laughed as I did over our flight from the city and men. What a blessed spot that was!

I am not up against it financially at all now, except of course with bearings on the future—that doesn't count; and I am not physically uncomfortable; but I'm weary of it all and should wish above everything to be pulling that dirty straw of yours, to be twitting you about the female animals that take up so much of your time and vitality, to—O hell, are you going to teach at Galveston next year? and, if you are not, what are you going to do? Is it a fact that there is a great deal of money in Mexico? How would you like to join the navy? They are offering special inducements now. Write to The Bureau of Navigation, Box 40, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., for a booklet, handsomely illustrated, describing the advantages and hardships of the naval service, the duties and recreations of a man-o-warsman. It is free.

I do not want money; that is, I do not want to make a million. I want to be brave enough and man enough to kick the world on the shins when I want to, to keep away from false, silly motives, to pull that damned hair of yours all out. That's the sort o' man I am. Your last letter worried me somewhat. You were numb when you wrote. There is a great deal of ab-

stract pleasure to be got out of life and, except when I am weak enough to wish to do exactly as other people are doing, I get it. You and I have always yearned to be geniuses; and we can be "it," if we will only be free individuals. Your last letter did not worry me at all.

I have met young Page of Doubleday, Page & Co. He is a very jolly sort and we have much in common. I am being continually asked by the few people here with whom I have come into superficially intimate contact, whether or not he is "going to do anything for me! ! !" What do you suggest? I do not believe that I can strike him for a loan in that wonderfully impersonal, vague, efficacious manner of mine and I do not stand in need of a contribution just now. I had much rather have his company disinterestedly than resort to machinations whereby, through being his guest at his home here in Englewood, and having him dine with me, I could get him into such a tight place that he would have to squirm in rejecting a manuscript of mine.

Bedi, the truth of the matter is that I am lonely, lonely as hell. I had an impetus on reaching here, a superinduced fever of ambition, ordinary, soul-killing ambition, a desire to get the better of the other fellow; but the fever has spent itself and I find myself in the midst of people who are steady and constant and purposeful and everything else that is inconvenient and disconcerting to a free man. God, how lonely I am! Doesn't that have a silly look?

I have been expecting a letter from Cowie now for some time. He was at Bristol when last I heard from

him. I wonder what the boy is doing. I think that, if you do not go to Galveston, I shall make him come over and share with me; or how would it be for all three of us to try it?

Hutchings and I went to see Shaw's *Candida* at the little Berkeley Theatre last week. It is a gem of a play, quite the best of those I have seen. I have also seen the wonderful Russian actress in Ibsen's *Masterbuilder*. Hutchings is a man who has, after years of introspection and self-torture and convictions that nothing makes any difference, gone with all his energy into a business career, humiliating the intellect, pushing out all thoughts except those of business, purposely taking on as well as he can every bit of the business world's full panoply. He thinks he has "solved a problem" while I insist that he has capitulated like a coward.

The navy offers you steady employment, healthful occupation, wholesome food in abundance, medical attendance if sick, hospital care if injured. A career in the navy will broaden you and you will develop a strong, healthful body by the regular mode of life, outdoor exercise and sea air. Life in the navy is not all hard work. There are sports and recreations of all kinds; baseball, football, and basket ball teams, rowing crews, sailing crews, minstrel troupes; and a Christian burial is assured you. There is an adequate supply of chaplains, and the government has a contract with G., J. and Company for commodious apartments when the Great Service is over.

Some time ago Dad wrote me that your letter to Hughes had been sent on to him from the Dead Letter

Office. Tell me how this happened. TELL ME HOW THIS HAPPENED. How are you in the matter of money? No tentative touch is intended.

I shall now cease this idle banging and continue work on the great American Novel.

If your innate tendencies to sapheadedness have left you with enough persistency of effort to accomplish the feat, endeavor to buy the December *Everybody's Magazine*, in which you will find a volley from G. B. S.'s guns.

If it were not for my supreme contempt for you, I think I should die of sheer ennui. After each of the postman's visits, I stimulate myself with vicious prods in the air at your tawny-strawed, bulbous head. I am rising higher and higher as an adventurer. On last Wednesday night, I went with the New York Director of Grand Opera, Herr Heinrich Conried, to see his company in Boïto's *Mefistofele*; I was the guest of his family in their box. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's daughter, Stella, was another guest. I met the Duchess of Marlborough in the intermission. No cash profits, however. The basso, Chaliapine, has his own notions of the devil and plays neither as Goethe's courteous gentleman nor as somebody else's half-hearted, god fearing devil, but as the fleshly, carnal, lustful, vicious devil. He was *au naturel* during most of his performance; and possessing a voice, a physique and a gift of acting that made up a wonderful personality, he simply had me hair-up with attention.

I am in clover at present. It can't last, of course, unless I dispose of a lot of stuff. I have a splendid literary agent in New York; my industry has been star-

ting since I left London and my head is full of notions. I have sold one hundred dollars in mss. this month!

And Galveston! Ever before me as a soft spot on which a fallen angel may re-arrange his halo. God is indeed good. I like God. I was speaking to Jesus about him last night.

Yours,

"THEVA."

NEW YORK,
February 6, 1908.

Dear Folks:

My work has been no more constant than interesting; and you will know what that means when I say I have been very hard at it every day since I began. The air of the place is very delightful indeed. Mr. Morrow, the man immediately in the management of the establishment, is one of the most attractive men I have met. Mr. Stokes, though less active in the office, is nevertheless in evidence, and himself is a most excellent fellow. My work at present is most concerned with editing manuscripts and keeping in touch by correspondence with newspapers. My salary is twenty dollars a week at present. I have a stenographer and an office boy at my disposal. When I started in, the place paid ten dollars a week. In time, it will be worth much more, provided I manage to develop along executive lines. At present, of course, I am a mere baby in business affairs and am doing my best in literary lines. However, it is my intention to

learn the entire publishing business as thoroughly as I can; for Stokes is a company that looks after you, if you make good.

Those figs have really been a great joy to me. Evenings in my room, when I usually have a manuscript to read—I prefer the quiet room to the office—I munch them constantly. They are excellent. I want some more.

How are Mither and Sue-Alice by now? The fact that Sis does not write me makes me uneasy; that is, after Dad wrote me some time since of her intention to write me.

My board and lodging cost me fifty dollars a month. My carfare to and from business, ten cents a day; my laundry a dollar a week, sometimes more, for New York is a dirty place, and I must wear clean linen, inasmuch as I am seeing people all through the day. I am quite comfortably fixed. Of course, I am not making as much as I might at Galveston, as I told Morrow yesterday when he asked me if I was willing to agree to stay with them for a year definitely. I did not hesitate to say I would; for there is a future to this work, and, the biggest thing of it all, I love it. It keeps me in association with literary people; and it is not a bad thing for my own pen, with which I intend to do something later on, when the pressure of my novitiate is over.

Two or three times a week I lunch with Arthur Page, whose work is on the *World's Work* and in the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co. He is about my age and a very able chap. You may remember that I dined at his house in Englewood several

times while I lived in N. J. I also meet Hutchings once or twice a week. My weekly visits to the Watsons continue to be a great treat, to which I look forward always.

The weather has been fearfully cold. A foot of snow about ten days ago, two small snows since, a blizzard, a rain-storm, and today another snow. The other day when I went into my little German restaurant for breakfast, the thermometer registered 11! I am warmly clad, however, and continue despite it all to take my cold bath each morning.

A letter from any of you always does me good. I shall insist on a short holiday in the summer and fly to Texas, to Bonham, to all of you.

With a heart full of love,

HARRY.

I have already selected that proof of Sue-Alice's pictures I consider most attractive and shall write in detail of them when I get my time and the proofs at the same place.

H.

355 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY,
Sunday, May 3, 1908.

Dear Folks:

I think I am going to write you a longer letter than usual; for I have the leisure. It is Sunday afternoon, and for the first time since I have been in New York I am staying in the city instead of going out to the

Watsons. They are having such a big crowd with them today that I decided to remain here and do some of the private work that has been accumulating. I have been all morning at work on the revision of some manuscript, for which I hope to receive a goodly fee in time. Eliot, the Art Editor at Stokes, is here with me.

Whether or not I have succeeded in convincing you, I am really very happy in my position and shall stick to it as long as I think there is a chance for advancement. In the meantime, I am learning vast amounts about the business of making and publishing books. If later the chance occurs, I may strike out for myself. My only disturbing feeling is that, if I went to some of the rather good school-teaching positions that are being offered me from time to time, I might help you all out. When, or if, the time should come when you actually need me, I shall gladly do it.

I am now the chief executive in the office, having entire charge of the internal administration of affairs. I have under me now three stenographers, several office boys and a varying number of girls who address our circulars and pamphlets. In addition to this executive work, I write our literary bulletins for the newspapers, interview authors who come into the office with manuscripts and draw up suggestions for advertising schemes of different sorts. My salary is, of course, much smaller than I might get in teaching; even smaller than I could command as a free lance journalist; but there is on the other side the great advantage of practical experience and intimate contact with the *business* of journalism. I am as much of an idealist as I ever was, and work hard because I love my work.

Last week Arthur Page invited me to luncheon at The Vagabonds' Club. This is an association of magazine editors and writers, artists, etc. Their club-house is a very cosy, homelike place. The guest on the day I lunched there was Andrew Carnegie. It was of course very interesting to watch and hear the wee little Scot. The most attractive thing about him is his entire freedom from affectation of any kind. The slightest appeal to his vanity lights up his face, and he grins like a schoolboy. His simplicity is childlike. He has further the dry Scotch humor, and is never at a loss for a retort. Not a clever man, but a canny man, a simple man. You know, I suppose, that physically he is very much of a runt.

I have been very uneasy about conditions at home. Yesterday Sister's short note reassured me for the time being about her health. Sue-Alice's indigestion, however, seems so very stubborn and worries me. I wish I could take her off with me to some dry, bright sunny place. Whether I shall be able to make any visit at all this summer is, of course, uncertain. I shall strain every resource to do so. More than a very short visit will be impossible. It would be a great treat for me, though. I want to see all of you. The new Elizabeth is probably indifferent about her uncle, but her state of mind is not reciprocated. Poor John's siege of fever must be a fearful strain on his vitality. Please keep me posted about him.

To-night I go to dinner with Hutchings, who now lives in New York at the Princeton Club. He has given up his place in New Jersey.

Holland's may have something from my pen in a few

months. Recently I have had so little leisure that I have not been up to attempting any independent writing. I am in something of a rush all the while. The day goes by with a whizz, and it's time to go to bed. I think I was asleep every night last week by nine o'clock; until Saturday, when I went to a smoker at Scheffelhalle, a sort of German-Bohemian resort for journalists. I never got away from there until after midnight.

The other night I was out at dinner with one of the travelling salesmen for Stokes. While we were at our meal, two old University of Texas men came up to them. One of them was Clifton Sheppard, younger brother of Morris Sheppard, M. C.; the other was Fred Sampson of Cameron, Texas. Sheppard is a young lawyer in the city; Sampson is connected with the New York Electric and Motor Transportation Company.

Another strange encounter: Some time since, as I walked home from work, I saw a familiar face in the Breslin Hotel at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway. I went in to confirm my impressions and found that it was Miss Eleanor Brackenridge of Austin. You may remember that I met her also in London with Miss Emma Pryor of Paris. Since then I have seen Dr. and Mrs. Brackenridge several times (Miss B. has returned to Texas); and night before last I met George Brackenridge, the benefactor of the University of Texas. He was a very charming old fellow.

Times are very dull just now in New York. Nobody seems certain of anything. Business may take an awful slump, or again it may brace up.

Although I am undoubtedly socialistic in my tendencies and would have been at Union Square if I had not been so busy in the office, I was as a matter of fact not present, and so the likeness of me that Dad has called to my attention is an accident and not a photograph. That whole affair, by the way, was a sad fiasco on the part of the police. It was not intended in any way to have a violent demonstration. Real Socialists are very mild people, full of dreams for the betterment of humanity and full of sympathy for the downtrodden members of a capitalistic society. The poor fanatic who wanted to kill the police only succeeded in killing himself. Evidence shows that he was absolutely without connections with any of the socialistic organizations and was only, in his poor, demented soul, trying privately to express his own disgust.

Bedi writes me that he is done with school teaching. He does not say what he intends to take up. Charlie Johnson has just taken unto himself another partner in the practice of law at Oklahoma City, and the firm name now runs: Burwell, Crockett and Johnson. Burwell is the new man. He has been an Associate Supreme Justice of Oklahoma.

Now I am going to stop. This is an extremely garrulous letter. In return, I want more frequent ones from home. I shall write oftener.

HARRY.

P. S. Always use my business address. I may change boarding houses, or, rather, lodging houses, any day. The reunion at Princeton was a great success. There were nine Oxford men there. I saw, too, several of my old friends from Johns Hopkins.

NEW YORK, September 17, 1908.

Dear Lomax:

When Barker wrote me from Austin that you were seeking my address, my fond hopes lied to me and said it meant a revival—a letter from you. I should be glad of a revival. We are equally responsible for the death of our intimacy. You had no business to let me, nor I you.

By a chance that is almost grotesque Dr. Mezes saw me in New York. He reached here earlier, evidently, than he had expected; for he was in Mr. Walter Page's office the 11th of September. My name chanced to come up in their conversation, whereupon Page said: "He's upstairs," and sent for me. We had a chat of some thirty minutes and Dr. Mezes sped onward to St. Louis where he was to meet Mr. Houston. He seemed in excellent trim for his new work and is full of big, striking plans that promise much for Texas.

You tell me nothing of yourself beyond the fact that you are not well. Bedi's stays with Curly used to leave that straw-haired lunatic (I refer to Bedi) in such a state of physical well-being that the resultant spree had to be viciously prolonged before he soured again. You've been too prosperous, I fear. Now I almost starved in Canada. I worked for ten dollars a week reading proof in New York, then for the same wage reading manuscript. I wrote at night and had splitting headaches all the time—and now see what I am! Sound of body, happy as a man has a right to be as long as he knows how old a man is after he is nineteen, and still not burdened with money. You're too pros-

perous. You need the sort of pinch that makes you snarl and bite. Come to New York, and if you don't get close to it in six months, I'll never sail again.

Barry Benefield is one of the best men on the *New York Times*. I can afford to eat one meal a day where he can afford to eat two—which ought to make you comparatively hopeful of my having some money some day. Banton Moore is a lawyer in Nassau Street. Cliff Sheppard is the same thing somewhere else. Fred Sampson—he of Cameron—is connected with the New York Transportation Company.

Many thanks to you for your good will in giving Dr. Mezes' date here. It is to my mind the most gall-ing irony of life that associations cannot be kept up independent of time and space. I have now an entirely new set. They live, most of them, in New Jersey and write books and magazine stories. A half dozen of them sell pictures they paint of sway-backed, thin-hipped girls. A quaint crew, and not the type with which we used to foregather. It was more the sort of exit that you or Bedichek should have had than I. Do you recall how you two used to appreciate something or other in Letters, up in your room at B Hall after an unforgettable midday meal, and I was wont to be nauseated? The tables have turned now—with the difference between us that I have developed not an artistic temperament, but something of an eye for the commercial profit there is in other people's artistic temperaments. With this in view, I ask you about your work on Meredith. What is its status? People want some more and still some more about Meredith. I hope you will have the decency—as you would have

had in the old day—to be shocked when I tell you that I haven't read a book, for reading's sweet sake, in the past three years, with the single exception of "Joseph Vance."

I can't, of course, tell anything of current interest about you, for I don't know anything. I have, therefore, been forced to a discussion of myself. You might loosen up a bit. Your handwriting is still as free as it was when I got you to inscribe my newly bought books; and your style ought to be better. Let's see.

Greetings to Mrs. Lomax—and, if they are receptive, to the slivers of Lomaxes that are with you, from accounts I get in ways that I know not of.

Yours,

HARRY.

P. S. I add, to your disgust perchance, that the counsel of journalists has led me to dub myself "Peyton Steger." "Harry" is n. g.

NEW YORK, October 21, 1908.

Dear Bedi:

It's mean of me not to loosen up and send you a bit of Heine or at least my interpretation of Tolstoi. Every night finds me resolute to do one or the other; but the weary world is too heavy for me and I sleep.

Geronimo has a story within his rotten hide. "The Chief" doesn't think it can be gotten out o' him. What would it cost you to go over there? I can sell the story for you twice, I am practically sure. (1) A Sunday story and (2) a magazine sketch. If you go,

get some pictures of the old fellow and as much as you can in the way of statement of fact. Find out, too, whether he has ever been written up before or not. Keep me posted on your decision. It will probably vary. It's not often you get hold of a thing like Geronimo. He's news.

Do you remember a boy at Bonham—Erwin Smith by name—who played cowboy all the time? He is making an artistic record with the camera of cowboy life that I believe will be of prime value. I go up to Boston—where he is now an art student—this week to go over his material.

Yours,

HARRY.

Bedi, Bedi, Bedi! How I wish I were there in the lovely mud with you!

HARRY.

PINEHURST, N. C.

January 24, 1909.

Dear old Bedi:

Here I am, doing disgusting things: (1) enjoying the comforts and luxuries of an expensive hotel, all at the cost of a vested interest in the form of Doubleday, Page & Co.; (2) playing tennis every afternoon in the warm sunshine with Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson; (3) driving in the morning with Mrs. Tarkington; (4) writing articles and stories at night.

Hence I go to Louisville to see the author of "Emmy

Lou"; thence to Atlanta; and then down into Texas. If you will meet me secretly in Dallas, write me there in care of the St. George Hotel. I shall be there within the next fortnight.

How I wish you knew this man Tarkington! He is the most conspicuous literary figure in America—and a versatile, non-moral, friendly-age, lovable person. His bigness of body, heart and mind makes those who get around him speedily take the position of satellite, whether they will or not, or whether they know it or no. Wilson and he are writing a play. Wilson is a quiet, lonely, amiable fellow who gets Tarkington down here—away from the bottle—and patiently waits the great man's mood to work. Then they "collaborate." Tarkington has the fire, the spark, and the conception of beautiful charm. Wilson has the sane judgment of what will "hit the audience" and so keeps the other man's art from being too perfect to pay.

I am going to go to Austin while I am in Texas. I shall be in Bonham for only a day or so. Surely we can get together somewhere.

Yours,

HARRY.

NEW YORK, February 24, 1909.

Dear Bedi:

As a matter of fact I had the same misgivings as you did about the reunion proposed in the way it was. However, I hoped and intended on Edgar's account to run over to Waco the day I was called from Dallas. Of course, I had nothing but the most vicious attitude

towards you—for which I now weep in remorse. It was the stupidity of the hotel clerk that kept us apart. It was a genuine disappointment to me, and my feelings could have been assuaged only by a visit to the Chinaman.

I notice that our friend Geronimo is dead. This is an instance where Yankee conservatism has lost a corking good magazine story. I wish I had told you to fire away.

Even more abusive than your letter about my cowboy article was a document I have received from Lomax. My only reply can be that, having lost to a large extent any pride in authorship, I am no longer capable of seeing your or his point of view. You may recollect that your poems in Lomax's room at B Hall were never received with ecstasy by me. By the way, Bedi, are you familiar with the work of the daily poet in the *Dallas News*? Do you not think that he occasionally displays a bit of homely genius?

I am trying to read your letter now. It is somewhat difficult, because in a fit of rage at your delay I tore it into several sections. It is foolish of you to talk of a gulf that is widening. Come on to New York and see. In Dallas I went round to the hostelry where we met in secret several years ago, with the firm idea that you would be registered there. That ought to be silly enough to prove anything.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY.

PS-CK

NEW YORK, March 8, 1909.

My dear Bedi:

Your letters have been, I believe, in the main quite true and irrefragable. I am, however, no longer capable of argument. You will see the reason without further enlightenment from than the fact that communication from me is nearly always per stenographer. This leads to a certain looseness of thought and diction. I am still correct, however, in my statement that you and Lomax jump on a fellow's article quite amusingly. The justice of your jump makes it no less amusing. You attack a serious effort and bring all your guns to bear; but the thing you actually shoot at is a flimsy, thin fabric put together overnight by an overworked man who has long since a subway complexion, a telephone voice, and a noisy, restaurant appetite. You know how adaptable I always was. You raise the quibble over my statement of the poems you and Lomax visited upon me in B Hall. It is immaterial whether they were yours or Browning's. You and he took yourselves much more to heart than you ever did Browning; and he was least important to your souls when you declaimed and adored him. You, both of you, have a literary finish and fertility of reference to which I shall never mount; so let it go at that. You have no call to pick flaws in my logic when I have never laid logic before you. Get out of the dust heap, thou picture of impotent rage, and cease to shake thy seditious fist in the face of the spent, unseeing Rockefeller.

If I thought either of you, myself, or both of us, strong enough to fly away and be happy, last Friday

would ever be my landlady's final day of reckoning; but we tried it, you and I, and failed miserably. We never approached the pinnacle where money is naught. You are not less compromising now than I. Are you not in Eddy, where your people are and because your people are? Are you freer in mind, soul or body, than I? If you sadden at the thought of my joining a class of expedient-servers and time-servers, what bigness of soul is it that keeps you in Eddy and there fires you to anger at the Standard Oil Company and to aversion for Rockefeller's wealth? Come on, you dear, damned fool, and be half as strong as your utterances. Then I'll leave the pay-roll and the typesetters and go with you into a rarer air. You are the only chance I ever had; and you are not less a slave than I. Live three months jobless in New York and friendless; then live one month jobless. This obliterates the past, even Shaw. Do you remember how, when you roamed off into freedom, my soul cried out that Bedi had struck the gyves from him. And then you came back to Eddy because a house burned down or a sow littered or for some domestic reason. These are not reproaches nor counter-charges; but the lamentations of myself and yourself who thought ourselves free.

HARRY.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1909.

Dear Lomax:

It makes me blush to recall the letter I wrote to you yesterday, wherein I accused you by inference of neglecting my communications. Your words this morn-

ing were very refreshing, and I thank you for them. My mood, as it happened, had been left reminiscent, too, for Barbee,* that genial giant, had just dropped in, and we had talk of you. Your news of the folks back home are the first I have had in a long while that has not been censored beyond interest. They were most enthusiastic and appreciative in their accounts of your pleasant visit to them.

By all means send me the stories you have that Bedichek has written. It is unlikely that he will send any direct. He outlined to me last October, in a letter, a series of articles on the West that I am sure I could easily place for him if he would deliver the manuscript in a form at least near completeness. His address at Deming, New Mexico, comes as a surprise to me; for he has not deigned to write since he left Eddy. I shall send him at once an insulting missive to arouse him. He ought to turn out some good stuff for our publishers, who, I understand, are not creative nor artistic, but only mere worms.

My own work grows apace. There are always interesting things to do, in far greater number than my time will allow. I have gradually been getting freer and freer of detail, so there are glorious chances already here, and more coming, for me to work out ideas.

I am afraid my own magazine does not use poetry. Much as I would like, for the sake of our old friendship, and for the delectation of my "readers" to "run" it, I am under the accumulative pressure of eighteen years, during which *Short Stories* has never published a single verse. You may rest easy in the assurance,

* W. L. Barbee, Houston.

however, that I shall see a fair chance given it elsewhere.

I believe the one communication Curley has had from me in the past three or four years has been a form letter I sent out recently. Curse him affectionately for me, and leave your nerves with him—who can handle a double supply. You might ask Curley for me if he has done any literary work lately. I should like to see it if he has.

Yours sincerely,
HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

October the 30th, 1909.

MR. HAROLD ABRAMS,
Musical Bureau,
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Harold:

I spent several days last week with Jean Baptiste Adoue and his wife. We talked much of you and they insisted in indulging in reminiscences of the occasions several years ago on which you and I discussed several things in general until an early hour. So I was in accord with your plans when I got your letter. You may look to me for whatever help I may be able to give. If you are going to do book review, for the love of your fellow men veer as far away as you can from the perfunctory and stereotype. I estimate that there are three or four different kinds of favorable book reviews:

1. "Everybody should read this book."
2. "This is a book everybody should read."
3. "Nobody should fail to read this book."

Some reviewers think that they are under obligation to the publisher in return for an editorial copy of the book to perpetrate something of this sort. This is in great confidence, for the brood would turn and rend me.

Then there is pert cynicism, and the sane, attractive appraisal of the book. For the latter I refer you to the work of Mr. J. B. Kerfoot in *Life* and in *Everybody's Magazine* and to some of the reviews that appear in the *New York Sun*. The *Dallas News* frequently shows an excellent editorial sense in its reviews of books that particularly interest our section.

You ask for some general suggestions; do not use slick paper and do not have borders on your pages showing birds twitting in the boughs. Let it be plain and unadorned as a Quaker maiden. I know of several papers in the South that have fallen by the wayside simply because they could not give up ornament. Use a clear, legible type. Keep the trail of the advertising serpent off as long as you can. Of course, at first you will have to chronicle all the pink teas and all the social events of Dallas and its suburbs; that is really the strongest stone in the foundation of the *Dallas News*. However, you can do this in a way that will keep it from giving a social tone to the entire magazine.

You ask whether it is customary for publishers to review their own books. Yes and no. I send out a great mass of literary notes. I shall put you on my list. Much of this is intended to be only suggestions, for the busy literary editor scarcely has time to read everything that the big "Mergenthalers" can turn out. Sometimes I think I have something interesting. I

cite the enclosed item on a pirated edition of Kipling. You ask me for some articles on my Oxford experiences and my travels on the continent. If you really need them and want them, I shall get them together for you. To be quite frank, however, I do not believe I remember much about them. It was too idle a time to make any impression on me. I could write you something on a three weeks' study of Monte Carlo on the heels of Lord Rosslyn, whose system the London *Express* sent me over to follow about four years ago on the occasion of that noble gentleman's second attempt to demolish the bank. I believe the article I wrote for the *Express* was circulated in Texas at the time I was in Monte Carlo. I suggest something that may perhaps be more helpful to you. This is an occasional short article from New York. I am afraid I cannot promise to do anything regularly, for I am pretty busy trying to make people think I have plenty to do like most everybody else in New York.

Do not hesitate to call on me for any information that you think I may be able to give you. I look forward to some time when you may come to New York yourself. Tell me when you want the first article from me. Tell me also to whom I shall send editorial copies of our books and what sort of books I shall send.

You know that you have my sincerest good wishes for your success in what you are trying to do. Apart from this personal feeling, I think too, that what you have in mind, if it succeeds, is sure to help Texas.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY P. STEGER.

P. S. Of course, you realize how dangerous it is to

spend a lot of money at the beginning of a journalistic enterprise—unless you have a lot of money to throw after it. They tell me that the greatest cause of the failure of the numerous magazines that do fail every year is the lack of a *little more* capital.

January the 27th, 1910.

Dear Lomax:

Seriously, you made a great mistake in judgment when you wrote my people that I was suffering with a bad throat, and that I was jaded and other hopeless things, which I imagine you really never said, but which their own fancies have evolved. As a matter of fact my health and general physical condition have been getting better and better for the past two years—principally because I do not think anything about them.

I have, this morning, a characteristic letter from my father, whose hectic temperament has led him to picture me on the very verge of disintegration and nothing short of a physician's certificate, and a detailed photograph, will give him back his buoyant spirits. Of course, I look tired; when a man's throat has been hurting him for three or four days and he has been trying to talk through it, it is sure to take some of the bloom off the pansy.

Do not take this too much to heart; but I really think you ought to follow up your first communication with another certificate that you actually saw me walk, unaided, across streets and up steps. On second thought, do not write them at all as they would at once know that it was my doing and attribute to me all sorts of



Steger as literary adviser for Doubleday, Page & Co., 1910

heroic motives. I suppose the physician's certificate is the only way out of it for me; I shall send *you* the bill.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. STEGER.

P. S. I just had a letter from Dick Kimball.

The other night, at a publishers' dinner, I sat opposite Sturgis. We talked of your cowboy book.

February the 7th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Comstock:

Do not forget that we are going to find a ripping title for your book. "The Golden Bead" expresses the idea exactly, but I think we must get hold of something a bit more popular and smashing. "The Testing of Joyce ——" would be excellent, were it not for Mrs. Humphry Ward having beaten us to it. I hope you agree with me that we must get something more easily intelligible than "The Golden Bead," but which will express the same idea.

This is a reminder and not an urgent request. There is plenty of time.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. STEGER.

MRS. HARRIET B. COMSTOCK,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Doubleday, Page & Co.),

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1910.

Dear Bess Brown Lomax:

When I was in Johns Hopkins folks wore narrow black ties and called each other "Mister"—and I've

never had soft spots for the Hopkins'. This is to assure you how comforting to me your friendly greeting is. "Stege" is the greatest intimacy I achieve here. Again, thanks.

Tell Lomax—whom the gods ought always to bless—that his treatment has restored "Harry" and that cold type proclaims that this is the March issue of *Short-Stories*. Here too he will find violated all his and my dearest ideals, with occasionally something that helps. Read "A Portrait of a Gentleman." The March issue will be out about February 15th.

But think of being a "hustler," a "live wire" and things violent! That's how I know circulation—and I'm unashamed. This sort of enthusiasm is close kin to dreams.

You will let me share— I was interrupted here and, returning an hour later, find the connection lost. It was surely in my mind to say that I was coming to Texas in six months and to you people.

Yours, HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

You mustn't say "Henry." For O. Henry is a pen-name. Promise me you'll never do this again. Tell Lomax that my *emaciation* continues—that every hour seems my next.

July 1st, 1910.

MISS GERTRUDE KING,
Care The Macmillan Company,
64 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Dear Miss King:

If you had not been so forbidding the other day, and hadn't made my beautiful soul close up like the sensi-

tive plant, I was going to tell you of my misfortune. I have been married some two or three weeks. I am moving out to Garden City to-day and I suppose that is the end of me. I am beginning to see chickens in my dreams and I am actually going to invest in a lawn mower. Unless something happens soon, I am a goner.

Yours sincerely,
H. P. S.

Dec. 7, 1910.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
504 W. 143rd St., New York.

Dear Glass:

It is perfectly natural that we should be more eager to take over the *Altemus* volume now than we should be after he has sold a reprint of it. We should be glad to pay him a pretty good price for the book, if you can get it from him before he sells a reprint. May I suggest that it would be a good plan for you to say to *Altemus* that you would rather not sell a reprint yet. Then tell him that you hope your next publishing venture is going to be a long novel of a more ambitious sort than the first volume of P. & P. stories, and that in looking about for a publisher for the novel you have connected with us; that you should like to have all your books under the same roof. Then ask him for how much he will sell to you outright the plates and rights to this volume. You will know how to handle the situation. If you can get *Altemus* to turn that book over to you for a reasonable lump sum, we shall be glad to pay the price.

I do wish you would let me have a look at the novel, no matter how dissatisfied you may be with it yourself. It could not be bad enough to make us entertain any doubt of Mr. Glass' ability to write a big novel; and it might hit us right between the eyes. You never can tell.

So you are out of the play! Frankly, I am glad. I don't think it is ever a good thing for the author to "double up in brass."

Yours sincerely,

STEGEER.

P. S. I am returning Altemus' letter.

February 20, 1911.

MR. VERNER M. JONES,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Jones:

Your letters are like the visits of a comic opera troupe heralded by a black-comedian and monologue artist. They are like a special delivery letter in the midst of one-cent invitations to subscribe.

Nashville demoralizes me. I haven't been back into my real swing since my sojourn there. After my recovery from pneumonia (which some kind gentleman, named Frank Adams, chronicled after it was over) I became infected with the current germ of excitement over the proposed post office appropriation bill. This morning a benign calm is sinking upon me and I am in a more fitting humor to answer your own bully letter.



A snapshot in 1910

The young gentleman with the glasses at the Presbyterian Book Store will shortly learn that I am not the liar that you have ruthlessly allowed him to think me. I shall send him soon so much O. Henry material that he won't be able to find window space for it. When I do, you and those others whom I reproached for the scarcity of O. Henry book readers in Nashville must in some way start a boom. So far as general publicity for Doubleday Page & Company is concerned, I have practically let up on my own efforts since you took things into your own hands. The people here in the office do not know, but I know that my reception at the hands of the Nashville Press, under your potent auspices, has completely turned my head. Seriously, I am determined to get back to Nashville. Use your own invention and help me find provocation.

I am glad you told me some things about John Trotwood Moore, thus drawing me into correspondence with him. His latest communication is going to be a gallon of old corn whiskey. I am going to write him that he would be less courteous, but wiser, if he let it accompany a manuscript.

You can reach Dixon always by addressing him at the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City. I believe, however, that I can find his itinerary for you. I have not met your friend Rice yet. I have not even been able to see Frank Adams since my return. You see I am still prattling about having been to Nashville. That is because I am naturally reminiscent and I am also easily enamored of an excuse that I am given for delays in my correspondence. By the time I have be-

come ashamed of pleading Nashville I shall go somewhere else.

Yours sincerely,
HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

February 26, 1912.

MR. IRVIN S. COBB,
Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Cobb:

L. W. Payne, Jr., of the University of Texas, is getting together for Rand, McNally & Company a Southern Reader. He seemed pleased and delighted when I told him that there were people actually writing to-day who were Southerners. On my personal assurance that you, Harris Dickens, and Mrs. Corra Harris would die in time and leave something behind you, he wants to include you in his selection. I am writing you this note to get your own opinion. Which of your recent short stories seems to you the best for his volume?

Yours sincerely,
STEGEER.

March 3, 1911.

MR. THOMAS METCALF,
The Frank A. Munsey Co.,
175 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Dear Tommie:

I have always suspected that beneath your gentlemanly and cultured veneer you were really a pretty

decent sort. In our years of correspondence you have never written me a document which impressed me with your finer qualities as your note to Mrs. Steger has impressed her.

After a week in court listening to your friend Brandenburg* testify, I am convinced that I drink habitually, and am a victim of nine different kinds of deadly drugs. In addition to that, I fight, I get my head all banged up.

Yours sincerely, HARRY.

April 24, 1911.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
502 W. 143rd St.,
New York City.

Dear Glass:

I got your letter this morning with its bully "Potash and Perlmutter" paragraphs. They are so almighty good that I hate to let anybody else publish them.

This is to confirm our understanding that you and your Mary Caroline are coming to Freeport for as much of Saturday, Sunday and Monday as your inclinations and plans will allow. I enclose a time table graphically marked both for week ends and for Sundays. When you get to Freeport, take the trolley going south, and beg and implore the motorman to let you off at Nassau Avenue. If you will let me know in plenty of time what train you are going to take from the Pennsylvania Station, I will meet you at the station and add my entreaties to yours. I tell you frankly that, as a rule, the motorman takes us half a block out of our way.

Yours sincerely, STEGER.

* Brandenburg was sent to prison for forging Steger's name to a \$50 check.

April 26, 1911.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
502 W. 143rd St.,
New York City.

Dear Mont:

I've a great idea. I am sending you some pieces of cardboard and your paragraphs. (Copies of the paragraphs have long ago gone to the Motto Venders and to Grosset & Dunlap, who are much excited over the layout.) If you, in your broad, plain fist, will copy on these cards the paragraphs I have indicated with a check mark, I'll have 'em reproduced in *fac simile*, with some little explanatory text, and send them out one at a time to every bookseller when the new book is ready. I'm sure this is a great idea.

The shape of the pieces of cardboard is purely accidental. If there are not enough pieces, write two paragraphs on one piece. I want you to use the cardboard merely because our reproduction will be better therefrom.

See "you all" Sunday!

Yours sincerely,

STEGEER.

P. S. Return the typewritten copy.

P. P. S. Send me some of the St. Louis material, if you haven't already sent it here.

June 9, 1911.

Dear Mac:

Hast thou, Oh some time Spotted One, grown charitable of your old neighbors and dost thou feel kindly

toward me that have now for three years or more nine good pounds and true that Cecil meant for thine?

Your letter has warmed my heart's cockles. I shall make a point of showing further material proof later on, while with this I enclose a small installment.

Paul Kieffer's address is 31 Nassau Street, New York City. I have sent him one of your programs.

T'other day I encountered in a New York elevator one Bell, whose manner seems much lightened since his forbidding stalks about the queer old, dear old quad.

What think I of the life there? Sometimes I long for it. And some day I'm going to get back for a long, long visit. Good old Brown and all the rest of them!

I heard the other day that Patterson was ill. A good friend of his in the Johns Hopkins Medical School at Baltimore was telling me of it. If you see him, remind him of my friendship; for I have often thought of that rare soul.

What is Orr's address? And Leslie's? And Roe's?
 Yours sincerely,

STEGE.

P. S. Your investment may prove good after all!

June 19, 1911.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
 Care Thomas Cook & Son,
 Lucerne, Switzerland.

Dear Mont:

Miss Harris claims to have your itinerary, so I shall leave it to her to send this wherever it belongs.

Nothing much has happened in the publishing business since you left. How could it? I have, however, heard Potash and Perlmutterings on several sides. For instance, here is a man who especially asks people to hang them in a conspicuous position.

I trust Mary Caroline has recovered entirely from her French lessons, and that you occasionally allow Lambord to eat a chocolate cigar after dinner. Although at this season potatoes are scarce, I shall always stand ready to send you some of our best Country Life product on receipt of one mystic word "Kartoffeln," or its equivalent in any other language.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

June 26, 1911.

MR. B. W. HUEBSCH,

225 Fifth Ave.,

New York City,

Dear Benny:

This confirms my oral opinion to you of "The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina." This is the real article and no mistake. Every line in it is true, and it will shock only the inexperienced and smug. I do think that the harshness of the first two or three pages is gratuitously great, and ought to be lightened. I am firmly convinced that this change is necessary.

Although not so firmly convinced, I feel that the very end of the story ought to be made truer. I want the mother of Victoria Wilhelmina to feel that her wings have grown and not merely that she has the job that

will bring her again into respectable contact with the folks (Minnie and Harry) whom she had "formerly" known. You see, all the way through this story the mother of Victoria Wilhelmina is being served, never serving. You know and I know that the result of any deeply moving experience is to throw, at least for a time, utter selfishness into the background, and bring out one's desire to help the other fellow. This story has clung to me, and I can scarcely say too much about its big qualities. I am glad you gave me a chance to read it, and if I were you I should chase up to Bedford, Mass., and hog-tie Mrs. Author so tight that every time she wrote a letter to her mother-in-law in California she would have to send it to you for your O. K.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

July 12, 1911.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,

Care Thomas Cook & Sons,

Lucerne, Switzerland.

Dear Mont:

Will you write any Potash and Perlmutter stories for anybody else except the *Saturday Evening Post*? If so, will you take three hundred and fifty dollars apiece for these under an agreement for six? They might run from four thousand words in length up.

Yours sincerely,

STEGEER.

August 11, 1911.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
Care Thomas Cook & Sons,
Lucerne, Switzerland.

Dear Mont:

Will it have to be a book of stories this spring from you or is there a chance for something more close to the ancient novel form so popular among the Greeks? In other words, when do you think the new work you are doing for Lorimer will begin serially, and when do you think it will be finished?

In other, other words, there ought to be something on our spring list, and we want to put the best foot forward. May my right hand cling to the roof of my mouth if I know just exactly what the new work for Lorimer is. There are probably enough Jewish stories to make up a volume to follow "Abe and Mawruss."

Yours sincerely,

STEGEER.

Sept. 7, 1911.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
Villa Aristide,
St. Malo, France.

Dear Mont:

I am going in to-day to take lunch with Frank, and I shall carry with me a copy of this book and your letter in which you have cruelly drawn his rare likeness.

Yesterday I called in to see Mr. Close of Close, Graham & Scully, motto-venders to the people, and they told me that although this is the dull season and no

active period of re-orders has set in, they nevertheless expect a good continued sale of the Potash and Perlmutter cards. They have promised to keep me posted and to give me a preliminary report about the first of October. This I shall convey at once to you.

It was very careless of me to omit in my letter of yesterday the news that the black cat presented us with six kittens during my absence in Canada. Five of them are a sort of composite gray and are precisely alike. The sixth is black with a white collar button. They are all doing well, except that the mother spends a large part of her day carrying members of her family about from one closet to another. When I left home this morning she was running three different establishments—the cellar where she had put three of her offspring, the closet in my room where one lay on my best trousers, and the closet in Dorothy's room where the other two flourished and made a great noise. We have to keep all the doors open so that she can circulate.

Perhaps the kindly verdict of this month's *Current Literature* will interest you. They have reprinted your story, Mr. Lo Pinto.

Please let me know just as soon as Lorimer announces his plans and opinion about the new series, and let me read one or two of the stories just as soon as you can. Unless Lorimer's plans for serial publication interfere, it will not be at all too late to discuss a spring book when you get back. It would be mighty good for all concerned if we could follow up "Abe and Mawruss" with a bulky volume in the middle or late spring.

I think we shall do pretty well on "Tobogganing on Parnassus." Of course, there is a lot of prejudice

against verse in the book trade to overcome, but I believe the stuff is just good enough to do that very thing.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

P. S. Does Mary Caroline know that Dorothy won a $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile swimming race, several weeks ago, and a near-gold bracelet thereby?

September 28, 1911.

MR. IRVIN S. COBB,

Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Cobb:

There ought not to be anything the matter with the choice little volume of short stories—by Irvin S. Cobb. Publishers and booksellers and all that class of highwaymen say that there is nothing to a book of short stories. I think this is correct in ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths cases. O. Henry's short stories sell better to-day than they did two or three years ago. Kipling's keep up their sale, too. Won't you send me a choice selection of your own wares, made by your own fair hand, and let me take a look at them? Make 'em as funny as you can without getting the reader pinched for disturbing the peace.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

February 9, 1912.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS,
310 24th Ave. South,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mrs. Harris:

The people on the *Post* say that the "Angel" is to begin in the issue of February 17 and to wind up in the issue of April 20. This means, if they hold us until the completion of the serial, we shan't be able to publish the book until nearly a month after our present schedule. Would you mind asking Lorimer if it would be all right for us to publish on April 6. Now, don't get excited at my making this request.

The note you left at the hotel for me read—"I can confirm your information about the 'Angel.'" Through this I inferred that, after all, the March date was satisfactory.

Of course, your lecture was a success. That was a foregone conclusion. Folks like you don't take long trips in more or less pain to make a failure at the end. I will bet the lecture would make a better volume for some of those flirtatious publishers than the *Post* articles themselves.

You might just write and ask Lorimer for the earliest date on which it will be satisfactory to him for us to publish the "Angel." Ask him to wire you, and then won't you wire me? We don't want to put this book over until fall, but we want a better time for publication than the last of April. If I thought that this agitation was going to really disturb you, I should tear this letter up. Indeed, I shouldn't write it if your note had not made me believe that you had already threshed this

thing out with Lorimer. I met him, by the way, under your auspices; and I sat at the table with Mr. Altemus far into the morning suffering with him La Follette's interminable discussion of shoddy and the high cost of living.

Please give my greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Leech.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

February 13, 1912.

MISS ROBERTA LAVENDER,

University of Texas,

Austin, Texas.

Dear Miss Lavender:

Thrice I roamed about the corridors of your office and thrice I was doomed to disappointment. I forget how many times Hector dragged Cleopatra around the walls of Corinth, but I do know how hard I tried to find you. I wanted to see you surely. Don't forget my whereabouts if you come East.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

February 14, 1912.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Tarkington:

I have been expecting every day to get your statement to send along to you with my own personal "ac-

counting." The bookkeeping department is a little slow, but they promise me the whole thing by the end of this week.

I am achieving great distinction by telling the story of the man, the dog, the horse and the girls. My veracious report of your renewed youth and beauty is likewise proving of interest to the populace.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. STEGER.

February 15, 1912.

MR. FREEMAN TILDEN,
7 Water Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Freeman:

When I get mad I make a noise. Indeed, the difficulties that you people encountered in Freeport make us insufferably proud; for we have succeeded in heating the house. The furnace eats right out of Dorothy's hand and my pocket. The other night I had to go down and let the steam go out of the chimney. I am unable to do anything with the furnace. When I put coal in it, it either explodes or goes out. So I don't attribute any intellectual shortcomings to you at all.

I saw in the *Gotham Gazette* that you and Mabel were up Boston way, and I think of you in a steam-heated flat with the windows down. Perhaps if we could have another of these cold spells, we should not be able to chuckle this way.

The real object of this letter is to tell you we all love

you all just as much as ever and unless you think it will be too chilly for you, you can have the house during the months of July and August.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY P. STEGER.

P. S. What about some fiction?

February 26, 1912.

PROFESSOR D. F. EAGLETON,

Austin College,

Sherman, Texas.

Dear Professor Eagleton:

Porter died on June 6, 1910.

I think your selection of "The Passing of Black Eagle" and "The Ransom of Mack" is very discerning. And what you tell me of your own changing attitude to O. Henry's work is most interesting, for I have a theory that he nearly always responds to "advances." The difficulty you outline is entirely real. With his many-facetted, elusive, lovable, deep personality back of his work, it is impossible in two short stories to give an adequate impression of the man himself. I find this whenever I try—in my fanaticism—to secure converts.

By all means let Doubleday, Page & Company have a chance at the manuscript, if you will be so good. Send it to me here when it is completed and I promise you a quick and friendly consideration.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

March 5, 1912.

F. J. WILEY, Esq.,
9 South Parks Road,
Oxford, England.

Dear Mr. Wiley:

Your letter was forwarded on to me in Texas where I was following the earlier trails of O. Henry and collecting biographical material in the pursuance of my hobby; and I was rejoiced at its newness and length. The pencil postscript gave me my first news of your accident. I do hope that you are long before this out again, for I know how vexatious continued inactivity would be to you.

I decided not long ago to keep my name on the Balliol books (not as a debtor, but as a member of the college!) and so your thoughtful gossip of the college was very welcome. Jimmy Palmer Bishop in India! I wonder if an English bishop in India has anything to do with the Hesitant Hindoo. Or does he only move about in the best circles? Strachan-Davidson was certainly intimately beloved of them all when I was in Balliol, although I believe the undergraduates felt that J. L. Smith was their strongest support in perplexing times. Over my fireplace is a modern engraving, in the old style, of Balliol College. It is a splendid piece of work and you, of course, are familiar with it. I forget the name of the artist. He has, I believe, done a series of Oxford colleges. I am sure that the publishers of these engravings could make a number of sales if they communicated with the Rhodes Scholars over here.

Far be it from me to take issue between man and wife,

but if Mrs. Wiley can negotiate an American trip with four children it is not for you to claim that the feat is either ridiculous or impossible. If you should attempt it, the friends of both of you would feel grateful to the children, for you would certainly not be able to make the lightning flight you did before. Why don't you come over here determined to take up your residence for a month or two at some pleasant place whither we Rhodes Scholars may proceed as pilgrims? With the change in relations we shall be collective hosts. Otherwise, I think Mrs. Wiley would have a real reason to object to the scheme. I am sure she ought to welcome a relief from the rôle of hostess.

Let me tell you in confidence that Paul Kieffer intends on April first to begin the independent practice of law and no longer be merely connected with a large office. He will have a partner, and my prophecy is that they will move up very rapidly among the younger firms in New York City.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

March 6, 1912.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,

504 W. 143rd St.,

New York,

Dear Mont:

I am enclosing you a royalty report for the past six months. Don't let its debit balance shock you. Knowing the pleasure of getting money in the mail, I also enclose you the scrip of Doubleday, Page & Com-

pany for one hundred and eighty dollars, being the purchase price, less ten per cent. paid by the New York *American* for "Mr. Lo Pinto" and "The Unsuccessful Suicide." There will also surely come on to the books a credit of about a hundred dollars from Close, Graham & Scully (whose paper we are at present carrying) and other amounts too from by-products, like "Abe and Mawruss, Philosophers" and postal cards. In the meantime, the sale of the books will continue. Unless you give me some Heaven born suggestion, we will call the new book "Elkin Lubliner." The sooner you let us have complete copy for this the better. I think we could get a good fall sale for it as your first long connected book.

I am about to invest in an ancient motor boat and shall want you to be at our launching. Unless your recent social distinctions have made you put up the age limit of your associates. However, you can bring Howells, if you want to.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

April 6, 1912.

MR. HERBERT JENKINS,

Little, Brown & Company,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Jenkins:

This is a shop of about seven minds when it comes to accepting a book. Our list is so large and our interests are so varied that we don't always approve my own distinguished judgment. If I could have had

my way about it, I should have published Wyndham Martyn's book, which he tells me you have been wise enough to accept, and I should now publish as a small, humorous volume Frank Condon's "Ghost Trust," the pages of which I enclose herewith from the October issue of the *All Story Magazine*. I believe it might repeat the success of "The Houseboat on the Styx." Certainly, its humorous flavor is very genuine to me. The esteemed Bob Davis has always thought it a snorter and is in the habit of telling about it as one of the funniest yarns he has ever secured for the Munsey people.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

April 20, 1912.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
504 W. 143rd Street,
New York City.

Dear Mont:

Sign this contract and return one copy at once without a quibble, scribble or cavil and no questions will be answered. You may reserve dramatic, fishing and Halley's comet rights.

Initial the inked out paragraph on third page. The exemption on the first thousand copies won't amount to anything. I'll agree right here to pay you the royalty on these first copies if you are not satisfied a year from now.

Don't forget the Potash and Perlmutter note to send out in connection with the *World's Work*. I'll submit

every detail of the plan to you for your approval as it progresses. You might suggest the style of business stationery, "Abe and Mawruss" ought to have.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

April 22, 1912.

MR. JAMES FRANCIS DWYER,

3544 Broadway,

New York City.

Dear Dwyer:

You see, I've handled the serial publication of several friends of mine and of many Doubleday authors. The sales have gone into thousands of dollars and I've never taken a penny of commission; except once. This was a failure and I've given up (before I formed it) the habit. You are strengthening my job when you give me your eminently marketable stuff to handle. This is your really material return for services.

As to the other thing, forget it. If I really need the amount (my need, I admit, was at least in part a ruse, for you seemed so determined to have me take that commission) I'll do as you suggest; but let's proceed on the good basis that we stick. I don't think we need discuss the thing any more, for we understand each other.

Can you, Mrs. Dwyer and Glory come out next Sunday for the day? Fishing perhaps, food surely.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY P. STEGER.

April 23, 1912.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS,

Care of Mr. C. L. Anthony,

Pine Log, Ga.

Dear Mrs. Harris:

I may not have replied specifically to your suggestions and requests about sending copies of the book; but every single suggestion and request has been carried out. This statement I make simply to clear your mind of doubts, if you have any.

Please keep me posted on your itinerary and your receptiveness of a visit from me. I am not very mobile just now, but I do want to see you some time soon. And dismiss from your mind, please, any small suspicion that I desire to restrict or influence you in the slightest about your next book. I am expressing my opinion to you as sincerely and disinterestedly as any of your friends. If I get the slightest chance at Miss Block's copy (or is it Miss Black's), I shall certainly edit it with your point of view as clearly in my mind as I can. From your summing up I can readily imagine the kind of "story" she has pulled off.

I don't want to be in your way, but I should like to see if you are in need of somebody to thresh things out with. Think it over, and if you are really in the mood for a talk send me about this wire: "Would like to talk over new story with you. Can you come down here?" Then I shall come post haste, feeling sure that I may be of some real use.

The Glasses always ask about you, Dorothy begins to flourish with the approach of spring and we are all

hoping you will give us another chance at you in this part of the world before many months are gone.

We sent out a number of copies of "The Recording Angel" in advance of publication. Would you like to read some of the reviews that come in? Perhaps you have already seen a number of them. I should be glad to send you everything we have if you want it. Personally, I think the book is too far out of the ordinary run for the literary editor to grasp. Mr. F. A. Duneka, the manager of Harper Brothers, declares it is the best book published in twenty years. If you have any suggestions that may help its chances, please be sure that I shall take them and be thankful.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

April 30, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Austin:

May I, for my own pleasure, have a copy of the book that you told me John Murray published in England, but has never been published over here?

The *Saturday Evening Post* nibbled, but got away. Of course, this was just a chance and we came a lot nearer to landing it than we had any real right to expect; they are so keen on red blood and seven-foot heroes. I am getting the *American Magazine* to make a proposition. Then I want to talk to you about the advisability of forgetting the serial and turning in to make this our big early fall book to be published on August 1st or August 15th. I am sure we shall be able to attract to it vastly more attention in the book trade

than your earlier books have. We are going to assume at the start that it is the book that will go far beyond the circulation of anything you have ever done. Mr. Doubleday is keenly interested and is himself taking up with Houghton-Mifflin the question of plates and copyrights of the volumes they publish. They are going to make a big set-to over "The Land of Little Rain," as well as the others. I shall let you know what develops.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

MRS. MARY AUSTIN,
Cambridge Hall,
456 Riverside Drive,
New York City.

May 1, 1912.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
504 West 143rd St.,
New York City.

Dear Mont:

Dorothy has just moved up to the telephone and informed me with all the joy of a youngster's first Christmas that the basket of goodies was there. I believe she has already tried to thank you over the telephone and failed to find you in.

I have put back the little chapter numbers in "Object Matrimony." I think you are right. I didn't notice their omission until you called my attention to it.

We are sending you five copies of Potash and Perlmutter and five copies of Abe and Mawruss, and have charged them to your account at 50 per cent. off.

Of course, we shall be mighty glad to see you out here; but Dorothy says not to do it unless you have plenty of time.

Yours sincerely,

STEGER.

May 1, 1912.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS,
Pine Log, Ga.

Dear Mrs. Harris:

That fellow who quoted you as saying that "The Recording Angel" had sold forty thousand copies was not a liar, let us hope, but a prophet. We are making a special campaign in Georgia just now, and I hope there will be returns. You know, of course, that the whole South is a mighty bad book market. "The Recording Angel" is going very well indeed here in New York City. Certainly all this interesting material in the papers I have seen ought to help.

Dorothy has upset things for herself, and incidentally for me, by suddenly being called upon to undergo an operation, by escaping Lethe through ether with a horrible narrow margin, and now by getting well rapidly. Margaret Porter (Miss O. Henry) is living with us and if Dorothy continues to mend I shall jump on a train at the Pennsylvania Station and crawl off somewhere in Georgia by slow car or mule and ultimately find the way to Pine Log. There is no chance of my being able to leave this week. Keep me posted of your own movements and please assure me that the

uncertainty of my departure doesn't upset you. I shall feel very bad if it does.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. STEGER.

May 13, 1912.

MR. G. C. FIELD,

Dear Field:

I am afraid I don't know myself exactly what I am doing but it will stand a subscription to keep the Bodleian from becoming a Music Hall. I enclose a check for one guinea. If this is too small, send it back and I'll buy rum with it. If it's acceptable, I shall try to do likewise each year for a term of ninety-nine years—but this is no legal document and binds neither myself nor maidservant nor my manservant nor the ass within my gates. But may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth if I let the Bodleian pass.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. STEGER.

May 23, 1912.

MR. WAINWRIGHT EVANS,

Smith Academy,

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Evans:

It was good to hear from you after so long a silence. Miss Irwin is now in England. I myself have one foot on the train step on my way South for a week's business trip, so I shan't be able to make the English

language do very many ticks. However, I have this day written Dr. Calloway. I don't think the old gentleman has much faith in anything about me except my violation of college rules. He used to meet me occasionally in my capacity as a violator. However, here goes.

Give my cordial greetings to Mrs. Evans and to all the little Evanses.

Yours sincerely,

STEGEER.

June 6, 1912.

MRS. MARY AUSTIN,
456 Riverside Drive,
Cambridge Hall,
New York City.

Dear Mrs. Austin:

.

The reviews of "The Flock" and the photographs will probably reach me shortly. Have you any idea how much Mrs. Campbell charges for her pencil portraits? We are not trying to save money, but to spend it most effectively in our campaign on this book. By the way, you were to get for me, if possible, a printed list of women's clubs in California. And send me at your leisure any hints that our coast traveler might use. He is enthusiastic and I recall that you have not been entirely satisfied with the success of your other books in that region.

Mr. Maule got much that was interesting. He will come to you later when he has had time to shape his

material. He is doing the job *con amore* which is always encouraging!

Send me the completely restored manuscript of "The Arrow Maker" and I will hold it against the time when we shall have to reprint. I'd much rather have an enlarged, revised version for a new edition than simply the old one. There's a real selling point here. So you can sign those agreements and send them along.

We shall carry out your suggestions about "Christ in Italy" and the socialist press. Send us some more galvanic suggestions.

Next spring there will appear from this house a little fifty-cent book, "The Green Bough." . . . And suggest *one* picture for it or make any other suggestions for its dress and appearance that you think worth making. Please indicate to me exactly the manuscript you think ought to go into "The Green Bough" book. You can do this by citing page and line of "Christ in Italy." We have put this, by the way, into our fall catalogue, a copy of which I send you.

We are pushing proofs through. I hope you are not growing impatient. The cover, by the way, I am having tried in a blue cloth so that we may compare the distinctness of the lettering.

My wife is still unable to get vigorously about; but the dinner we are to have with the Glasses is postponed merely, not abandoned. How long are you to be here after you finish your proofs?

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.



In the court of the Garden City plant of Doubleday, Page & Co.

June 7, 1912.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS,
310-24th Ave. South,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mrs. Harris:

Here is the Black woman's letter. Put it under your pillow tonight and see how little it disturbs you. I paid the lady twenty minutes of attention and seventy-five cents' worth of telegram simply to disarm her. You may have noted that I stopped short of dinner. You have not yet offended me sufficiently to make me willing to use any of her ridiculous captions; but if you keep on doubting my sincerity about the new book, I shall publish them broadcast. What's more, I shall form the habit—the deadly habit—of sending the letters you write me to other people—like Maria and Lorimer and old Mrs. Anthony.

"The Recording Angel" is selling steadily. We are going to push it this fall just as if it were a new fall book. The travelers are carrying it in their trunks with their other "samples" and a message from me that the new book is not only everything the Angel is, but more, too, and so forth, and so on. I'll stake my reputation on the new book. The form of it as I read it had nothing to do with my judgment but the material did. You'll work on the form until it is your best. The material and your expression of it is immortal. I'm not sure about "Arden" as a title. Anyhow you might as well keep your eyes open for a better. And remember that you are doing—if I am any kind of a man at all—your very best work.

I'm sending Miss Black's pictures back to her, with

regrets that they came too late for *The Bookman*. The "Georgian's" pictures are almost as good. Forget all these unimportant things and put some more dynamite under Adelaide. If you write six (or twelve) great books—you've done three already—what Nita writes to Sue is written on shifting sands.

When Altemus replies, send me his letter immediately. I'm making some plans that involve a reprint of "Eve" in the fifty-cent edition.

Don't forget I am to have the manuscript of "The Recording Angel" if Faith will give it up; or, that failing, of the present story. Or both! I'll bind "Eve" and "The Circuit Rider's Wife" for her if she gives up to me in this.

Dorothy is not yet herself, but is getting ready to recover, I can tell. And the honey has delighted us all. We have liked it so well that we have simply had to give some of it to neighbors who look upon it, I'm afraid, with suspicion because it's not all liquid.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY P. STEGER.

June 12, 1912.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,
504 W. 143rd Street,
New York City.

Dear Mont:

This story is not nearly so good as the other; but it has genuinely amusing bits. It needs a few screws tightened and some foreign material removed. Probably I would use it at a low price then. . . . You'll

get yourself into aeons of toil if you don't watch your impulses of friendliness.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

July 8, 1912.

MRS. GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE,
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Cooke:

All right. Let's stick to "The Joy Bringer" as a title. I'll be sending the manuscript along shortly so that your revision of the latter portion can be done without more delay.

I thought we were all pretty well satisfied with "The Power and the Glory." Weren't you? It will have a total circulation of nearly 50,000 copies. Of course, you could get another publisher for "The Joy Bringer" and equally, of course, we don't want you to if we can continue to see profit and pleasure for all of us in the continued relation. Wait a fortnight longer and see if we all can't be happy together!

Mrs. Corra Harris' second book "Eve's Second Husband" was not so successful as her first ("The Circuit Rider's Wife") or as her third ("The Recording Angel"), of which we sold 5,000 copies to England.

Was I so careless not to acknowledge receipt of "The Doings of the Dollivers"? I did get it and I did appreciate it. Indeed, I sent it to my sister's little girl in Texas.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

July 15, 1912.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS,
310-24th Ave. South,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mrs. Harris:

I was putting in my luncheon hour on the composition of a note and telegram that would leave you free to do just as you pleased, and at the same time would not interfere with the completion of some negotiations I have already begun, when your second letter (dated July 12th) cleared the whole situation. If Reynolds makes any fruitful suggestions to me I shall be glad to act in co-operation with him. I am hoping, however, that *Cosmopolitan* will see the folly of letting such a good thing go by, and come across celestially.

You under-estimate your own value to me. Your work is a fine line of goods and it always helps a merchant to represent a fine line of goods, be it the greatest eighteen-dollar suit in America or a salable serial. That is why, without the mere detail of a commission on the sale, I shall feel I have value received from you just in the handling of the manuscript. If I am unable to sell it, then a commission would be more in order! Right here, let me gratuitously reassure you, however, that we are absolutely satisfied with the book, so that in any event you are all right with us. . . . Of course, Reynolds would always be able to tell you how much better he might have done, but you and I will be so busy writing and publishing new books that we shall not have time to listen to him. By the way, I recognize him as one of the most efficient literary agents in the business, and his evident eagerness to do the trick

makes me surer than ever that we have a good thing. I wonder if his delay in replying to your letter was taken up in sounding possible customers by telephone and conference? If I have to go further than *Cosmopolitan*, I hope I can do it in a personal, private manner, without creating the false impression that your serials are in the open market. . . . Remember that the book suits from the ground up and that the chances for our getting a good price for the serial are so great that you ought not to lose sleep or energy.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

July 23, 1912.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,
The University of Texas,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Lomax:

I think it was very graceful of the Executive Council of the Alumni Association of the University of Texas to send me (in my capacity as a Vice-President, I assume) one of the Alumni catalogs bound in leather, with my name stamped aureately. Last night I read page after page of it and my reading filled me with a sadness that lasted well into the wakeful night. I haven't been closer to the University of Texas since, as a long haired freshman, I first heard Alex Camp and George Robertson talking in their Titans' vocabulary in the big, endless corridors outside your window. They were waiting for my library deposit!

If you should take out of the next edition the formal

list of the dead, I should be glad. A man may check his class lists anyhow, and this short-cut to the information he seeks and doesn't want is one of the superfluities of life to

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

August 8, 1912.

MRS. GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE,
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Cooke:

Lately Wilson gave me, or rather all publishers in general through me, an epistolary drubbing for questioning the wisdom of titles. Personally "The Joy Bringer" suits me all right, but it is rather remarkable how nearly everybody objects to it. I put the situation up to you for your decision.

The contract I am enclosing is the same contract we made with you for "The Power and the Glory." Of course, just as in the case of that book, we shall be glad to pay you on publication the royalties earned to that date.

I have always thought that "The Power and the Glory" was a book on which author, illustrator and manufacturer co-operated beautifully. The picture of the light-footed Johnnie on the cover sold many books, I am sure. What suggestions have you for the illustration of "The Joy Bringer" that will put the same romantic glamour about the book?

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

August 19, 1912.

MRS. GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE,
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Cooke:

Of course it interests us very much to know that you have been approached by Small, Maynard & Co., and by other publishers as well. It only confirms our judgment that you are all right, and I hope the flirtatious creatures will be kept off for a time through my early receipt of the contract I sent you the other day.

You must surely have it in your hands by now.

Very sincerely yours,
HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

September 10, 1912.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,
University of Texas,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Lomax:

I have before me a bulletin published by the Hogg Organization on the State Institutions of Higher Education in Texas. I believe that I can get a great deal of general publicity for the Hogg Organization, and if you approve I shall proceed to write an article in which the University of Texas will be but a background for Will! That is, I shall write it unless you will. If you prefer to leave it to me (and I want you quite frankly to express your preference), send me a good picture of Will, together with the bulletin of the University of Texas Alumni Association in which there was the first mention

of his motion and campaign. Then let me have, too, all of the other bulletins the organization has issued and, if possible, copies of the full-page advertisement that I remember appeared in the *Houston*, and perhaps the *Dallas*, papers. Send me just as complete an exhibit of his activities and the organization's activities as you can. It seems to me that I have been bluffing long enough, and I now intend to start in to get some publicity out of the state. One of the things that has struck me most emphatically in reading over the bulletin I have at hand is the bad showing that Texas makes in comparison with other states and consequently the valuable bit of sensation there is in the organization's advertising this inferiority broadcast. That is a truly constructive program.

If you decide to write it yourself, don't expurgate Will. Put him all in—Profanity, tobacco juice, and all. I can do the editing at this end. Let me hear from you soon.

I am afraid the *World's Work* would not be open to simply a descriptive article on the University of Texas, in spite of its phenomenal growth. I was astounded to get your note this morning in which you give the total number of students as two thousand. Why don't you try the *Independent* or *Hearst's Magazine* on this? Better still, if you will write the article and send it to me, along with the pictures, I can secure publication of it somewhere, I am sure.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

September 12, 1912.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,
University of Texas,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Lomax:

You are not really bothering me. My only regret is that I am not of more practical use. I hope you will send me a dummy of the magazine, so that I can get an exact figure for you on costs, etc.

Now, about the color photography prints. The idea is certainly alluring. I shall make an investigation and see just about what the cost will be. Of course, we ourselves do some very beautiful color printing for our magazines, particularly for *Country Life in America*; but I am inclined to think that our own price, if we could find the time to do the work, would be a little more expensive for you than is really necessary. You may expect details in course of a week or ten days. . . . I can get you half a dozen submitted sketches for a cover design, if you want me to. The one you choose will probably cost you about fifty dollars. If your expense will allow you, you ought to have some color on the magazine, and make it look as little like a cross between a *Congressional Record* and Burpee's seed catalogue as you possibly can. The *World's Work* has what I think is an exceedingly distinguished cover. The *Literary Digest* also, to my mind, has a good cover. There are half a dozen artists here who are friends of mine and who would make some sketches for me as a personal favor, if it would really be of any help to you. Just say the word, and I will

go ahead. I think you will do well to resist any pressure brought upon you for the perpetuation of local talent.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

October 8, 1912.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON,
1100 N. Pennsylvania St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Tark:

I am like the man in the story who was kept up one night by the entertaining stranger and found that his entire habit of life was reversed. It nearly breaks my heart to get out of bed before ten o'clock and I can't get asleep until two in the morning. All of which is but apparently pitched in a key of complaint. I have never had so bully a rest.

I find everyone here full of executive enthusiasm over "The Flirt." The title, too, has caught on. I can say in confidence that one selling agent wants to go to the expense of getting Henry Hutt to adorn it. Don't be alarmed, I will save you. I haven't found out yet from Lorimer who is going to do the pictures for them. If they are good and you approve of them, I think perhaps we will include say four of them in our book. We want to get the biggest sale possible, because it will mean not only the success of this, but the initial success of the novels to come. Let me reassure you once more, however, that no artificial, unreal pictures will be used.

Give my cordial greetings to Mr. Jamieson and Judge and Mrs. Tarkington. You might tell them that the ring has secured my immunity for a while.

As I was writing this letter, Gerald Bacon, of Sanger & Jordan, called up and repeated his protestations of great interest in the stock business of "The Man from Home." You know him, of course; but I think my own experience with him as an effective agent may interest. He has a beautiful way of closing things up quickly and maintaining prompt settlements.

Tell Trixie we have two more white kittens at our house.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

October 8, 1912.

MISS VIOLA IRWIN,

Care of Mme. Bourdery,

157 Rue de Paris,

Vanves, Seine.

Dear Miss Irwin:

My stay in the Middle West was much longer than I had at first planned, so you have accordingly been longer in hearing from me. I find that two letters have been undelivered. Both of them were addressed to the Inns of Court Hotel. Since writing these letters I have somewhat reorganized my memory, assisted by Margaret Porter, who tells me that you did leave us supplied with anecdotes for several months ahead; so we are sending you our check for forty dollars, which I hope will come in time to pay current

bills and keep you longer in the mood to find out all there is to be known about French and French literature. Of course, your scheme was interesting. My failure to discuss it in the hurried note I sent you last month was due to haste, not to my lack of interest in it. The difficulty, of course, is obvious. There is no definite way of making it worth while either to you or to us. So much that is popular in French would not cause a ripple over here and perhaps *vice versa*. Of course, we should have liked Anatole France's new novel, but that comes by an early contract to the John Lane Company. You see, although there is no way of working the thing out definitely, there is always the chance that you will get hold of a tip far ahead of us over here that could be worked out to our mutual profit.

For an immediate help and stimulus, why don't you write for *Short Stories* an article on six months in Paris, or *An American Girl's Six Months in Paris*, or something of the kind? I mean this seriously. We could use it. Make it as full of actual experience as you can and naturally as light and humorous as you can.

Then why don't you do some fiction and send that along to us? If we can't use it, I could probably sell it. My earnest advice to you is to stick it out as long as you can, because you have the best opportunity now you ever will have to get into the life of another nation and to make your capacity for appreciation more than double that of a stay-at-home.

Dorothy and Margaret Porter, Miss Harris and the office send greetings. Let me hear from you whenever you can. The Snedekers are back and seem cheerful.

Thank you for the picture. You know we are particularly interested in cats at Freeport.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

October 9, 1912.

MR. J. B. HATCHITT,
Lockhart, Texas.

Dear Joe:

This is my first opportunity to answer your recent letter at any length, so I shall be brief. If there is anything in the world that I can possibly do, either directly or indirectly, you will find me alert. Why don't you come up here just after election? I could at least get you the inside track to the Great Ear. If, in the meantime, I find an opportunity I will seize it. Forgive me if I repeat myself. Although I am more eager and more interested this year than I ever have been in a Presidential campaign, I am not entirely sure that the pebble I throw into the ocean will make a very big wave.

And so you are to blame for all the trouble I have been in these many years. I had forgotten until your letter came that you and your henchmen were responsible for my editorial job. From the tone of your letter I gather that you expect gratitude.

Of course, I shall write my father, and of course I shall speak to Clifton Sheppard the next time I see him. He has married the daughter of John M. Coleman, now of New York, but formerly of Houston, Texas.

If at any time you suspect that I am not being so active in your behalf as I might, just prod me.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

October 21, 1912.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS,

Care of Mr. C. L. Anthony,

Pine Log, Ga.

Dear Mrs. Harris:

If you live up to the program outlined in your remarkable letter which I find in my mail this morning, you will proceed at once to New York on receipt of this, because it contains no check; but if you do it will be a hasty action. I thought I had the right under the contract to read that part of the story I had not already read—hence the first delay. Then as I read the latter half of it I thought it not at all up to the first part and not at all so good a book as “The Recording Angel”; so I waited long enough to get at it again. I realized that the whole history of this book had not been simple and that you were not altogether exalted at Lorimer’s unwillingness to follow “The Recording Angel” with something so nearly like it in general color; and I hesitated to tell you I thought the latter half of the story capable of improvement. So you see, to spare you worry, I moderated my telegram as much as I could and then when you came back with a proposal that you come on here to New York and do the work my mind jumped at once to a more satisfactory arrangement, involving a postponement of the book until fall.

This, I thought, would enable you to take it up at some later time more or less at your leisure, and do what you could to strengthen it. Much to my amazement I find that this postponement appears to you in the light of a fiendish, canny trick. I think you have the situation distorted and I should like to talk it over with you. Why can't I meet you in Atlanta the end of this week or perhaps at Louisville, or somewhere else on your way East? I shudder to think how bad a guess I made when I reasoned it out when the telegram in which I used the Johnsonian phrase "financial adjustment" was sent with the sole idea of relieving your anxiety.

I despair of making you understand why I waited nearly ten days before having the five thousand dollars sent to you; but you are so far wrong in your explanation to yourself that I should like, out of justice to our friendship, to come and talk it over with you, and I want to bring the check with me. I think a more definite understanding and meeting of our minds than at present exists is pretty essential to our relations in the future, and I don't believe I shall soon forget this terrible letter of yours until I have talked it out with you "face to face." I can come to Atlanta or anywhere else on your receipt of this letter, if you will wire me, and bring the check with me.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

October 22, 1912.

MR. MONTAGUE GLASS,

Care of Thomas Cook & Sons,

Nice, France.

Dear Mont:

Two hundred Greek soldiers calling themselves The Detroit Reserves sailed for Havre in the steerage of the French liner *Chicago* on Saturday, October 19th. Among the cabin passengers were two beautiful ladies whose faces were wreathed in tears, also enroute for Havre. Their addresses for the next six weeks will be Mrs. H. P. Steger, care of the American Express Company, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris, and Miss Margaret Porter, likewise in this gentle corporation's charge. The boat is a ten-day boat, so they will probably not be in Paris until about the 30th of October. They intend to live there for six or eight weeks at a *Pension*. If you and your Mary Caroline or ward Isabel go to Paris, I hope you will find them merry and happy. I want Dorothy to stay over there until she is entirely recovered from the nervousness left her by her illness and operations, so don't do anything to make them homesick. I give you fair warning that if you are the least bit encouraging you may have for a few days four "traveling" ladies on your hands, instead of two.

Your bully letters were forwarded to me down in Indianapolis where I was sitting up with Tarkington and incidentally doing my O. Henry book. I finished my book and a rotten bad job of it too. I also brought back a mighty good novel by Tarkington that Lorimer is going to run in the *Post*. We are publishing it in March. Churchill Williams met me in Indianapolis

think no hope of ever being
rescued; and, in order to pass
away some of the time he should
tell a story to himself - embodying
his adventures & experiences and
opinions. Having a certain respect
for himself (let us hope) he would
leave out the "realism" that he
would have no chance of selling
in the market; he would omit
the lies and self-conscious poses,
and would turn out to his one
auditor something real and true.

So, as truth is not to be found
in history, autobiography, press
report (nor at the bottom of an H.P.),
will let us hope that fiction may
be found in bringing out a

The "hero" of the story will be
a man born & "raised" in a
somewhat little Southern town.

A part of a letter from O. Henry to Steger, outlining a novel he
planned to write

His education is about a
common school one, but he learns
afterward from reading and life.
I'm going to try to give him a
"style" in narrative & speech - the
best I've got in the shop. I'm
going to take him through all the
main phases of life - wild adventure,
city, society, something of the "under
world" & among many characteristic
planes of the phases. I want
him to acquire all the sophistication
that experience can give him, &
always preserve his individual
honest human view and have
him tell the truth about everything.

It is time to say now, that
by the "truth" I don't mean the
objectionable stuff that so often
masquerades under the name.
I mean true opinions, a true
estimate of all things as they
seem to the "hero". If you

find a way in a surprising
line or manner in any of your
copy, you cut it out and
deduct it from the total.

I want this man to be a
man of nature, not a man of
individual character. He is
open & broad, and he is not
the Creator of the work has
got him in a great deal of
him here "being" and then
the Omar, I see, that I want
to show what he does about it.
There is always the eternal question
from the Moral Source — "What are
you going to do about it?"

Please don't think for the half
of a moment that the story is
going to be anything of an
autobiography. I have a distinct
character in my mind for the
part, and he does not at all

and we closed the deal there, while Tarkington all unconscious of his fate and apparently indifferent to it was in another part of his own house hard at work on the book itself.

We are just publishing "Elkin Lubliner." Your copies have been sent to you at Nice, in care of Thomas Cook & Son. Last time they followed you all about in dribblets so I thought this time I would send them to you in a bunch. Of course, you understand that it is against the terms of our contract for you to sell them from house to house. Whether this rule holds in a foreign country, I do not know.

Charlie Falls is full of mournful prophecies that all three of you will be hiking back long before your allotted time. He and Alberta are getting ready to break ground at the Sage Patch and accordingly making a pretence of economy. I had dinner with them night before last at Mouquin's, and then following strict discipline, administered by my own hand, took a night train for Freeport.

Dorothy's sister and her husband are taking care of the house and Teddy. Teddy appears to be most cheerful and intent on making all he can of his liberty.

Yours sincerely, HARRY.

October 23, 1912.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON,
1100 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Tark:

Here is our check for five thousand dollars. You can have the balance in the course of the week.

I am going down to Atlanta at the end of this week or the first of next, and I will drop off for an hour or two on my way back.

Dorothy and Margaret Porter are on their way to Paris for two or three months, and I am taking advantage of their absence to do a lot of running about at nobody's inconvenience but my own. I want to stay over here until Sunday to see a performance of an O. Henry sketch at the Lambs' Club, so it may be well toward the end of next week before I drop in to say hello. If I miss you, I shall be sorry; but I shan't mind breaking the trip for four or five hours anyhow.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

November 12, 1912.

MRS. MARY AUSTIN,
456 Riverside Drive,
New York City.

Dear Mrs. Austin:

Last night I read a goodly part of "The Lovely Lady." I am inclined to believe that it hits me pretty hard. Let me finish it, however, before I talk to you any further about it. At any rate, it looks to me like an easy thing to sell serially, and I am proceeding at once to put it in the market. Don't forget to tell me just where you will be between the 15th and the time you actually get out of town.

Now, about some other matters. When Miss Calhoun's article comes along, I shall submit it to you be-

fore we go any further. Of course, we mustn't allow it to contain anything to misrepresent or embarrass you, so you may exercise your censorship without any protestations at all from me.

Yes, I have "The Lost Garden," and like it very much. If the second tale could be shown along with this one, which is rather introductory, I think the chances for disposing of them both would be very good. Mr. Marquis sent me "Pan and the Pot Hunter." It is my scheme to find some enthusiastic and definite market for your work and then direct it all to that quarter; therefore, I shall wait for a while until I see just how "The Lovely Lady" is going serially before I begin to make any active campaign for the disposal of the other two manuscripts. Please be assured once more that I shall be mighty glad to have any other manuscripts of yours that yet may be unplaced.

About the autobiographical matter that Mr. Marquis wanted. Please do what is most convenient to yourself. Send it along direct to them, or through me.

I have caught all of the astonishing publicity you have been getting lately. There is decidedly a keen public interest in what you think and say. Perhaps if we keep planning, we shall get across with a large number of people who buy books.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

November 15, 1912.

MR. WILLARD WRIGHT,
Astoria Hotel,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Wright:

Huebsch has sent you a copy of "Philip Dru, Administrator" for review. I know the author who prefers to remain anonymous. He is of real prominence in political councils and a man of great wealth. I know, and he knows, that he is not a literary performer, but he has some mighty good ideas, and wants to be of some use if he can.

Yours sincerely,
HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

November 19, 1912.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX,
University of Texas,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Lomax:

I've not really been negligent of our correspondence. Your first letter telling me of the honors you and Will Hogg (I know you did it, so don't deny the charge!) made your colleagues bestow upon me came while I was in Atlanta; and later I didn't answer it because (1) I was afraid I might accept the Alumni Speakership; (2) I was afraid I might refuse it; and (3) you mentioned an official notification that had not come and still has not come. I've been waiting for that before I toss the coin. You know and I know that the "address" will be but a feeble adumbration of Tom

Connally's worst, or of Lyman Abbott or Ewing Thomason or the Bull of Bashan. . . . Mezes will be here this week. I'll gossip with him about the whole thing; but in the end I'll take your advice. Then *you're* responsible. In the meantime, I'm writing you at some length about the magazine.

Yours sincerely,
HARRY.

November 20, 1912.

Dear Mont:

I wish the mails traveled a little more quickly. Only yesterday I had a somewhat disconsolate note from Dorothy in which she manifested true homesickness. She wanted to know particularly if I had written you. Now this morning I get your cheerful note of November 8th in which you say you have written to her. Here am I growing icicles at Freeport, and not knowing just exactly whether Dorothy is stepping aboard a home-coming ship or is dancing with glee along the banks of the Seine. The world is entirely too large to suit me. Unless the whole thing is ancient history by the time you get this letter I hope you will use your influence to make Dorothy stick it out. You know what a rotten time she had at Freeport with first one operation and then another. She needs this change and distraction, and I want her to have a good stay of it. However, I know your own responsibilities, so don't add to them.

I take it from your letter that Woods controls not only the rights to the volume "Potash and Perlmutter,"

but to the characters, which, of course, would include "Abe and Mawruss." My understanding from a conversation we had a long time ago is that the moving picture rights are not included in your sale to Woods or to anybody else, so I am proceeding to pick up a few hundred dollars for you out of this. All the sales will be made conditioned on your approval, so if I am going beyond your rights or mine you will have time to stop me. By the way, don't forget my willingness to stand between you and the potato famine.

Give my love to Mary Caroline and tell Isabel that I have talked several times over the telephone to Malcolm and have exchanged two or three letters with him. We had a lonely fishing trip planned, but it fell through. I have been away on business a large part of the time since Dorothy sailed, so really if she were here we wouldn't see much of each other. To-night I am going to see Frank Adams for the first time in half a year.

The chief sensation is the rapid and easy conviction of the four gunmen after that of Becker. Everybody seems to think this will bring the rats out of the hole where we can kill 'em with a club. Just how much of this is true, I can't tell. I do know that a lady and gentleman and five policemen and detectives engaged in warfare the day before yesterday, resulting in the death of three. This took place up-town in the middle of the day.

When do you get started on that novel? Of course, you mustn't start until Sperrit moves you, but I have a strong hunch that you are going to knock me out on that. We will land big with it. As soon as anything

about it is formed in your mind, I wish you would pass it along for my own personal pleasure, and please continue these letters of yours. I like 'em. Let me do any tours for you over here that I can.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY.

November 20, 1912.

MISS MARGARET PORTER,

Care American Express Company,

11 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

Dear Margaret:

I hope you and Viola will be able to convince Dorothy that she ought not to come home just yet. Of course, we need her tremendously; but the truth is I am so busy when I am at home and I am running about the country so much on business that we really would not be able to make a family of it if she did come back. It isn't her occasional homesickness, however, that worries us as much as the recurrence of that old pain. From her letters it is apparently coming back.

How about your own affairs? We have had several pieces of pretty good business, and I think you ought to enjoy the fruits thereof. I mean that you can make a considerable investment out of the next six months' earnings, and use a part of the money you left here for further enjoyment of your stay abroad. If I were you, I should do this on my own responsibility without consulting anybody whatever. As I wrote you the other day, in the flurry and hurry of your departure you quite naturally did not check up your

finances as a cold-blooded unimaginative bank would like you to, so without drawing more than you intended from the royalties there was not really enough to make that investment. You are drawing interest on the balance, and it is subject to your call. I am going to have a hundred dollars sent to you next week.

The biggest piece of business that we have put over is a large sale to the *Review of Reviews*. Now you know that my advice to you has always been to be careful because the royalties may decrease any time, and this is still my advice, but here you are, free, white and almost twenty-one, abroad and unlikely in the natural course of things to get abroad again for a long while. Of course, if your instinct should be against following this advice, why just let me know and we will proceed as originally planned.

Teddy remembers you every night in his prayers, but he is somewhat skeptical of the postal cards that come from his mother. He insists that I send them. By the way, haven't I just a little right to be peeved at not having heard from you myself? I hope you send me a long gossipy letter about just how things struck you.

An invitation has come addressed to you and Mrs. Porter to the marriage of Miss Annie Arden Jervey, to Mr. John Coming Ball. I am sending the invitation itself to Mrs. Porter. They are at home after the first of January at 40 King Street, Charleston, S. C. You may want to write to them.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

November 20, 1912.

MR. WILL C. HOGG,
P. O. Box 747,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Will:

There is a chance that I may jump off to Grand Rapids twenty-four hours after writing this note to see there the first performance of O. Henry's play, that I have at last managed to get on the stage. If I do you may look for me at Chicago in post office box 747 in the course of the next week or ten days.

Yes, Mr. House tells me that he expects Mezes with him this week. I am glad that, if I don't catch you in Chicago, I will see you here. My wife is abroad with Margaret Porter (O. Henry's daughter) and it will be fine to play with you. A combination of suburban and bachelor life has left me somewhat desolate.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

November 25, 1912.

MRS. DELL H. MUNGER,
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Munger:

I believe by now most of the questions to which you were wanting answers have been looked after. This morning, however, comes your good note of November 19th, along with your letter dated four days earlier to Mr. Doubleday. To both of these I am replying.

Let us hope the hope that is to come from Doubleday, Page & Company won't be so awfully small, un-

less you want it that way. We are doing our utmost to keep "The Wind before the Dawn," a nice fresh gale all through the fall. The pressure on the book-seller is tremendous, in pushing the volumes of well-known established writers. You know that there is a fortunate group of people in this country of whose books a publisher can sell forty or fifty thousand copies before they are published. I hope you will share my ambition for you that you will be in that group yourself. You see, there is a foundational sincerity about your work that makes it a pleasure to push. We know what you are saying is worth while, and that if we can make a hundred thousand people read it we have really done more than make a few thousand dollars for each of us.

We are sending to you by express the original of "Elizabeth," which we have been holding for your instructions. We are also sending the revised manuscript to you by express.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

TELEGRAM

December 13, 1912.

MR. IRVIN COBB,

Park Hill,

Yonkers, N. Y.

Disgusted at announcement of which of course I knew nothing. Didn't even know the coons were coming on the shank of the evening. You were my guest, seated next me at speaker's table whence two

prominent Caucasian advertising men are also to speak. Some fool never south of Smith & Wesson line picked your name and this is result. If you could meet me in the Waldorf lobby around nine-thirty or ten should be glad. After this I naturally want to see you soon.

STEGER.

December 21, 1912.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Tarkington:

I don't see how you could have turned down that stunning offer of Phillips. I do kinder wish it had been some other magazine; so do you, of course. As I am writing this Churchill Williams probably has you off in another corner and I am awaiting news of the encounter. Don't answer this if it appears to be none of my business, but did you sign an agreement with Phillips? It has occurred to me that if you should ever want to get out of this agreement with him, another story like the one they put over into *Good House-keeping* might do the trick. Of course, perhaps I shouldn't take this positive stand against them—it isn't against Phillips at all, you know; but they are a shrewd crowd in their own prudence and give more reverence to the attested document than to the gentlemanly understanding.

You are right about the jacket and Fogarty is going to do it over again. He feels splendidly about it and is tickled that you went so into detail, and were so interested. And let me tell you, my dear Tark, that I

read in an editorial meeting yesterday those random suggestions of yours for describing the book, and you got curtain after curtain. Really it was bully and most helpful.

When are you coming East? And don't forget that you have on that desk of yours some proofs of "The Flirt" and a contract therefor.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

TELEGRAM

32DAW 49NL.

GARDEN CITY, N. Y., Dec. 24.

THOS. P. STEGER,

Bonham, Texas.

Merry Christmas and happy New Year to home folks; am sending sets of O. Henry in leather and other things all delayed. Dorothy not well in Paris but better now. Long letter soon; summer visit assured. Hollie V. sends greetings; love from Uncle Harry to Su, Alice, Elizabeth Roberts.

HARRY. ——— 819 P. M.

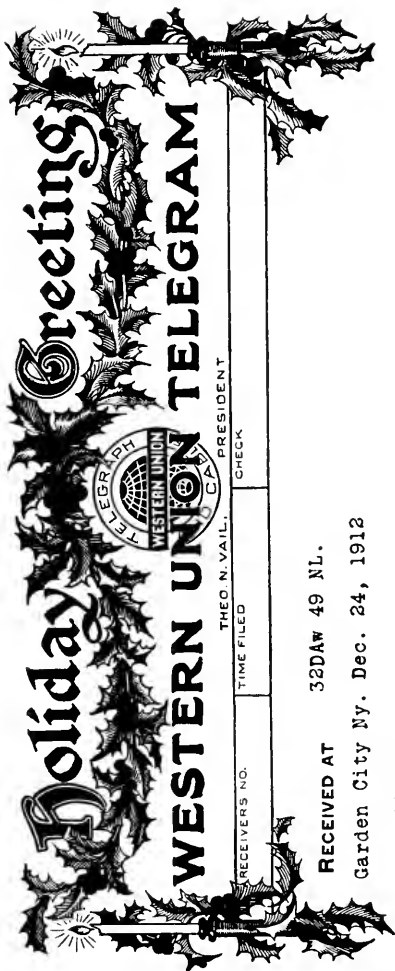
December 26, 1912.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Tark:

Everybody had left this place on Christmas Eve except myself, a young pedal-driven automobile about six feet long and a Great Dane puppy five months old,



RECEIVERS NO.	THEO. N. VAIL.	PRESIDENT
TIME FILED	CHECK	

RECEIVED AT 32DAW 49 NL.
Garden City Ny. Dec. 24, 1912

Thos. F. Steger,
Bonham Texas.,

Merry christmas and happy new year to home folks, am sending
sets of O.Henry in leather and other things all delayed Dorothy not
well in Paris but better now long letter soon summer visit assured
Hollie V sends greetings love from uncle Harry to Sue Alice Elizabeth
Robert.

Harry,-----819PM

Steger's last message home

when it suddenly occurred to me that I should like to say "hello" for Christmas, and then because I met McCoy through you, I passed along what I thought was good news to him. Really that man has splendid feeling, and, unless he overdoes this effort toward condensation, he will surely come along in time. Here are some Indianapolis securities which you may use to back up my assertion.

Churchill Williams, calling me up on the long distance wire from Philadelphia to tell me of his visit to you, seemed somewhat crestfallen and dejected.

How did you like the cover on the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 19th by Underwood, illustrating the first installment of "The Flirt"? Would it do? Fogarty, in the meantime, is doing over his own. I want to satisfy you completely on this point not because you are the majestic author, but because that letter of yours was so suggestive and so helpful.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

December 30, 1912.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Tark:

Fogarty's revision of the paper wrapper for "The Flirt" is not at all satisfactory to me, and we are going to reject it without further ado. You see from the first I was afraid to get one of those fashionable artists like Underwood, because their people are so unreal. That is why we wanted to get a chap like Fogarty who is sin-

cere and tries to draw human beings. Somewhat to my surprise he has not been able to work out this portrait of "The Flirt," while, to my mind, that woman of Underwood's on the *Saturday Evening Post* for December 21 comes pretty close to the alluring, attractive individual we seek. That is why I am wiring you to-day to ask if we may use this on the wrapper.

I wish you would let us have those galleys back as soon as you possibly can. If you haven't read them all, send along what you have read, so that we may proceed with the paging and not lose any time. You have never sent back the contract either. Stir up the papers on your desk and see if you can't bring up a lot.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

GARDEN CITY, N. Y., December 30, 1912.

Dear Dad:

I've ordered some mighty good cigars sent to you. They should have reached you before you get this letter, but, of course, things move very slowly at this time of year.

Your letter about the gigantic box electrifies me. I shall be very popular for a period. Dorothy will insist that a part of it be saved against her return when she hears of it. . . . Poor girl! She hasn't been very cheerful because her side won't let up. . . . Bless your hearts, all of you, for keeping up the good old box habit. It began way back in Freshman days, didn't it? You can't stop now!

Now, here is my real Christmas present. When I

get through with Austin in June, you and Mither are to come back with me and we're to have a visit. The railroad tickets both ways will be in my inside coat pocket and you must begin now to arrange court docks, etc., to get away around June 15 or July 1 at the latest. This is definite. Dorothy will be home and strong again, I shall not be as busy as I was, the Glasses will be here. I'm planning this seriously, so don't disappoint me.

Affectionately yours,

HARRY PEYTON STEGER.

(*Mr. Lomax: This is the last letter I ever got from Harry; it was only six days before his death, as you know.*—THOS. P. STEGER. August 7, 1914.)



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